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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. V.

SIR TRISTREM.

EDINBURGH:
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.
1861.

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SIR TRISTREM

a

Metrical Romance

of

The Thirteenth Century.

BY

THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE,

CALLED

THE RHYMER.

EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS.

Now, hold your mouth, pour charitie,
Both Knight and Lady fre,
And herkneth to my spell;
Of battaille and of chivalrie,
Of Ladies' love and druerie,
Anon I wol you tel.

CHAUCER

ADVERTISEMENT.

JULY 1833.

[IT is to be regretted that Sir Walter Scott has left no answer to an elaborate dissertation on his preface to *Sir Tristrem*, which was appended to the first volume of the 8vo edition of Warton's History of English Poetry, published in 1824. It is probable that this very valuable book, being put forth without the name of the Editor, or any distinct announcement of what his researches had added to the original narrative of Warton, had never attracted Sir Walter's notice. There is no copy of it in the Library at Abbotsford.

The writer in question (Mr. Price), expresses his opinion, 1st, That the peculiarities of style and language in the Sir Tristrem of the Auchinleck MS., are of such a character as to render it

extremely doubtful that they are the same which are spoken of in the often quoted passage of De Brunne

> "I see in song of sedgeing tale
> Of Erceldoune," &c.;—

2dly, That the story of Tristrem was universally known over the continent of Europe previous to the age of Thomas of Erceldoune; and that, consequently, he was more likely, if he wrote a poem on the subject, to have followed a foreign authority, than to have been himself appealed to, as an authority, by foreigners handling the same theme at a later period; 3dly, That the *Thomas* of the French fragment cited by Sir Walter Scott,

> "*Thomas* ico granter ne vult," &c.

and the *Thomas von Britanie* mentioned by Godfrey of Strasburg, wrote in *Norman-French*; 4thly, That there is no trace of *Scottish* phraseology in the Sir Tristrem edited and concluded by Sir Walter Scott; and, finally, That Sir Walter Scott has wholly failed to prove any connexion between this romance and the Rhymer of Erceldoune.

It would have been improper to lay *Sir Tristrem* again before the world, without any allusion to this learned writer's dissertation; but the present Editor must be contented with offering a very few remarks on it.

It appears to him that Sir Walter Scott's own preface and appendices contained sufficient evidence that the story of Tristrem had been popular both in French and in German, at least as early as the period of Thomas of Erceldoune; and, before Warton's Editor published his essay, a fact more curious than any he has brought to light on this subject had been ascertained—the existence, namely, of a romance of Tristrem in Greek, *versus politici* of the thirteenth century.[1]

The Essayist seems to have been successful in the establishment of his second and third positions. He adduces, it must be admitted, distinct proof that there existed a "Chronicle of Cornwall by Thomas of Brittany," to which ancient German romancers were in the custom of appealing with reference to the heroes of the

[1] See Von der Hagen's "Monumenta medii ævi, plerumque inedita." 1821.

Round Table; and as Godfrey of Strasburg often quotes the *French* words of his "Thomas von Britanie," it is scarcely to be doubted that he drew from this Chronicle.

These circumstances, however, though they may deprive Thomas the Rhymer of the early European celebrity which Sir Walter Scott claimed for him, and of course be held fatal to the notion that the Auchinleck MS. contains the original of all the Tristrem romances, seem to have but a slender bearing on the question as to the authorship of the poem edited by Sir Walter Scott. That Thomas of Erceldoune was well known in *England* as a romance-writer, is established beyond all doubt by the words of De Brunne,

> "I see in song of sedgeing tale
> Of Erceldoune"——

and that *he* is the *Thomas* who framed that "sedgeing tale" (story for recitation) of Tristrem, which had "the steem over gestes," appears to be hardly less certain. Assuredly *that* "Thomas" could never have been the Breton

Chronicler of Cornwall, so favoured by Warton's Editor; since De Brunne introduces his name for the express purpose of adverting to the quaintness of his *English*.

But, according to this writer, the language and versification of the "Sir Tristrem" edited by Sir Walter Scott do not correspond with De Brunne's description of the romance that "over gestes had the steem." Its *English* is not more quaint than that of De Brunne himself; it contains no names more *selcouth* than he himself is in the custom of introducing; and the complaint that careless reciters were apt to omit one member of almost every *copple*, could never apply to a poem composed, not in *couplets*, but in stanzas.

To this it may be answered, that Sir Walter Scott, from the first, expressed his conviction that the Rhymer's Sir Tristrem had passed orally through "several hands," and been consequently greatly modified as to language, before it was committed to writing at all: that *selcouth* names as well as *quaint Inglis*, may, in the course of this process, have disappeared—most probably

did so—other persons who recited the tale endeavouring to render it intelligible "to the lewed man," by adopting the example of De Brunne, as described by himself: and that even if it were proved that *copple* in De Brunne's language, could mean nothing but *couplet*, it by no means follows that the Tristrem of the Auchinleck MS. could not be talked of as containing *copples* liable to mutilation. Among the sorts of verse fashionable with the minstrels of his day, De Brunne mentions "enterlacée." This means evidently "couplets interlaced," an exact description of ten lines out of eleven in every stanza of Sir Tristrem.

As to the Essayist's assertion, that the language of the romance has in it nothing distinctively *Scottish*—this is a point on which the reader will perhaps consider the authority of Sir Walter Scott as sufficient to countervail that of the most accomplished *English* antiquary; nor is it easy to pass over as wholly insignificant Sir Walters's remark, that "a complicated structure of stanza and rhyme continued to be a characteristic of Scottish poetry from the remote period

of Thomas of Erceldoune downward: the additional short verse thrown into the end of each stanza in *Christ Kirk on the Green*, *Peeblis to the Play*, &c., seems borrowed from the stanza of *Sir Tristrem*.". But even were it true that Sir Tristrem's *quaint Inglis* bears no traces of a northern dialect, in what way could this touch the question at issue? The poem is admitted to have passed from reciter to reciter before it was written out, and the reciter who penned the copy might not have been a Scotchman.

Finally, Mr. Price is of opinion that the insertion of the word *Erceldoune* in the first stanza of Sir Tristrem was rash, and attaches no weight to Sir Walter Scott's statement that the reading is countenanced by some "faint tracings" of the obliterated *MS.* It being, however, not doubted that Thomas of Erceldoune did write a "sedgeing tale" of Sir Tristrem, and *Thomas* being mentioned in the third line of the stanza, and the place of Thomas's residence having obviously been mentioned in the first line, it seems hardly possible to guess what word but *Erceldoune* would have suited both the sense and the

rhyme. But the line itself, as Sir Walter Scott mentions in his Notes, has fortunately been preserved, by way of catchword, at the foot of the preceding page of the manuscript.[1]

On the whole, though this critic appears to have overthrown one part of Sir Walter Scott's preface—that in which he claimed for the Rhymer of Erceldoune certain French and German citations, belonging of right, as it now turns out, to a Chronicler of Bretagne—and disturbs a few incidental statements and views of less importance, it leaves the question as to the authorship of the Auchinleck Sir Tristrem very much as Sir Walter Scott himself had left it.

How attentively he had studied the language and versification of this ancient poem, is proved by the exquisite imitation of it in Fytte the Third, which gives it a right to a place among *his* poetical works. It was at one time, his intention to execute a series of imitations of the

[1] This line is copied at the upper part of the facsimile of the Auchinleck MS. which is given at page 139. The line runs thus :—

"Y was at Ertheldoun."

chief Scottish poets subsequent to Thomas of Erceldoune, and prior to Allan Ramsay, thus presenting a complete view of the history of the language, to which the Waverley Novels have since, in a great measure, restored its original character of "*Inglis.*"

Sir Tristrem was reviewed in the Edinburgh Review for 1804, by the late accomplished antiquary, Mr. George Ellis. The following is an extract:—"Upon the whole, we are much disposed to adopt the general inferences drawn by Mr. Scott from his authorities, and have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the very uncommon diligence which he has evinced in collecting curious materials, and to the taste and sagacity with which he has employed them. With regard to the notes, they contain an almost infinite variety of curious information, which had been hitherto unknown or unnoticed; and we are persuaded, that they would afford much amusement even to those readers who may be too indolent to derive any from the superannuated poetry of Thomas of Ercildoune."

An article in the Annual Review for 1804

was not less favourable to the Editor of Tristrem. After quoting some striking lines from Finlay's Wallace—

" Oh! long shall Scotland sound with Rhymer's name,
For in an unknown cave the seer shall bide,
Till through the realm gaunt kings and chiefs shall ride,
Wading through floods of carnage, bridle-deep;
The cries of terror and the wailing wide,
Shall rouse the prophet from his tranced sleep;
His harp shall ring with woe, and all the land shall weep;"—

the Reviewer proceeds as follows:—"If this hiding-place could be discovered, many are the curious points of history and romance which true Thomas could elucidate. Is he one of the seven men who sleep, and have long slept, in a den under the cliff of Ocean, in the uttermost parts of Germany, where there is snow all the summer time, and in the winter, though men see the light of the sun, yet the sun is not seen? All men may see them there; they are sound in body; their colour is not changed; neither do their garments wax old; and therefore the people have them in great worship and reverence. A covetous wretch once attempted to strip one of them of his clothing, and his impious arm was

dried up in the attempt. Or is he in the cavern under the roots of the hazel-tree on Craig y Dinas, where King. Arthur and all his knights are lying asleep in a circle; their heads outward; every one in his armour, his sword and shield and spear by him; ready to be taken up whenever the Black Eagle and the Golden Eagle shall go to war, and make the earth tremble with their affray; so that the cavern shall be shaken, and the bell ring, and the sleepers be awakened and come forth? Till, however, the prophet of Ercildoune can be found, that he may give an account of himself, we must be contented with such of his works as remain, and such scanty information respecting him as can be gleaned from old authors and contemporary records. He has been peculiarly fortunate to remain for so many centuries the favourite of his countrymen, and to have his genuine remains elucidated by an Editor so eminently qualified for the task, by his peculiar taste, and talents, and erudition."

Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction, has made particular mention of the charter of Peter

de Haga, or Haig of Bemerside, to which Thomas Rimour de Ercildun, among others, is a witness. The original charter was recently discovered in the General Register House, Edinburgh, when a transcript of it was obligingly communicated to Sir Walter Scott, by Mr. Macdonald, of that admirable establishment. The charter unfortunately, like the copy of it contained in the Melrose Chartulary, has no date, but from the handwriting and other circumstances, it may be assigned to the reign of Alexander the Third; and as an interesting document, it is therefore subjoined to this advertisement.

It is only further necessary to state, that in the present edition the text of Sir Tristrem has been carefully collated with the Auchinleck MS.; and an exact facsimile of the first two stanzas of the poem, as they appear in that very curious volume is herewith annexed.]

Carta Petri de Haga Domini de Bemerside de Petra Cere.

Omnibus hoc scriptum visuris vel audituris Petrus de Haga dominus de Bemerside salutem in domino Noveritis universi quod cum olim convenissem cum viris religiosis Abbate et Conventu de Melros pro quibusdam transgressionibus eisdem per me et meos illatis quod eisdem singulis annis ego et heredes mei decem salmones quinque videlicet recentes et quinque veteres in perpetuum solveremus ; Tandem iidem religiosi pietate ducti perpenderunt hoc esse in exheredacione mei et heredum meorum mediantibus viris bonis consenciente et concedente Johanne filio et herede meo cum dictis Abbate et Conventu taliter conveni, scilicet quod ego et heredes mei tenemur et presenti scripto in perpetuum obligamur ipsis Abbati et Conventui solvere singulis annis dimidiam petram Cere bone et pacibilis ad capellam Sancti Cuthberti de veteri Melros die beati Cuthberti in quadragesima, vel triginta denarios sub pena triginta denariorum singulis mensibus solvendorum ad luminare dicte Capelle, quibus in solucione dicte cere aut triginta denariorum predictorum fuerit cessatum post diem et terminum memoratos ; Subiciendo me et heredes meos jurisdictioni et potestati domini Episcopi Sancti Andree qui pro tempore fuerit ut me et heredes meos

per censuram ecclesiasticam qualemcumque possit compellere ad solucionem dicte cere aut triginta denariorum predictorum unacum pena si commutatur, Renunciando pro me et heredibus meis in hoc facto omni actioni defensioni et excepcioni et omnium legum auxilio canonici et civilis, beneficio restitucionis in integrum et omnibus aliis que michi et heredibus meis prodesse poterunt in hoc facto, et dictis Abbati et Conventui obesse quo minus solucio fieri valeat dicte cere aut triginta denariorum predictorum una cum pena si commutatur. In cuius rei testimonium presenti scripto sigillum meum una cum sigillo domini Oliueri tunc Abbatis de Driburg est appensum TESTIBUS Domino Oliuero Abbate de Driburg domino Willielmo de Burndun milite Hugone de Perisbi tunc vicecomite de Rokisburg Willielmo de Haiteley *Thoma Rimor de Ercildun* et aliis.

[From the Original preserved in the General Register-House—to which the Seals of the Laird of Bemerside, and of the Abbot of Dryburgh, still remain attached, but slightly broken.]

SIR TRISTREM;

a

Metrical Romance

of

The Thirteenth Century.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Romance of *Sir Tristrem* was composed by THOMAS of ERCELDOUNE, called the RHYMER, who flourished in the 13th century. The only copy, known to exist, is contained in a large and valuable collection of Metrical Romances, belonging to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, and called, from its donor, the Auchinleck MS. A correct edition of this ancient and curious poem is now submitted to the public. This prefatory memoir is designed to contain,

I. Some account of Thomas of Erceldoune;
II. History of the romance of *Sir Tristrem;*
III. Observations on the copy now published.

I. THOMAS of ERCELDOUNE derived his territorial apellation from the village of Erceldoune, in the Merse, or county of Berwick, situated on

the river Leader, about two miles above its junction with the Tweed. It appears that this small village was once a place of some importance, and, at least occasionally, honoured with the royal residence. The foundation charter of Melrose Abbey, granted by King David I., dated June 1136, is subscribed at Ercheldun.[1] The confirmatory charter of the same abbey, granted in 1143 by Prince Henry, son to David, is dated at Ercheldu.—HUTCHINSON, vol. i. Append. p. iii. The family of Lindsei appears anciently to have had an interest in Erceldoune; for, among the charters granted to the abbey of Coldingham, and preserved in the archives at Durham, occurs *Carta Wilhelmi Linseia de Ecclesia de Ercheldoun*, dated in the time of David I., or Malcolm IV., his successor.—NICOLSON'S *Scottish Historical Library*, App. No. vii. The Earls of March were afterwards Lords of Erceldoune, where they had a stronghold, called the Earl's Tower. It stood at the east end of the village, but is now demolished.

[1] See a facsimile in Anderson's *Diplomata*, tab. xiv. procured from Edward, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and another in Hutchinson's *View of Northumberland*, vol. i. Append. p. ii.

From this circumstance the original name of Ercheldon, or Erceldoune, has been corrupted into the modern appellation of Earlstoun.

In a tower at the western extremity of this village, the ruins of which are still shewn, after the lapse of seven centuries, dwelt Thomas of Erceldoune, the earliest Scottish poet. Of his history it is rather surprising that we should know so much, than so little, considering that he seems only to have been distinguished for his talents, and for that supposed prophetic skill, which all barbarous ages have judged an attribute of the poetical character.

We stumble, however, at the very threshold of our enquiry. All later writers have affirmed, that our author bore the family name of Learmont; and it must be owned that an unvarying tradition corresponds to their assertion. Nevertheless, the ingenious Mr. David Macpherson, and other modern antiquaries, have been led to doubt whether Thomas ever bore any other appellation than his territorial designation of Erceldoune, and the personal epithet of Rhymer, acquired, probably, by his poetical fame. In a charter, presently to be quoted, he is called Thomas

Rhymer de Erceldoun; in another, granted by his son, Thomas Rhymer de Erceldon. Robert de Brunne, Fordun, Barbour, and Wintoun, term him simply Thomas of Erceldoun; and Henry the Minstrel, Thomas the Rhymer. From this concurrence of the more ancient authorities, there seems no foundation for believing that Learmont was the family name of the prophetic bard. Mr. Macpherson supposes, that Thomas, or his predecessor, had married an heiress of the family of Learmont, and so occasioned this error. It may also have arisen from some family of that name tracing their descent from him by the female side. Surnames were not become hereditary and unalienable in the days of Alexander III. Besides those which arose from the place of abode, an individual might have a name derived from his person, his talents, or his office, and all these might be combined with the name of his sept, or clan. But these personal appellations only descended to their posterity in so far as they correspond with their circumstances. Thus, in the charter granted by Thomas's son to the convent of Soltré, he calls his father Thomas Rymour de Erceldoune, but himself only Thomas

de Erceldoune. The reason of the difference is obvious—he had succeeded to the lands of Erceldoune, but not to the poetical talents of the Rhymer. By alienating the lands to the convent, the son of our poet would cease to be even Thomas of Erceldoune; and it seems no improbable conjecture, that he might then, for some reason, adopt the surname of Learmont.[1] But

[1] In removing and arranging some ancient papers, lodged in the offices of the Clerks of Session, the following genealogical memoir was discovered, among many writings belonging to the family of Learmonth of Balcomy, which is now extinct. It is in a hand of the seventeenth century; and, if the writer was correct in his reference to the contract of marriage, may be considered as throwing some light upon the Rhymer's name and lineage:—

"*The genealogy of the honourable and ancient Sirname of Leirmont.*

"Leirmont beares *Or*, on a chevron *S*, three mascles voided of the first; the name is from France. The chief of the name was the Laird of Ersilmont in the Mers, whose predecessor, Thomas Leirmonth [lived] in the reigne of K. Alexander III. He foretold his death. One of whose sons married Janet de Darsie, and had the lands of Darsie, in Fife, be that marriage; the contract is yet extant, confirmed be the King. The House of Darsie bear a rose in base for difference. It is now extinct; only Leirmont of Balcomie, in Fife, is chief now; whose predecessor was

we may distinctly conclude the name of the bard to have been Thomas, called, from his property, de Erceldoune, from his works, the Rhymer.[1]

The time in which the Rhymer flourished may be ascertained with some plausibility. He was witness to a charter granted by Petrus de Haga de Bemersyde,[2] which unfortunately wants a date; but Petrus de Haga was himself a witness to another charter, by which Richard de Moreville, constable of Scotland, granted certain serfs to Henry St. Clair. Moreville was constable from

master of howshold to King James IV. His predecessor was the eldest son of Dairsie, and took to himselfe the estate of Balcomie, leaving Dairsie to the second brother. Upon this account, Balcomie is holden of the King, and Dairsie of the Archbishop of St. Andrews; so Balcomie bears the simple coat without the rose in base, since the distinction of Dairsie.

'They have been famous, learned, good, and great;
Which Maronean style could never rate.'"

[1] It must not, however, be suppressed, that Rymer actually existed as a proper name in the Merse at this time; for John Rymour, a freeholder of Berwickshire, occurs among those who did homage to Edward I., in 1296.

[2] See this charter, printed from the original, recently discovered, at page xiii. of the Advertisement.

1162 to 1189. Supposing the charter dated in the last year of Moreville's constabulary, *i. e.* 1189, de Haga must then probably have been twenty years old, in order to be a witness. If we suppose de Haga attained the age of seventy, and that the charter, to which the Rhymer was a witness, was granted in the last year of his life, its date must be 1239. Assuming, therefore, the poet to have been twenty when he witnessed that charter, his birth will be fixed to 1219. Thomas the Rhymer was certainly alive, and in the zenith of his prophetic reputation, at the death of Alexander III. in 1286. On the other hand, he must have been dead before 1299, the date of the charter, in which his son calls himself *Filius et hæres Thomæ Rymour de Erceldon*, and, in that capacity, conveys to the Trinity House of Soltré all the lands which he held by inheritance (*hereditarie tenui*) in the village of Erceldoune.[1] If the father had been

[1] The Rhymer appears not to have possessed the whole of Erceldoune; for Adam Le Feure de Erceldoune did homage to Edward in 1296. Thomas the Rhymer himself does not appear in Ragman-Roll. Perhaps he was dead, and his son under age; or it may be that he held his estate of the Earl of Dunbar.

alive, this family property could not have been disposed of by the son, without his concurrence. We may, therefore, with some confidence, place the death of Thomas the Rhymer betwixt 1286 and 1299; and, if we may believe the testimony of Henry the Minstrel, he must have survived 1296, in which year Wallace took arms, and died within three years after. According to the above calculation, he must then have been near eighty years old. Supposing him to have composed the romance of *Sir Tristrem* about the age of thirty, the date of the composition will be about 1250.

Such was the reasoning which the Editor had founded upon the few facts which history and ancient records afford concerning the Rhymer.—But another authority, pointed out by Mr. Henry Weber, seems scarcely reconcilable to the above hypothesis, and gives ground for assigning a date considerably more ancient to the Romance of Thomas of Erceldoune. There is a German romance of Sir Tristrem, written by Godfried of Strasburgh, who repeatedly quotes Thomas of Britannia as his authority. Now, Godfried of Strasburgh is believed to have flourished about

1232; in which case, if Thomas of Britannia be the same with the Rhymer (which will hardly bear a doubt), his romance must have been composed as early at least as 1220, for twelve years is but a very moderate space for its travelling to Germany. Under this supposition, the Rhymer must have been born about the end of the twelfth century; and, as he certainly survived 1286, his life must have been extended to ninety years and upwards.

The anecdotes which have been transmitted to our time, concerning Thomas the Rhymer, are partly historical, and partly preserved by tradition. They relate principally to his prophetic character; for it is only to Robert de Brunne that we owe the preservation of his poetic fame. The most noted instance of prediction regards the death of Alexander III., and is thus narrated by Fordun:—

"Annon recordaris quid ille vates ruralis, Thomas videlicet de Ersildon, nocte præcedenti mortem regis Alexandri, in castro de Dunbar, obscurè prophetando de occasu ejus, dixerat Comiti Marchiarum interroganti ab eo, ut solitus, quasi jocando, quid altera dies futura novi esset

paritura? Qui Thomas, attrahens de imo cordis singultuosum suspirium, sic fertur Comiti, coram aulicis, plane protulisse: 'Heu diei crastinæ! diei calamitatis et miseriæ! quia ante horam explicitè duodecimam audietur tam vehemens ventus in Scotia, quod a magnis retroactis temporibus consimilis minime inveniebatur. Cujus quidem flatus obstupescere faciet gentes, stupidos reddet audientes, excelsa humiliabit, et rigida solo complanabit.' Propter cujus seria affamina comes cum aulicis crastinum observantes, et horas diei usque ad nonam considerantes, et nullum vestigium in nubibus vel signis ventosis cœli auspicantes, Thomam tanquam insensatum reputantes, ad prandium properârunt. Ubi dum comite vix mensæ collocato, et signo horologii ad meridianum horam fere approximato, affuit quidam ad portam, et, importunis pulsibus aures comitis concutiens, aditum sibi ocius fieri flagitavit. Intromissus igitur advena, et de novis impetitus,—'Nova, inquit, habeo sed nociva, toti regno Scotiæ deflenda, quia inclitus, heu! rex ejus finem præsentis vitæ hesterna nocte apud Kingorn sortitus est; et hæc veni nunciare tibi.' Ad hanc narrationem, quasi de gravi

somno excitatus, comes una cum familiaribus tutiderunt pectora, et dicti Thomæ experti sunt credibilia nimis facta fore vaticinia."—FORDUNI *Scoti Chronicon*, lib. x. c. 43.

Boece, as translated by Bellenden, gives us the same story. "It is said, the day afore the kingis deith, the Erle of Merche demandit ane propheit, namit Thomas Rimour, othirwayis namit Ersiltoun, quhat weddir suld be on the morow. To quhome answerit this Thomas, That on the morow afore noun, sall blaw the gretest wynd that ever was hard afore in Scotland. On the morrow, quhen it was neir noun, the lift[1] appering loune,[2] but[3] ony din or tempest, the Erle send for this propheit and reprevit hym that he prognosticat sic wynd to be, and na apperance thairof. This Thomas maid litil answer, bot said, Noun is not yet gane. And incontinent ane man came to the yet[4] schawing that the king was slane. Than said the propheit, Yone is the wynd that sall blaw to the gret calamity and truble of all Scotland. This Tho-

[1] *Lift*—Sky. [2] *Loune*—Calm. [3] *But*—Without. [4] *Yet*—Gate.

mas wes ane man of gret admiration to the peple; and schaw sundry thingis as they fell, howbeit thay were ay hid under obscure wordis." BELLENDEN'S *Boece*, fol. cciii.

Translated from the monkish eloquence of Fordun, the story would run simply,—That Thomas presaged to the Earl of March that the next day would be windy; the weather proved calm; but news arrived of the death of Alexander III., which gave an allegorical turn to the prediction, and saved the credit of the prophet. It is worthy of notice, that some of the rhymes, vulgarly ascribed to Thomas of Erceldoune, are founded apparently on meteorological observation. And doubtless, before the invention of barometers, a weather-wise prophet might be an important personage.—Such were the predictions of a greater bard:—

> "Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram
> Vertere———" &c.—*Georg.*

Barbour, in his *Book of the Bruce*, composed about 1375, refers to a prophecy of our bard, concerning the exploits and succession of Robert the First. After Bruce had slain the Red

Cumin at Dumfries, in 1306, the Bishop of Saint Andrews is introduced, saying,—

——— "Sekyrly
I hop Thomas' prophecy
Off Hersildoune, sall weryfyd[1] be
In him; for swa our Lord help me,
I haiff gret hop he sall be king,
And haiff this land all in leding."
The Bruce, b. ii. v. 86.

Wintoun, who died, according to Mr. Pinkerton, about 1420, also refers to the prophetic fame of our Thomas of Erceldoune. His words are these:—

"Of this fycht quhilum spak Thomas
Of Ersyldowne, that sayd in derne,[2]
Thare suld mete stalwartly, stark, and sterne.
He sayd it in his prophecy,
Bot how he wist it wes ferly."[3]

Leland quotes the following passage from the *Scala Chronicon*, an old history, apparently written about the reign of Edward III., and translated out of French rhyme into French prose by an English gentleman, during his residence at Edinburgh as a prisoner of war. "William

[1] Verified. [2] *In derne*—In dark language. [3] *Ferly*—A marvel.

Banestre and Thomas Erceldoune, whose words were spoken *in figure*, as were the prophecies of Merlin."

Henry the Minstrel introduces, as has already been noticed, the bard of Erceldoune into the history of Wallace. We are told by this romantic biographer, that the Scottish champion, having slain the Lord Percie's steward, was imprisoned in the town of Ayr by the English, then masters of the country. Here Wallace suffered every sort of hardship, till his health sunk under it. His jailor, finding him in a swoon, concluded he was dead, and gave orders that the body should be dragged out of the prison, and thrown upon a dunghill. Wallace's nurse removed him from thence, with an intention of doing the last honours to his body. She observed, however, a palpitation at the heart, and finding life not entirely extinguished, she carried the champion of Scotland to her cottage, and took measures for his recovery and concealment:—

"Thomas Rimour into the Faile[1] was than.
With the mynystir, quhilk was a worthi man.

[1] A religious house near Ayr.

He usyt offt to that religiouss place;
The peple demyt of witt mekill he can;
And so he told, thocht at thai bliss or ban,
Quhilk hapnyt suth in mony diverss cace,
I can nocht say, be wrang or richtwysnas,
In rewlle of wer, quhether thai tynt or wan,
It may be demyt be divisioun of grace."

The servant of the minister arrives with the heavy tidings, that he had seen Wallace's corpse thrown out of the prison:—

"Thomas ansuerd, 'Thir tythingis ar noucht gud,[1]
And that be suth, my self sall neuir eit breid.'"

The servant still affirms that the death of Wallace is certain, and that a poor woman has taken away his body to be buried:—

"Yit Thomas said, 'Than sall I leiff na mar,
Gif that be trow, be God, that all has wrocht.'"

The servant is despatched to the cottage to procure farther intelligence, and, after taking a solemn oath of secrecy, the nurse shews him the Knight of Ellerslee:—

"Scho had hym up to Wallace by the dess,
He spak with hym, syne fast agayne can press.

[1] *Ar noucht gud*—Are not true.

With glaid bodword, thair myrthis till amend;
He told to thaim the first tithingis was less.
Than Thomas said, 'Forsuth, or he decess,
Mony thousand in feild sall mak thar end,
Off this regioun he sall the Southron send,
And Scotland thriss he sall bring to the pess;'
So gud off hand agayne sall neuir be kend.'"
Wallace, b. ii. ch. 3.

These are the only anecdotes concerning Thomas of Erceldoune, which occur in the more ancient authors. We may collect from them, that he was, in his own time, a distinguished personage, and, as such, long afterwards remembered. His acquaintance with the Earl of March argues some degree of rank and birth, which may be also inferred from his witnessing the charter of Peter de Haga, a powerful baron, along with Oliver, Abbot of Driburgh, Willielm de Burndun, Hugh de Peresby, Shirref of Rokysburgh, and Will. de Haitely, all whose names sufficiently indicate high rank. Although, therefore, we may hesitate to affirm, with Dempster, that he was the chieftain of a most illustrious family, or, with Nisbet, that he enjoyed the honour of knighthood, it would be absurd to deny, that Thomas of Erceldoune was a man of consider-

able rank, and honoured with the acquaintance of the great and the gallant of the time in which he lived.

We are ignorant that he wrote any thing except the romance of *Sir Tristrem*. His renowned prescience occasioned many verses of prophetic import to be imputed to him. One of these rhapsodies appears to have been written in the reign of Edward III., and during his Scottish wars. It is preserved in the Museum, and bears this title:—*La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedon quand la guerre d'Escoce prenderit fyn. E yl l'a repoundy et dyt.* There follows a metrical prophecy, the performance of some person in the English interest, and presaging the total subjugation of Scotland. The poem is printed at length in Pinkerton's *Poems*, from the Maitland MS., vol. i., and in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (vol. iv. of the present edition). A later bard has composed a string of prophecies, not uttered by Thomas the Rhymer himself, but delivered to him by the Queen of Faëry. They are introduced by the following wild and fanciful tale:—Thomas of Erceldoune, seated beneath Eildoun-tree, a spot,

the veneration for which may perhaps be traced back to the days of Paganism, saw a most beautiful damsel riding towards him upon a grey palfrey. The splendour of her dress and accoutrements could only be exceeded by her personal charms. The Rhymer hastened to meet this beautiful vision, and, after some conversation, "prayed her for her love." This boon she refuses for some time, alleging that "it would undo all her beauty," and that he would himself sorely repent his rash request. The bard despises every warning, ardently presses his suit, and at length a mortal is clasped in the arms of the Queen of Faëry. The change which ensues in her person is strikingly painted. Her bright eyes become dead; her fair locks drop from the naked scalp; her rich raiment is changed into rags, and the astonished poet beholds an odious hag, instead of the lovely fay. But repentance and terror were alike unavailing: he was compelled to bid adieu "to sun and moon, to grass and every green tree," and to leave the earth with his supernatural conductor. He mounts behind her on her palfrey, and they journey, with amazing speed, through the realms of utter

darkness, hearing only the roaring of waters, through which they sometimes seem to cross. They pass a fair garden full of flowers and singing birds, and the most delicious fruit. Thomas puts forth a rash hand, but is cautioned to beware how he touches the fatal Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. His conductress shews him, successively, the road to heaven, to hell, and to Fairy Land. The last is their route: they arrive at a splendid castle, filled with lords and ladies, who danced, sung, and feasted till midnight. Of all these festivities Thomas partook with his fair damsel, who had now recovered all her original beauty. After a time, she told him to prepare to return to "middle earth," since the fiend of hell would next day visit the castle to claim a tithe of its inhabitants, and he, being a fair and stately person, would probably be of the number, should he remain till the arrival of their infernal sovereign. She adds, that he has already remained three years in Fairy Land, and that she loves him too well to permit him to incur the dreadful risk which is impending. Accordingly she conveys him back to the Eildon-tree, and, before separating, tells him, in dark

and figurative language, the fate of the wars betwixt England and Scotland. This tale exists in MS. in the Cotton Library (Vitell, E. X.) under this title, *Incipit Prophesia Thomæ de Arseldown.* The book which contains it has unfortunately been damaged by fire, so that much is illegible. I am informed that there exists another imperfect copy in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, beginning thus :—

> "Lystyns lordyngs, both gret and smalle,
> And takis gude tent what I will saye,
> I sall yow tell as trewe a tale,
> As ever was herde by nyght or daye."

A copy of this poem, modernized and balladized, preserved by tradition in Scotland, may be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*, where is also published the beginning of the Cotton MS. There is reason to think this poem was written by a native of England. The Lincoln copy has this couplet :—

> "But Jhesu Christ that dyd on tré,
> Save Inglysche men where so they fare."

[1] Vol. iv. of this Edition.

Some metrical prophecies, vulgarly ascribed to Thomas of Erceldoune, seem to have been very current in the reigns of James V., Queen Mary, and James VI. One copy in Latin, and another in English, were published, with other things of the same kind, by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Bishop Spottiswoode firmly believed in the authenticity of "the prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhyme, whereupon Thomas Learmount was commonly called Thomas the Rymer;" and gravely adds, "whence or how he had this knowledge can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come." Dempster terms the same verses *De futuro Scotiæ statu liber unus;* Mackenzie is at the pains to reprint both the Latin and English; and Nisbet gravely laments, that the change of crests and bearings, by which the persons are pointed out in these vaticinations, has rendered them almost unintelligible. If any of these authors had looked at the verses in question with moderate attention, they must have seen, that the author does not assert that they were composed by Thomas the Rhymer. He only says, that, walking "upon a land beside a

ley," he saw certain emblematical visions. They were explained to him by a person with whom he met. When these wonders had all disappeared, the author was left alone with the interpreter:—

> "I frained fast what was his name?
> Where that he came, from what countrie?
> 'At Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
> Thomas Rymour men calls me.'"

Thus, it is not even pretended that these verses were the composition of Thomas of Erceldoune, though the author professes to have drawn from the venerable bard the information contained in them. Nevertheless, they were not only received as the genuine productions of the Rhymer, but continued to animate the adherents of the house of Stuart down to the last unfortunate attempt, in 1745.

There are current among the country people, many rhymes ascribed to Thomas of Erceldoune. The reader will find several of them in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.[1] Thus concludes the history, real and fabulous, of the Rhymer,

[1] Vol. iv. of this Edition.

and his supposed productions, exclusive of the romance, now published for the first time.

II. THE TALE OF TRISTREM was not invented by Thomas of Erceldoune. It lays claim to a much higher antiquity; and, if we may trust the Welsh authorities, is founded upon authentic history. The following is the account of Tristrem, handed down by the bards.

Trystan (*i. e.* the Tumultuous), the son of Tallwz, was a celebrated chieftain, who flourished in the sixth century. In the historical triads, he is ranked with Greidiol and Gwgon, as the three heralds of Britain, superior in the knowledge of the laws of war. Trystan, with Gwair and Cai, were called the *three diadem'd princes of Britain;* with Coll and Pryderi, he composed the triad of the *three mighty swineherds;* with Gwair and Eiddilig, that of the *three stubborn chiefs*, whom none could turn from their purpose; with Caswallon (Cassivellaunus), the son of Bei, and Cynon, the son of Clydno, that of the *three faithful lovers.* The last epithet he acquired from his passion for Essylt, the wife of Mark Meirzion, his uncle. He was contemporary with Arthur. Upon some disgust, he withdrew himself

from the court of that monarch, and Gwalzmai with the Golden Tongue (the Gawain of romance) was sent to request his return. A dialogue passed betwixt them, for a copy of which, as well as for the above notices, I am indebted to the learned Mr. Owen, author of a classical Welsh Dictionary; it is inserted in the Appendix, No. II.

Those who may be inclined to doubt the high antiquity claimed for the Triads, by Welsh antiquaries, must admit, that, in this instance, probability seems to warrant their authority. Tristrem is uniformly represented as a native of Cornwall, in which, and in the countries of Wales, Ireland, and Brittany, all inhabited by the Celtic race, the scene of his history is laid. Almost all the names of the persons in the romance are of genuine British origin; as Morgan, Roland Riss, Urgan (Urien), Brengwain, Ganhardin, Beliagog, Mark, Tristrem, and Isounde, Ysoude, or Yssylt. The few names which are of Norman extraction, belong to persons of inferior importance, whose proper British appellations may have been unknown to Thomas, and on whom, therefore, he bestows names peculiar to the Norman-English dialect, in which he

composed. Such are Gouvernail, Blancheflour, Triamour, and Florentin.[1] The little kingdom of Cornwall was one of the last points of refuge to the aboriginal Britons, beyond the limits of the modern Wales. It yielded to the Saxon invaders betwixt 927 and 941, when the British were driven by Athelstan, beyond the Tamar, and a colony established at Exeter by the conqueror. Previous to this event, and probably for a considerable time afterwards, the Cornish retained the manners and habits of the indigenous natives of Britain. In these manners, an enthusiastic attachment to poetry and music was a predominating feature. The Bards, the surviving branch of the ancient Druids, claimed and received a sacred homage from the hearers; and to their song, celebrating the struggles of the Britons against the Saxons, may be referred one principal source of the tide of romantic fiction which overflowed Europe during the middle ages; I mean the tales, which, in exaggerating, have disguised and almost obliterated, the true exploits of King Arthur and his followers. In

[1] [Warton's Editor of course considers these French names as copied from a French Tristrem, older than that of the Rhymer.]

the ninth century, Geoffrey of Monmouth compiled, partly from British originals, communicated to him by the learned Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, and partly from the stores of his own imagination, a splendid history of King Arthur. This enticing tale soon drew into its vortex whatever remained of British history or tradition; and all the heroes, whose memory had been preserved by song, were represented as the associates and champions of the renowned Arthur. Among this splendid group we have seen that Sir Tristrem holds a distinguished place. Whether he really was a contemporary of Arthur, or whether that honour was ascribed to him on account of his high renown, and interesting adventures, it is now difficult to determine. The Welsh authorities affirm the first; but his history, by Thomas of Erceldoune, and the ancient poems on the subject, in the romance language, give no countenance to this supposition. That Tristrem actually flourished during the stormy independence of Cornwall, and experienced some of those adventures, which have been so long the subject of the bard and the minstrel, may, I think, be admitted, without incurring the charge of credulity.

There occurs here an interesting point of discussion. Thomas of Erceldoune, himself probably of Saxon origin, wrote in the *Inglis*, or English language; yet the subject he chose to celebrate was the history of a British chieftain. This, in a general point of view, is not surprising. The invaders have, in every country, adopted, sooner or later, the traditions, sometimes even the genealogies, of the original inhabitants; while they have forgotten, after a few generations, those of the country of their forefathers. One reason seems to be, that tradition depends upon locality. The scene of a celebrated battle, the ruins of an ancient tower, the "historic stone" over the grave of a hero, the hill and the valley inhabited of old by a particular tribe, remind posterity of events which are sometimes recorded in their very names. Even a race of strangers, when the lapse of years has induced them no longer to account themselves such, welcome any fiction by which they can associate their ancestors with the scenes in which they themselves live, as transplanted trees push forth every fibre that may connect them with the soil to which they are transferred. Thus, every tradition failed, among the Saxons, which related to their

former habitations on the Elbe; the Normans forgot, not merely their ancient dwellings in Scandinavia, but even their Neustrian possessions; and both adopted, with greedy ardour, the fabulous history of Arthur and his chivalry, in preference to the better authenticated and more splendid achievements of Hengist, or of Rolf Gangr, the conqueror of Normandy. But this natural disposition of the conquerors to naturalize themselves, by adopting the traditions of the natives, led, in the particular situation of the English monarchs after the conquest, to some curious and almost anomalous consequences.

Those who have investigated the history of the French poetry observe, with surprise, that the earliest romances written in that language, refer to the history of King Arthur and his Round Table, a theme, one would have thought, uncongenial to the feelings of the audience, and unconnected with the country of the minstrel. Mons. de Tressan[1] first gave a hint of the real cause of this extraordinary preference,

[1] *Extraits des Romans*, tom. i. p. 1. Tressan is treating of this very romance of *Sir Tristrem*, but seems to be ignorant of the existence of a metrical copy in the romance language.

by supposing that the Norman *trouveurs*, or minstrels, by whom these tales of King Arthur were composed, wrote for the amusement, not of the French, their countrymen, but of the Anglo-Norman monarchs of England. This dynasty, with their martial nobility, down to the reign of Edward III., continued to use, almost exclusively, the Romance or ancient French language; while the Saxon, although spoken chiefly by the vulgar, was gradually adopting, from the rival tongue, those improvements and changes, which fitted it for the use of Chaucer and Gower.[1] But the vail has been more completely removed

[1] From the following introduction to the metrical romance of *Arthur and Merlin*, written during the minority of Edward III. it appears that the English language was then gaining ground. The author says, he has even seen many gentlemen who could speak no French (though generally used by persons of their rank), while persons of every quality understood English. He extols the advantages of children who are sent to school:—

"Avauntages thai haven thare,
Freynsh and Latin ever aye where;
Of Freynsh no Latin nil Y tel more,
Ac on Inglishe Ichil tel therefore;
Right is that Inglishe, Inglishe understond,
That was born in Inglond;

by the Abbé de la Rue, in his curious essays upon what he aptly terms the Anglo-Norman poetry, those compositions, namely, which were written in French, but for the amusement of the kings and nobles of England.

One consequence of the popularity of the British tales among the Anglo-Norman poets, was, that all those parts of modern France, in which the romance language prevailed, obtained an early and extensive acquaintance with the supposed history of Arthur, and the other heroes of Wales. The southern provinces, in which the dialect of Languedoc prevailed, were the seat of Provençal poetry; and it seems probable, that, at an early period, the Troubadours were more welcome at the court of France, than the Nor-

> Freynshe use this gentilman,
> Ac iverich Inglishe can:
> Mani noble I have y-seighe,
> That no Freynshe couth seye;
> Bigin Ichil for her love,
> By Jesus love, that sitt above,
> On Inglische tel my tale,
> God ous send soule hale!"

Trevisa tells us, that in 1385, "in all the grammar scoles of England, children leveth French, and construeth and lerneth in English."

man minstrels, who resided on the territories of the sovereigns of England, and tuned their harps to the fame of the ancient heroes of Britain. In process of time, when Normandy was acquired by the kings of France, the minstrels prudently changed their theme, from the praises of Arthur and his Round Table, to the more acceptable subject of Charlemagne and his Paladins. This, at least, seems a fair conjecture; since the romances of this latter class, founded upon the annals of the Pseudo-Turpin, are allowed, by the French literati, to be inferior in antiquity to those relating to British story.

Among the tales imported into France from Britain, and which obtained an early and extensive popularity, the history of Tristrem is early distinguished.[1] Chrestien de Troyes, who wrote many romances, is said to have composed one

[1] [Warton's Editor quotes some lines of Rambaud d'Orange, a Troubadour of Provence, whose death is placed about A.D. 1173, in which that part of the story of Tristrem and Isolt, which is given in the stanza,

"Greteth well my leved,
That ac trewe hath been;
Smockes had she and Y," &c.

is distinctly alluded to.——

upon this subject, which he inscribed to Philip, Count of Flanders, who died in 1191. As this poet also composed the history of *Le Chevalier d'Epee* (probably the story of *The Knight and the Sword*, versified in Way's *Fabliaux*), *Le Chevalier de la Charrette*) the history of *Sir Lancelot*), and *Le Chevalier a Lion* (*Ywain and Gawain*), it is perhaps to him that we may ascribe the association of Tristrem into the chivalry of the Round Table; if so, he was not followed, in this respect, by later authors. It is difficult to ascertain whence Chrestien de Troyes procured his subjects. The tales may have passed to him from Armorica; but, as the union between Britain and Normandy was, in his days, most intimate, it seems fully as probable that he himself collected in England, or from English authority, the ancient British traditions which he framed into Romances.[1] There is some uncertainty as to his

> "Sobre totz aurai grand valor
> S'aital camis a m'es data,
> Cum Yseus det a l'amador,
> Que mais non era portata," &c.—p. 194 |

[1] La Combe observes, "Le roman de Tristan Leonis, l'un de plus beaux et des mieux faits qui aient jamais é[illegible]

actually writing the history of Tristrem; but at any rate, in one of his songs, he alludes to the story, as generally known:—

"Amques dou buvraige ne bui
Dont Tristan fut impoisoner;
Car plus ma fait aimer qui lui
Mon cuers et bon volupté."[1]

I need not, I, the drink of force,
Which drugg'd the valiant Tristrem's bowl:
My passion claims a nobler source,
The free-will offering of my soul.

Nor does the celebrity of the tale rest solely upon the evidence of Chrestien de Troyes. It is twice alluded to by the King of Navarre, who wrote in 1226, or very near that period.

publiés, parut en 1190. C'est le plus ancien de nos romans en prose. L'auteur etoit encore de la cour du Duc de Normandie, Roi d'Angleterre." Preface, p. xxvi. In this passage the learned gentleman makes a mistake, in which he is followed by Mons. L'Eveque de la Ravilliere. If Chrestien de Troyes actually wrote a history of Tristrem, it certainly was in verse, like all his other compositions; and it is morally impossible to point out a prose romance, upon that or any other subject, previous to 1190.

[1] La Ravilliere, *Revolutions de la Langue Françoise, Poesies du Roi de Navarre*, tom. i. p. 168.

"Douce dame, s'il vos plaisoit, un soir,
M'auriez plus de joie donée
C'onques Tristanz, qui en fit son pooir," &c.

— — — — — —

"De mon penser, aim mieux la compaignie,
Qu'oncques Tristan ne fitt Yseul s'amie."[1]

The ingenious Mons. de la Rue informs us, that the 11th Lay of the celebrated Mademoiselle Marie, called *Chevrefeuille*, is founded on an incident taken from the amours of Tristrem with the wife of King Marc. Marie flourished about the middle of the 12th century. *Archæologia*, vol. xiii. p. 43. This lay, of which the reader will find an abstract in the Appendix, No. III., begins thus:—

"Asez me plest, e bien le voil,
Du lai ke hum nume chevrefoil;
Q'la verite vous encunt,
Fur quoi il fu fet e dunt:
Plusurs me le unt cunte e dit,
E jeo l'ai trové en escrit,
De Tristrem e de la reine,
De lur amur, qui tant fu fine,
Dunt ilz eurent meinte dolur,
Puis mururent en un jour.'

This celebrated lady avowedly drew her ma-

[1] *Poesies du Roi de Navarre*, pp. 7, 145

terials from Armorica, the scene of several of Tristrem's exploits, and finally of his death.

Thus, the story of Tristrem appears to have been popular in France, at least thirty years before the probable date of Thomas of Erceldoune's work. A singular subject of enquiry is thus introduced. Did Thomas translate his poem from some of those which were current in the romance language? Or did he refer to the original British authorities, from which his story had been versified by the French minstrels? The state of Scotland, at the period when he flourished, may probably throw some light on this curious point.

Although the Saxons, immediately on their landing on the eastern coast of England, obtained settlements, from which they were never finally dislodged, yet the want of union among the invaders, the comparative smallness of their numbers, and a variety of other circumstances, rendered the progress of their conquest long and uncertain. For ages after the arrival of Hengist and Horsa, the whole western coast of Britain was possessed by the aboriginal inhabitants, engaged in constant wars with the Saxons; the slow, but still increasing tide of whose victories

still pressed onward from the east. These western Britons were, unfortunately for themselves, split into innumerable petty sovereignties; but we can distinguish four grand and general divisions. 1st, The county of Cornwall, with part of Devonshire, retained independence, on the south-west extremity of the island. 2dly, Modern Wales was often united under one king. 3dly, Lancashire and Cumberland formed the kingdom of the Cumraig Britons, which extended northward to Solway Frith. 4thly, Beyond the Scottish Border lay the kingdom of Strathclwyd, including, probably, all the western part of Scotland, betwixt the Solway Frith and Frith of Clyde. With the inhabitants of the Highlands, we have, at present, no concern. This western division of the island being peopled by tribes of a kindred origin and language, it is natural to conceive, even were the fact dubious, that the same traditions and histories were current among these tribes. Accordingly the modern Welsh are as well versed in the poetry of the Cumraig and the Strathclwyd Britons, as in that of their native bards; and it is chiefly from them that we learn the obscure contentions which these north-western Britons main-

tained against the Saxon invaders. The disputed frontier, instead of extending across the island, as the more modern division of England and Scotland, appears to have run longitudinally, from north to south, in an irregular line, beginning at the mountains of Cumberland, including the high grounds of Liddesdale and Teviotdale, together with Ettrick forest and Tweeddale; thus connecting a long tract of mountainous country with the head of Clydesdale, the district which gave name to the petty kingdom.[1] In this strong and defensible country, the natives were long able to maintain their ground. About 850, the union of the Scots and Picts enabled Kenneth and his successors to attack, and, by degrees, totally to subdue, the hitherto independent kingdoms of Strathclwyd and Cumbria. But, al-

[1] The vestiges of a huge ditch may be traced from the junction of the Gala and the Tweed, and running thence south-westward through the upper part of Roxburghshire, and into Liddesdale. It is called the Cat-Rael, or Catrail, and has certainly been a landmark betwixt the Gothic invaders, who possessed the lower country, and the indigenous Celts, who were driven to the mountains. Tradition says, that it was dug to divide the Peghts and Bretts, *i.e.* Picts and Britons.

though they were thus made to constitute an integral part of what has since been called Scotland, it is reasonable to conclude that their manners and customs continued, for a long time, to announce their British descent. In these districts had flourished some of the most distinguished British bards; and they had witnessed many of the memorable events which decided the fate of the island.[1] It must be supposed that the favourite traditions of Arthur and his knights retained their ground for a length of time among a people thus descended. Accordingly, the scene of many of their exploits is laid in this frontier country; Bamborough Castle being pointed out as the Castle Orgeillous of romance, and Berwick as the Joyeuse Garde, the stronghold of the

[1] Of the former was Merdwinn Wyllt, or Merlin the Savage, who inhabited the woods of Tweeddale, and was buried at Drummelziar (*Tumulus Merlini*), near Peebles; also Anewrin, who celebrates the bloody combat betwixt the north-western Britons and the Saxons of Deira. The men of Edinburgh, in particular, were all cut off; and it is more than probable, that the strong fortresses of that city first yielded to the Saxons, from whom it was afterwards taken by the Scots and Picts, when united into one people. Lothian seems finally to have submitted to them about 970.

renowned Sir Lancelot. In the days of Froissart, the mountains of Cumberland were still called *Wales;* and he mentions Carlisle (so famous in romantic song) as a "city beloved of King Arthur." Even at this day, the Celtic traditions of the Border are not entirely obliterated,[1] and we may therefore reasonably conclude, that in the middle of the 13th century they flourished in full vigour.

If the reader casts his eye upon the map, he will see that Erceldoune is situated on the borders of the ancient British kingdom of Strathclwyd; and I think we may be authorized to conclude, that in that country Thomas the

[1] See Essay prefixed to *Poems from Maitland MS.*, by Mr. Pinkerton, p. lviii.; *Complaynt of Scotland*, Introduction, p. 196. The editor met with a curious instance of what is stated in the text. Being told of a tradition of a hunter who raised a mighty boar, and pursued him, from his lair on the Yarrow, up to St. Mary's Lake, where he was slain, at a place called *Muichra*, he had the curiosity to examine the derivation of this last name. It signifies, in Gaelic, *The place of the Boar*, and seems to attest the truth of the tradition. Indeed, most of the names of places in the south-west of Scotland are of British derivation, and are sometimes found to refer to popular traditions yet current, while the narrators are totally ignorant of the evidence thus afforded to the truth of their story.

Rhymer collected the materials for his impressive tale of *Sir Tristrem*. The story; although it had already penetrated into France, must have been preserved in a more pure and authentic state by a people, who, perhaps had hardly ceased to speak the language of the hero. There are some considerations which strongly tend to confirm this supposition.

In the first place, we have, by a very fortunate coincidence, satisfactory proof that the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, as composed by Thomas of Ercildoune, was known upon the continent, and referred to by the French minstrels, as the most authentic mode of telling the story. This is fortunately established by two Metrical Fragments of a French romance, preserved in the valuable library of Francis Douce, Esq. F.A.S., of which the reader will find a copious abstract, following the Poem. The story told in those Fragments, will be found to correspond most accurately with the tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated by Thomas of Ercildoune, while both differ essentially from the French prose romance, afterwards published. There seems room to believe that these fragments were part of a poem, com-

posed (as is believed) by Raoul de Beauvais, who flourished in 1257, about the same time of Thomas of Ercildoune; and shortly after we suppose the latter to have composed his grand work. As many Normans had settled in Scotland about this period, it is probable that Thomas's tale was early translated, or rather imitated, in the romance language. The ground for believing that this task was performed by Raoul de Beauvais, is his being the supposed author of a romance on the subject of *Sir Perceval*, preserved in the library of Foucault. The writer announces himself as the author of several other poems, particularly upon the subject of *King Mark* and *Uselt la Blonde*:—

"Cil qui fit d'Enee et d'Enide,
Et les commandemens d'Ovide,
Et l'art d'aimer en Roman mist,
Del Roy Marc, et d'Uselt la Blonde,
Et de la Hupe, et de l'Eronde,
Et del Rossignol la muance,
Un autre conte commence
D'un vallet qui en Gresse fu
Del linage le Roy Artu."[1]

[1] The late ingenious Mr. Ritson was led to ascribe the romance above quoted, and, consequently, the poem, *Del*

The author professes to have found the original of the history,—

> "Et un des livres de l'aumaire
> Monsigner S. Pierre à Biauvais."

This seems to be the principal reason for ascribing the romance of *Perceval* to Raoul de Beauvais. But it is probable that the author of that romance, whoever he was, also wrote Mr. Douce's Fragments. After narrating the adventures of *Sir Tristrem*, down to his second retreat to Brittany, there occurs the following most curious passage, concerning the different modes of telling the story:—

Seignurs, cest cunte est mult divers;	Lordings, this tale is very differently told;
E, pur co, sum par mes nerf,	And therefore I am * * * (*unintelligible*)
E dis en tant cum est mestier,	And tell as much as is necessary,

---

Roy Marc et d'Yseult la Blonde, to Chrestien de Troyes, who lived long before Thomas of Erceldoune. *Ancient Metrical Romances*, Introductory Dissertation, p. xliii. But that industrious antiquary was led into the error by Chrestien being the author of a yet more ancient romance upon the same subject of Perceval, but different from that mentioned in the text. This work is mentioned by Fauchet, who seems never to have seen it, and is quoted in Galland's *Essay*, as totally distinct from that which is ascribed to Raoul de Beauvais, and considerably more ancient. *Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions*, tom. ii. ff. 675, 680.

E le surplus voil relesser.
Ne voil pas trop emmi dire.
Ici diverse la matyere,
Entre ceus qui solent cunter,
E de le cunte Tristran parler.
Il en cuntent diversement.
Oï en ai de plusur gent;
Aser sai que chescun en dit,
Et co qu'il unt mis en escrit.
Mé, solun ce que j'ai oï,
Nél dient pas sulun Breri,
Ki solt les gestes et les cuntes,
De tus les reis, de tus les cuntes,
Ki orent esté en Bretagne,
E sur que tut de cest ouraingne.
Plusurs de nos granter ne volent
Ce que del naim dire se solent
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer.

And will leave the remainder.
I will not say too much about it.
So diverse is the matter,
Among those who are in habit of telling
And relating the story of Tristran;
They tell it very differently;
I have heard it from many.
I know well enough how each tells it,
And what they have put in writing.
But, according to what I have heard,
They do not tell it as Breri does,
Who knew the gestes and the tales
Of all the kings and all the earls,
Who had been in Brittany,
And about the whole of this story (*ouvrage*)
Many of us (*minstrels*) will not allow
What others tell of (*Tristran the*) dwarf,
Who is said to have been in love with the wife of Kaherdin.

Li naim redut Tristran nuirer,
E entuscié pas grant engin
Quant ot afolé Kaherdin.

That dwarf caused Tristran to be wounded
And poisoned, by great artifice,
When he had occasioned Kaherdin to grow mad.

Pur cest plaie, e pur cest mal,
Enveiad Tristran Guvernal,
En Engleterre pur Ysolt.
Thomas, ico, granter ne volt:
Et si volt, pur raisun, mustier
Qu'ico ne put pas estéer.
Cist fust par tut la part conceus,

On account of this wound and this disease,
Tristran sent Gouvernail
Into England for Ysolt.
Thomas, however, will not admit this;
And undertakes to prove, by arguments,
That this could not be.
He (*Gouvernail*) was known all over those parts,

E par fut le regne sius,
Qui de l'amur ert parjuners,

And throughout the kingdom,
As being privy to the love (*of Tristran and Ysolt*,)

Et envers Ysolt messagers.
Li reis l'en haiet mult forment;
Guaiter le fesoit à sa gent.

And often employed on messages to Ysolt.
The king hated him for it mortally;
And caused him to be watched by his people.

E cument put il dunc venir
Sun service à la curt offrir,
A le rei, al baruns, al jerjans,
Cum fust estrange marchaut?
Que hume issi conclus

How then could he come
To offer his service to the court,
To the king, to the barons, and sergeants,
As if he had been a stranger merchant?
That a man so known there

N'i fud mult tost apercens,	Should not have been immediately perceived,
Ne sai coment il se gardast,	I do not know how he could have prevented,
Ne cument Ysolt amenast.	Nor how he could carry over Ysolt.
Il sunt del cunte forneisé,	They are involved in a very foolish tale,
E de la verum esliungé.	And far distant from the truth.
E se eo ne volent granter,	And if they will not admit this,
Ne voil vers eus estriver.	I will not strive with them.
Gengent le lur, e jo le men:	Let them keep their opinion, and I mine:
La raison si provera ben.	The reason of the thing will prove itself.

I think that the reader will be disposed to admit the Thomas, mentioned in this passage, to be our bard of Erceldoune. It is true that the language of the Fragments appears to be very ancient, and might, were other evidence wanting, incline us to refer it rather to the 12th than the 13th century. But the French language, as spoken in England, seems to have adopted few improvements from the continent. In fact, it remained stationary, or was retrograde; for words were adopted from the English, and, consequently, even at its latest period, the Anglo-Norman had an antiquated and barbarous cast. Thus it has become difficult for the best judges to point out any very marked difference betwixt the style of Marie and some parts of Wace's translation, though a century occurs betwixt the date of their poems; consequently, the author of

our Fragments may have only written a rude and unimproved, instead of an obsolete dialect. Chaucer seems to allude to the difference of the proper French and the Anglo-Norman, when he tells us of his prioresse (a lady of rank)—

> "And Frenche she spake full fayre and festily,
> After the scole of Stratford atte Bow:
> For French of Parish was to hire unknowe."

The reference to style being thus uncertain, the evidence on the other side must be allowed to countervail it. For, that Thomas of Erceldoune wrote the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, a work of most extended reputation, is ascertained by Robert de Brunne: That he flourished in the 13th century, is proved by written evidence: That the tale, as told in the Fragments, corresponds exactly with the edition now published, while they both differ widely from every other work upon the same subject, is indisputable. As the one, therefore, is affirmed to be the work of Thomas, and the other refers to a Thomas who composed such a work, the connexion betwixt them is completely proved, and the ascertained period of Thomas's existence may be safely held as a landmark for fixing the date of the Frag-

ments, notwithstanding the obsolete language in which they are written.

Assuming, therefore, that Thomas of Erceldoune is the person referred to by the contemporary French author, it will be difficult to give any other reason for the high authority which the minstrel assigns to him, than his having had immediate access to the Celtic traditions concerning *Sir Tristrem*, with which the Anglo-Norman romancers were unacquainted. The author of the Fragments quotes the authority of Breri, apparently an Armorican, to whom were known all the tales of the Kings and Earls of Brittany; and with equal propriety he might refer to Thomas of Erceldoune, as living in the vicinity of what had been a British kingdom, where perhaps, was still spoken the language in which the feats of *Sir Tristrem* were first sung. But it is plain, that, had Thomas translated from the French, the Anglo-Norman minstrel would have had no occasion to refer to a translator, when the original was in his own language, and within his immediate reach. What attached authenticity to Thomas's work seems, therefore, to have been the purity of his British materials, by which

he brought back to its original simplicity, a story, which had been altered and perverted into a thousand forms, by the *diseurs* of Normandy.

But what may be allowed to put our doubts at rest, is the evidence of Gotfried von Strasburgh, a German minstrel of the 13th century, who compiled a prodigiously long metrical romance on the subject of Sir Tristrem. This author, like the French *diseur*, affirms, that many of his profession told the celebrated tale of Sir Tristrem imperfectly and incorrectly; but that he himself derived his authority from "Thomas of Britannia, master of the art of romance, who had read the history in British books, and knew the lives of all the lords of the land, and made them known to us." Gotfried adds, that he sought Thomas's narrative diligently, both in French and Latin books, and at length fortunately discovered it. In another place he appeals to the authority of Thomas concerning the dominions of Raveline (the Roland of Thomas), which he says consisted of Parmenie (Armenie) and of a separate territory held of Duke Morgan, to whom the Scots were then subject. Heinrich von Vribere, the continuator of Gotfried's narrative, also quotes

the authority of Thomas of Britannia, whose work seems to have been known to him through the medium of a Lombard or Italian translation.[1] An account of these German romances, which the Editor owes to the friendship of Mr. Henry Weber, is subjoined to the analysis of the French Fragments. The referenoes which they contain to the authority of Thomas of Britannia, serve to ascertain his original property in the poem of Sir Tristrem.

In the second place, if Thomas of Erceldoune did not translate from the French, but composed an original poem, founded upon Celtic tradition, it will follow, that the first classical English romance was written in part of what is now called Scotland; and the attentive reader will find some reason to believe that our language

[1] [The words are,—

"Begonde ich sere suchen
In beider hande buchen
Welschin und Latinen," &c.

And Warton's Editor renders *Welschin* by *foreign*—books in any vernacular tongue not German, p. 192. In the modern usage of Germany, *Wälsh* means *Italian*, *i. e.* the language of Cisalpine *Gaul*, wherever it does not mean the Celtic of our *Wales*.]

received the first rudiments of improvement in the very corner where it now exists in its most debased state.[1]

In England, it is now generally admitted, that, after the Norman conquest, while the Saxon language was abandoned to the lowest of the people, and while the conquerors only deigned to employ their native French, the mixed language, now called English, only existed as a kind of *lingua franca*, to conduct the necessary intercourse between the victors and the vanquished. It was not till the reign of Henry III. that this dialect had assumed a shape fit for the purposes of the poet;[2] and even then, it is most probable that English poetry, if any such existed, was abandoned to the peasants and menials, while all, who aspired above the vulgar, listened to the *lais* of Marie, the *romances* of Chrestien de Troyes, or the interesting *fabliaux* of the

[1] [The curious old English Romance of *Havelok the Dane* has been recently recovered, and its learned editor, Mr. Madden, appears to have proved it to be as old as the reign of Edward I., and written by a monk of Lincoln. 1833.—Ed.]

[2] See Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. i. chap. iii.

Anglo-Norman *trouveurs*. The only persons who ventured to use the native language of the country in literary compositions, were certain monkish annalists, who usually think it necessary to inform us, that they condescended to so degrading a task out of pure charity, lowliness of spirit, and love to the "lewd men" who could not understand the Latin of the cloister, or the Anglo-Norman of the court. Even when the language was gradually polished, and became fit for the purposes of the minstrels, the indolence or taste of that race of poets induced them, and those who wrote for their use, to prefer translating the Anglo-Norman and French romances, which had stood the test of years, to the more precarious and laborious task of original composition. It is the united opinion of Warton, Tyrwhytt, and Ritson, that there exists no English romance, prior to the days of Chaucer, which is not a translation of some earlier French one.

While these circumstances operated to retard the improvement of the English language in England itself, there is great reason to believe, that in the Lowlands of Scotland its advances were more rapid. The Saxon kingdom of Bernicia was not limited by the Tweed, but ex-

tended, at least occasionally, as far northward as the Frith of Forth. The fertile plains of Berwickshire and the Lothians, were inhabited by a race of Anglo-Saxons, whose language resembled that of the Belgic tribes whom they had conquered, and this blended speech contained, as it were, the original materials of the English tongue. Beyond the Friths of Forth and of Tay, was the principal seat of the Picts, a Gothic tribe,[1] if we can trust the best authorities, who spoke a dialect of the Teutonic, different from the Anglo-Saxon, and apparently more allied to the Belgic. This people falling under the dominion of the Kings of Scots, the united forces of those nations wrenched from the Saxons, first, the province of the Lothians; finally, that of Berwickshire, and even part of Northumberland itself. But, as the victors spoke a language similar to that of the vanquished, it is probable

[1] Since the first publication of this romance, the Gothic descent of the Pictish nation has been very ably combated in the Caledonia of Mr. Chalmers. So little of the Editor's argument rests upon this point, that he is fortunately not called upon to discuss a question of such obscurity against so able an opponent.

that no great alteration took place in that particular, the natives of the south-eastern border continuing to use the Anglo-Saxon, qualified by the Pictish dialect, and to bear the name of Angles. Hence, many of our Scottish monarchs' charters are addressed *Fidelibus suis Scottis et Anglis*, the latter being the inhabitants of Lothian and the Merse. See Macpherson's excellent *Notes on Wintoun*, vol. ii. p. 474, *Diplomata*, pp. 6, 8, *Independence*, Appendix 2d. The Scots, properly and restrictively, meant the Northern Caledonians, who spoke Gaelic; but generally used, as in these charters, that name includes the Picts, with whom they were now united, and all inhabitants of Scotland north of the Friths of Clyde and Forth. In Strath Clwyd, and in the ancient Reged, the Britons were gradually blended with the Scoto-Angles of Lothian and Berwickshire, and adopted their language. Here, therefore, was a tract of country including all the south of Scotland, into which the French or Romance language was never so forcibly introduced. The oppression of the Norman monarchs, and the frequency of civil wars, drove, it is true, many of their nobility into exile in Scotland; and,

upon other occasions, the auxiliary valour of these warlike strangers was invoked by our Scottish kings, to aid their restoration, or secure their precarious dominions. Twice within three years, namely, in 1094 and 1097, the forces of the Anglo-Normans aided Duncan and Edgar, the sons of Malcolm, to expel from the Scottish throne the usurper Donald Bain. In the War of the Standard, most of David's men-at-arms are expressly stated to have been Normans; and the royal charters,[1] as well as the names of our peerage and baronage, attest the Norman descent of most of our principal families. But these foreigners, though they brought with them talents, civil and military, which recommended them to the favour and protection of the Scottish monarchs, and though they obtained large possessions and extensive privileges, were neither so numerous nor so powerful as to produce a change in the language of the country, even among persons of their own eminent rank. Accordingly, although

[1] The famous charter of David I., addressed *Omnibus fidelibus suis totius regni sui, Francis, et Anglicis et Scottis, et Galwinnibus*, attests the variety of tribes who inhabited his dominions.

French was doubtless understood at the court of Scotland, it seems never to have been adopted there; the *Inglis* remaining the ordinary language. But the succeeding influx of Norman barons, although they could not change the language of Scotland, introduced into it a variety of alien vocables, and gave it probably the same tinge of French which it acquired in England at a later period. Thus the language, now called English, was formed under very different circumstances in England and Scotland; and, in the latter country, the Teutonic, its principal component part, was never banished from court, or confined to the use of the vulgar, as was unquestionably the case in the former.

It may be thought that the British, spoken, as we have seen, by the tribes of Cumbria and Strath Clwyd, as well as by the proper Scots, ought to have entered into the composition of the new language. But, although possessing beauties of its own, the Celtic has everywhere been found incapable of being amalgamated with the Gothic dialects, from which it is radically and totally distinct. The Scottish kings appear soon to have disused it, although, while the recollec-

tion of their original descent and language continued, a Celtic bard, or sennachie, was sometimes heard to deliver a rhapsody in honour of the royal descent, like the *Duan* composed by the court-bard of Malcolm III. But as their language became unintelligible, the respect paid to them was diminished, and at length, though still admitted upon great festivals, their Earse genealogies became the object rather of derision than admiration. Such a bard is well described in the *Houlat*, a poem written during the reign of James II., and containing some curious traits of manners.[1] At length, by statute 1457, ch. 79, the

[1] "*The Ruke, callet the Bard.*
Sa come the Ruke, with a rerde and a rane-roch,
A bard out of Ireland, with Banochadee,
Said, '*Gluntow guk dynydrach hala myschty doch,*
Reke hir a rug of the rost, or scho sall ryve thee;
Misch makmory ach mach momitir, moch loch,
Set hir doun, gif hir drink; quhat deill ayles ye?
O'Dermyn, O'Donnal, O'Dochardy Droch,
Thir ar the *Ireland* kingis of the *Erechrye,*
O'Knewlyn, O'Conochar, O'Gregre, MacGrane,
The *Chenachy*, the *Clarschach,*
The *Beneschene*, the *Ballach,*
The *Krekrye*, the *Corach,*
Scho kennis them ilk ane.'"

wandering Celtic bards are ranked with *sornares* (persons taking victuals by force), *masterful beggars*, and *feigned fools*, all to be imprisoned, or banished the country. Meanwhile, the minstrels, who used the English language, and had, in fact, founded many of their tales upon the traditions of the neglected and oppressed bards, were ranked with knights and heralds, and permitted to wear silk robes, a dress limited to persons who could spend a hundred pounds of land rent.

From this short statement it follows, that, while the kings and nobles of England were amused by tales of chivalry, composed in the French or Romance language, those which were chanted in the court of Scotland must have been written originally in Inglis. The English did not begin to translate these French poems till about 1300, nor to compose original romances in their own language until near a century later. But Thomas of Erceldoune, Kendal (whose name seems to infer a Cumbrian descent), Hutcheson

The Bard, for troubling the company with this dissonant jargon, is at length rolled in the mire by two buffoons.—PINKERTON'S *Scottish Poems*, vol. iii.

of the Awle Royal, and probably many other poets, whose names and works have now perished, had already flourished in the court of Scotland. Besides *Sir Tristrem*, there still exist at least two Scottish romances, which, in all probability, were composed long before the conclusion of the thirteenth century. These are entitled *Gawen and Gologras*, and *Galoran of Galoway*. This opinion is not founded merely upon their extreme rudeness and unintelligibility; for that may be in some degree owing to the superabundant use of alliteration, which required many words to be used in a remote and oblique sense, if indeed they were not invented "for the nonce." But the comparative absence of French words, and French phraseology, so fashionable in Scotland after the time of Robert Bruce, when the intercourse of the countries became more intimate, and, above all, evident allusions to the possession of part of Scotland by the British tribes, seem to indicate sufficiently their remote antiquity. Even the alliteration is a proof of the country in which they were composed. Chaucer tells us, that the composition of gestes, or romances, and the use of alliteration, were, in his time, peculiar

attributes of the northern poets. His Personne, says,—

"But trusteth wel, I am a sotherne man,
I cannot *geste*, *rem*, *ram*, *ruf*, by my letter,
And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better."

In these romances there does not appear the least trace of a French original; and it seems probable, that, like *Sir Tristrem*, they were compiled by Scottish authors from the Celtic traditions, which still floated among their countrymen. To this list, we might perhaps be authorized in adding the *History of Sir Edgar and Sir Grime;* for, although only a modernized copy is now known to exist, the language is unquestionably Scottish, and the scene is laid in Carrick, in Ayrshire.

The very early and well-known romance of *Hornchild* seems also to be of Border origin; nay, there is some room to conjecture, that it may have been the composition of Thomas of Erceldoune himself. The French MS. of the romance, in the Museum, begins thus:—

"Seignurs oi avez le vers del parchemin,
Cum le Bern Auluf est venuz a la fin;
Mestre Thomas ne volt qu'il seit mis a declin,
K'il ne die de Horn le vaillant orphalin."

And it ends with the following odd couplet;—

"Thomas n en dirrat plus; *tu autem*. chanterat,
Tu autem, domine, miserere, nostri." [1]

A poet named Thomas, being thus referred to as the author of a tale, the scene of which is laid in Northumberland, and in which every name, whether of place or person, attests an origin purely Saxon, there seems no reason why he may not be identified with Thomas of Erceldoune, a celebrated Border poet, to whom every

[1] In the conclusion, mention is made of a certain Gilimot, a son of the narrator, on whom he devolves the task to tell, in rhyme, the adventures of Hodcremod, son to Horn and Regmenil, who conquered Alfriche, and avenged all his relations upon the Pagans:—

"Cum cil purat mustrer qui la storie saurat,
Icest lais a mun fiz Gilimot, k'il durrat,
Ki la rime, apres mei, bien controverat,
Controveurs est ben et demeit."

It is uncertain whether this Gilimot be the son of the author Thomas, or of the French *rimeur*, who, according to the hypothesis of the text, is only the translator of the story. I incline to the latter opinion, because these unnecessary continuations were seldom composed by the author of the original work. If the *Vers del Parchemin*, and the history of the *Baron Aaluf*, be ever discovered, it may throw some light upon the subject.

tradition respecting Deiria and Bernicia must have been intimately familiar. If the apparent antiquity of the language of the French *King Horn* be alleged against this opinion, we may oppose the difficulty and apparent impossibility of ascertaining the chronology of French poetry, considering how widely it was extended, and into how many dialects it must necessarily have been divided. Even in our own literature, did we not know the age of Gawain Douglas, we should certainly esteem his language older than that of Chaucer, when, in fact, it is nearly two centuries later. It is impossible, when other evidence fails, to distinguish, from the circumstance of style alone, that which is *provincial*, from that which is really *ancient*. But whatever may be thought of Thomas of Erceldoune's claim to be held the author of this romance,[1] it does not appear less certain, that it has originally been written in or

[1] The Editor's opinion is only stated hypothetically; nor will he be surprised at any one inclining to believe that the Thomas of the French *Hornchild* is, in fact, the *rimeur* himself, and not the Bard of Erceldoune: but he cannot allow that such Anglo-Norman Thomas, supposing him to exist (which, after all, is matter of supposition), shall be identified with the Tomas in the Fragments of

near the country, which is described with so much accuracy. It is not sufficient to answer, with a late ingenious antiquary, that the names and references, are all northern, because the story is predicted of the Saxons and Danes in England and Ireland.[1] We know how totally indifferent the minstrels and their hearers were to every thing allied to *costume*, which their ignorance would have disabled them from preserving, had

Sir Tristrem. In that point, the ground taken in these remarks seems much stronger; for we know certainly the existence of Thomas of Erceldoune, who did write a romance of *Sir Tristrem*, highly esteemed by his contemporaries; we have also seen reasons why his authority should be referred to by a French *rimeur*, who, at the same time, and probably for the same reasons, quotes that of an Armorican minstrel. But, granting the French *rimeur*, Thomas, to have existed, we can see no natural connection betwixt him and the tale of *Sir Tristrem*, and no reason why, supposing him to have written such a tale (which again, is a matter of gratuitous supposition), his authority should have been referred to as irrefragable by posterior narrators of the same history. In one view of the case, we have indisputable fact; in the other, mere hypothesis. Above all, the reference seems conclusive to the correspondence betwixt the poems.

[1] *Dissertation on Romance*, prefixed on Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, p. xcix.

their carelessness permitted them to strive after such an excellence. When, therefore, we find a romance, like that of *Horn*, without the least allusion to Norman names and manners, we may, I think, safely conclude, that, although it exists in both languages, it must have been originally composed in that of the country where the scene is laid, and from which the actors are brought. See *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. lxxviii. § 2. It may finally be remarked, that although the more modern romance of *Hornchild* in the Auchinleck MSS. has some phrases, as "in boke we read," "in rime, as we are told," generally supposed to imply a translation from the French,[1] yet nothing of the kind occurs in the older tale, published by Mr. Ritson, which bears every mark of originality.

The romance of *Wade*, twice alluded to by Chaucer, but now lost, was probably a Border composition. The castle of this hero stood near the Roman Wall, which he is supposed to have surmounted; and it was long inhabited by his

[1] Even this circumstance by no means decidedly infers reference to a French original. Barbour calls his own poem a *romance*, though it never existed in French.

real or fancied descendants. It is absurd to suppose, that Norman minstrels came into these remote corners of the kingdom to collect or celebrate the obscure traditions of their inhabitants; although, finding them already versified, they might readily translate them into their own language.

These general observations on the progress of romantic fiction in the Border counties, lead us to consider the evidence given by Robert de Brunne, concerning the poetry of Thomas of Erceldoune, which is thus expressed in the Introduction to his Annals :—

"Als thai[1] haf wryten and sayd
Haf I alle in myn Inglis layd,
In symple speche as I couthe,
That is lightest in manne's mouthe
I made noght for no disours,
Ne for no seggours, no harpours.
Bot for the luf of symple men
That strange Inglis cannot ken
For many it ere that strange Inglis,
In ryme wate never what it is;
And bot thai wist what it mente,
Ellis methought it were all schente.

[1] His Latin and French authorities.

I made it not for to be praysed,
Bot at the lewed men were aysed.
If it were made in ryme couwee,
Or in strangere, or enterlacé,
That rede Inglis it ere inowe
That couthe not have coppled a kowe.
That outher in cowee or in baston,
Sum suld haf ben fordon;
So that fele men that it herde
Suld not witte how that it ferde.
I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoune and of Kendale,
Non thaim sayis as thai thaim wroght,
And in ther saying it semes noght,
That may thou here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas;
Bot I here it no man so say,
That of some copple som is away.
So thare fayre saying here beforne,
Is thare travaile nere forlorne;
Thai sayd it for pride and nobleye,
That were not suylke as thei.[1]
And alle that thai willed overwhere
Alle that ilke will now forfare

[1] [Warton's Editor (Mr. Price) observes that this line is wrongly quoted—it ought to stand

"That non were suilk as they;"

and he interprets "pride and nobleye," dignity and loftiness of expression.—ED.]

Thai sayd it in so quaint Inglis,
That many wate not what it is.
Therfore heuyed wele the more
In strange ryme to travayle sore;
And my wit was oure thynne
So strange speche to travayle in;
And forsooth I couth noght
So strange Inglis as thai wroght,
And men besoght me many a tyme
To turne it bot in light ryme.
Thai seyd if I in strange ryme it turn,
To here it many on suld skorne;
For in it ere names full selcouthe,
That ere not used now in mouthe.
And therfore, for the commonalté,
That blythely wald listen to me,
On light lange ¶ it began,
For luf of the lewed man."

This passage requires some commentary, as the sense has been generally mistaken. Robert de Brunne does not mean, as has been supposed, that the minstrels, who repeated Thomas's romance of *Sir Tristrem*, disguised the meaning, by putting it into "*quaint Inglis;*" but, on the contrary, that Kendal and Thomas of Erceldoune did themselves use such "*quaint Inglis*," that those who repeated the story were unable to understand it, or to make it intelligible to their

hearers. Above all, he complains, that, by writing an intricate and complicated stanza, as "*ryme cowee, strangere*, or *entrelacé*," it was difficult for the *diseurs* to recollect the poem; and of *Sir Tristrem*, in particular, he avers, that he never heard a perfect recital, because of some one "*copple*," or stanza, a part was always omitted. Hence he argues, at great length, that he himself, writing not for the minstrel or harper, nor to acquire personal fame, but solely to instruct the ignorant in the history of their country, does well in choosing a simple structure of verse, which they can retain correctly on their memory, and a style, which is popular, and easily understood. Besides which, he hints at the ridicule he might draw on his poem should he introduce the uncouth names of his personages into a courtly or refined strain of verse. They were

"Great names, but hard in verse to stand."

While he arrogates praise to himself for his choice, he excuses Thomas of Erceldoune, and Kendale, for using a more ambitious and ornate kind of poetry. "They wrote for pride [fame] and for nobles, not such as these my ignorant hearers." Thus, the testimony of this ancient

historian, who was a contemporary of Thomas of Erceldoune, establishes at once the high reputation of his work, and the particular circumstances under which it was written. While the English minstrels had hardly ventured on the drudgery of translating the French romances, or, if they did so, were only listened to by the lowest of the people, our northern poets were writing original *gests* "for pride and nobleye," in a high style and complicated stanza, which the southern harpers marred in repeating, and which their plebeian audience were unable to comprehend. In one word, the early romances of England were written in French, those of Scotland were written in English.

If the Editor has been successful in his statement, two points have been established: 1st, That the minstrels of the south of Scotland, living in or near the British districts of Reged and Strathclwyd, became the natural depositaries of the treasures of Celtic tradition, esteemed so precious in the middle ages; 2dly, That, from the peculiar circumstances under which the English language was formed in the Lowlands of Scotland, and north of England, it probably was more early fitted for the use of the

poet in that country, than in the more southern parts of the sister kingdom, where it was so long confined to the use of the populace. Whoever shall be tempted to pursue this curious subject, will find that this system, if confirmed upon more minute investigation, may account for many anomalous peculiarities in the history of English romance and minstrelsy. In particular, it will shew why the Northumbrians cultivated a species of music not known to the rest of England,[1] and why the harpers and minstrels of

[1] "In borealibus quoque majoris Britanniæ partibus, trans Humberum Eboracique finibus, Anglorum populi, qui partes illas inhabitant, simul canendo symphoniaca utuntur harmonia; binis tamen solummodo tonorum differentiis, et vocum modulando varietatibus, una inferius, submurmurante, altera vero superne, demulcente pariter et delectante. Nec arte tantum, sed usu longævo, et quasi in naturam mora diutina jam converso, hæc vel illa sibi gens hanc specialitatem comparavit. Qui adeo apud utramque invaluit, et altas jam radices posuit, ut nihil hic simpliciter, sed multipliciter, ut apud priores, vel saltem dupliciter, ut apud sequentes, mellite proferri consueverit: pueris etiam, quod magis admirandum, et fere infantibus, (cum primum a fletibus in cantum erumpunt) eandem modulationem observantibus." GERALD. CAMBREN. *Cambriæ Descriptio*, cap. xiii. The author adds, that, because the custom of singing in parts was peculiar to the northern English, he supposes it to be derived from the

the "North Countree" are universally celebrated, by our ancient ballads, as of unrivalled excellence. If English, or a mixture of Saxon, Pictish, and Norman, became early the language of the Scottish court, to which great part of Northumberland was subjected, the minstrels, who crowded their camps,[1] must have used it in their songs. Thus, when the language began to gain ground in England, the northern minstrels, by whom it had already been long cultivated, were the best rehearsers of the poems already written, and the most apt and ready composers of new tales and songs. It is probably owing to this circumstance, that almost all the ancient English minstrel ballads[2] bear marks of a northern origin, and are, in general, common to the Borders of both kingdoms. By this system we may

Danes or Scandinavians. But it is easily accounted for, if the Border counties were in fact the cradle of English minstrelsy.

[1] Vide ALRED *De Bello Standardi*, ap. x. scrip. pp. 341, 342.

[2] That of *John Dory* (Ritson's *Ancient Songs*) is perhaps a solitary exception to the general rule. *Martin Swart and his Men*, if it could be recovered, might be another. Most of the ballads of *Robin Hood* are very modern. The more ancient, as the *Lytell Geste*, seem to be written north of the Humber.

also account for the superiority of the early Scottish over the early English poets, excepting always the unrivalled Chaucer. And finally, to this we may ascribe the flow of romantic and poetical tradition, which has distinguished the Borders of Scotland almost down to the present day. See PERCY'S *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 118. *Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 271. *Border Minstrelsy*, passim.

It is time to return from this digression to the particular history of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, which, as narrated by Thomas of Erceldoune, seems to have gained such distinguished celebrity. In France, as appears from the author of the French Fragments, and from the evidence of Gotfried of Strasburgh, it was in the mouth of every minstrel, and told by each, according to his own particular fancy.[1] But an often-told tale becomes disgusting and tedious; and, accordingly, the languor of *Sir Tristrem* became at length

[1] There is a report, but highly improbable, that a metrical copy of the French *Tristrem* was printed at Paris, without a date. Very few French rhyming romances have come under the press; and the copies of all, but *Le Roman de la Rose*, are of the last degree of rarity. *Dissertation prefixed to Ritson's Metrical Romances*, p. liii.

proverbial among the *diseurs* of France and Normandy.[1] In the meantime, a great change was operated on the shape of romantic fiction. The art of reading had become comparatively general towards the end of the thirteenth century; the monks, also, had pursued the paths of literature opened by their earlier brethren. To them, chiefly, are to be ascribed the voluminous prose romances, which began, about this period, to supersede the metrical tales of the minstrel. These works generally set out with disowning and discrediting the sources, from which, in reality, they drew their sole information. As every romance was supposed to be a real history, the compilers of those in prose would have forfeited all credit, had they announced themselves as mere copyists of the minstrels. On the contrary, they usually state, that, as the popular poems upon the matter in question, contain many

[1] See the *Fabliau of Sir Hain and Dame Anieuse*, where the following lines occur:—

"Anieuse, fet-il, bel suer,
Tu es el paradis Bertran
Or pues tu chanter de Tristan
Ou de plus longue, se tu sez."

"lesings," they had been adduced to translate the real and true history of such-or-such a knight from the original Latin or Greek, or from the ancient British or Armorican authorities, which authorities existed only in their own assertion.[1]

The favourite tale of *Tristrem* was soon *transposed*, and seemingly more than once. In the King's library is a large MS. folio, entitled, *Le Romanz de Tristran*, containing the adventures

[1] Thus, in a French prose romance of *Charlemagne*, the author says, that he translated the work from the Latin, at the command of Baldwin, Count of Hainault, and adds, "Maintes gens en ont ouy conter et chanter, mais n'est ce mensonge non ce qu'ils en disent et chantent cil conteur ne cil jugleor. Nuz contes rymez n'en est vrai; tot mensonge ce qu'ils disent. WARTON, vol. i. p. 135, 4to edit. In like manner, the author of *La vraye Histoire de Troye* thus concludes:—"J'ay ains mené a fin la vraye histoire de Troye, en la maniere qu'elle fut trouvée escripte en la main de Saint Pierre, en Gregois language, et du Gregois fut mise en Latin; et je l'ay translatée en François, non pas par rimes ni par vers, ou il convient, par fine force, maintes mensonge; comme font les menestrels, de leur langues pompus, plaire, maintefois aux rois et aux contez." In the museum, there is a French version of Turpin, by a translator, who throws the same opprobrious imputation upon the romances in rhyme. "Et pour ces que estoire rimee semble mensunge, est ceste mis en prose."

of our hero, in a long prose narrative. A work of similar labour, and which, voluminous as it is, has never been concluded, was in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe. But the most noted of these prose editions of *Sir Tristrem* (if, indeed, the others be aught but various and enlarged copies of it) is thus described by Montfaucon:—"*Le Roman de Tristan et Iseult, traduit de Latin en François, par Lucas, chevalier, sieur de chastel de Gast pres de Salisbiri, Anglois.*" Cod. 6776. Another copy of the same romance is mentioned, cod. 6956; and some books of Gyron le Courtois occur, as translated into French by "Huè, seigneur du chateau de Gat." Cod. 6796. These MSS. are in the national library at Paris; but the book has been printed; and by a perusal of the printed copy the following remarks have been suggested:—

The Luc, or Huc, lord of the castle of Gast, near Salisbury, who translated the romance of *Sir Tristrem* from the Latin of Rusticien de Puise, seems to be as fabulous as his castle of Gast, or his Latin original. Why should a Latin history of *Sir Tristrem* have been written during the thirteenth century? Or to whom was it

calculated to convey either amusement or information? The pretended author, as well as the pretended translator, must rank with Robert de Borron, author of *Lancelot du Lac;* with Desrains, the lineal descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, author of the *St. Greal;* or, if the reader pleases, with the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli, who recorded the adventures of *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* The merit of the prose *Tristan,* by whomsoever written, is very considerable. Every French antiquary considers it as the best, as well as about the most ancient specimen of their prose romance.[1] The Editor begs permission to use the words of the most interesting of their number. "Le roman de *Tristan,* et celui de

[1] In general, they ascribe to it an absurd antiquity, because they confound it with the metrical tales on the same subject. "Le roman de Tristan Leonis, l'un des plus beaux et des mieux faits qui aient jamais été publié, parut en 1190. C'est le plus ancien de nos romans en prose." La Combe, *Dictionnaire,* preface, p. xxvi. M. de la Ravaillere also falls into this mistake, misled by the quotations of Chrestien de Troyes and the King of Navarre, which he took for granted alluded to the prose Tristan. Tressan has followed his predecessors into the same error. *Romans de Chevalerie,* tom. i. f. 1. Fauchet led the way into this blunder.

Lancelot du Lac, eurent la plus grand reputation de leur naissance ; leur touche est fort, les sentiments en sont elevés, les heros sont aussi galans qu'ils sont braves. Les heroines sont charmantes : nous n'osons trop réfléchir sur leurs aventures ; mais leurs foiblesses sont soutenues par un si grand caractère de courage, d'amour, et de constance—le bon Rusticien a si bien l'art de leur prêter des excuses recevables—qu'il faudroit etre bien sévère, pour les leur reprocher. La fidèle Brangien, dans *Tristan*, est le plus parfait modèle des amies : on s'attendrira pour elle, en voyant jusqu'à quel point elle porte l'heroisme, pour servir la belle Yseult. Personne ne sera tenté de plaindre le Roi Marc ; et peut-être même quelques lecteurs s'intéresseront-ils au sort du brave Tristan et de la charmante Yseult, en lisant l'histoire de leurs amours et de leurs malheurs." —*Extraits de Romans*, tom. i. f. 4.

Such being the merits of the French prose work, it remains to notice the particulars in which it differs from the metrical romance now published. Being changed from a short and simple tale into the subject of a large folio, the unity and simplicity of the story has suffered very

much. We often lose sight both of Tristrem and Yseult, to assist at the exploits of the *Varlet de la cotte mal taillée*, and other champions, whose deeds have little reference to the main story. The author, finding it difficult, perhaps, to invent an entire *dramatis personæ*, or willing to avail himself of prejudices already deeply founded in the mind of his readers, has associated his champion with the chivalry of the Round Table; so that the history of King Arthur, and all his knights, became a legitimate accessary to that of Tristrem.[1] The incidents narrated by Thomas of Erceldoune, with all the dilation of which they have been found susceptible, occupy

[1] In this, as we have seen, he is supported by the Welsh authorities. But oral tradition is always apt to lose sight of chronology, and to associate the distinguished personages whose memory it preserves. The tale of Thomas of Erceldoune, that of Raoul de Beauvais, if he was indeed the author of Mr. Douce's Fragments, and that of Mademoiselle Marie, are silent concerning the supposed connexion between Tristrem and Arthur. In the romance of *Gawain and Gologras*, however, Brengwain, the confidante of Ysoude, is mentioned as a person well known to Queen Guenever:—

"Quene was I somewhile, brighter of brows.
Then *Berell* or *Brangwayn, these burdes* so bold."

only in the proportion of 60 folios to about 220 of the prose volume. The discrepancies betwixt the poem, and even the relative part of the prose narration, are occasionally pointed out in the Notes. What is lost in simplicity is, however, gained in art. The character of Palamedes, the unfortunate and despairing adorer of Yseult, is admirably contrasted with that of Tristrem, his successful rival; nor is there a truer picture of the human mind than in the struggles betwixt the hatred of rivalship, and the chivalrous dictates of knightly generosity, which alternately sway both the warriors. The character of Dinadam, brave and gallant, but weak in person, unfortunate in his undertakings, but supporting his mischances with admirable humour, and often contriving a witty and well-managed retort on his persecutors, is imagined with considerable art. The friendship of Tristrem and Lancelot, and of their two mistresses, with a thousand details which display great knowledge of human nature, render *Tristan* interesting in the present day, in spite of those eternal combats, to which, perhaps, the work owed its original popularity.

This work was printed at Rouen so early as 1489, under the title of *Le Roman du noble et vaillant Chevalier Tristan, fils du noble Roi Meliadus de Leonnoys, compilé par Luce, chevalier, seigneur du Chateau de Gast*, one volume folio, black letter. The book was reprinted at Paris, by Antoine Verard, without date, in two volumes folio; and a subsequent edition was published in two parts by Denys Janot, Paris, 1533, also in black letter.

The same Denys Janot had already published what seems to have been intended as a first part to the history of *Sir Tristrem*, being *Le Roman de Meliadus de Leonnoys, Chevalier de la Table Ronde, ou sont contenues, avec les faits d'armes, plusieurs proësses de chevalrie faites par le bon Roi Artus, Palamedes, et autres chevaliers, estant au tems du dit Roi Meliadus: translaté du Latin du Rusticen de Pise, et remis depuis en nouveau language*, Paris, 1532, in folio, black letter. This romance is by no means void of merit; indeed, from many circumstances, we may conjecture it to have been written by the author of the prose *Tristrem*. The translator pretends to have received two castles from King Henry

(the first of the name seems to be intimated) for his labours in compiling the *St. Greal*, and other books of chivalry, from original and authentic materials. The stories of the father and son have little connection with each other, and the *History of Meliadus* is only one instance, among many, of the custom of the romancers to avail themselves of the renown of any favourite work, by hooking upon it introductions and continuations without mercy or end.

Another instance of the same nature is the *History of Ysaie le Triste*, a son whom Ysoude is supposed to have born in secret to her lover. This work was published at Paris, by Gallyot de Pre, in 1522, and is entitled, *Le Roman du vaillant Chevalier Ysaie le Triste, fils de Tristan de Leonnoys, Chevalier de la Table Ronde, et de la Princesse Yseulte, Royne de Cornouaille; avec les noble prœsses de l'Exille fils du dit Ysaie; reduit du vieil languige au languige François*, folio, black letter. This is a romance of faërie. Ysaie is under the protection of certain powerful fays, who have assigned him, for his attendant, Tronc le Nain, a dwarf, whose deformity is only equalled by his wit and fidelity.

This page of Ysaie le Triste is subjected to a law of extreme, and, it would appear, very unjust severity. Whenever his master was fickle in his amours, and he by no means copied the fidelity of his father Tristrem, the dwarf was unmercifully beaten by the fairies, his sovereigns. Upon the whole, the romance is very inferior to that of *Sir Tristrem.*

In 1528, was published, at Seville, *Libro del esforçado Don Tristan de Leonys y de sus grandes hechos, in armas,* folio. At Venice, in 1552 and 1555, appeared *Delle opere magnanime de i due Tristan*[1] *Cavalieri invitti della Tavola Rotonda,* two volumes, in 8vo.

The prose romance of *Tristrem* was modernized by Jean Maugin *dit l'Angevin,* and published, at Paris, in 1554, folio. It is far inferior to the original work. Allegory was then the prevailing taste, and, though it seems hard to wring a moral meaning out of the illicit amours of Tristrem and Yseult, Jean Maugin has done his best. Sir Tristrem is the emblem of the Christian perfection of chivalry, his fair paramour of—heaven knows what!

[1] Meaning, I suppose, the father and son.

The *History of Tristrem* was not, so far as I know, translated into English as a separate work; but his adventures make a part of the collection called the *Morte Arthur*, containing great part of the history of the Round Table, extracted at hazard, and without much art or combination, from the various French prose folios on that favourite topic. This work was compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, or Maleore, in the ninth year of the reign of Edward IV., and printed by Caxton. It has since undergone several editions, and is in the hands of most antiquaries and collectors. Those unaccustomed to the study of romance, should beware of trusting to this work, which misrepresents the adventures, and traduces the character, of Sir Gawain, and other renowned Knights of the Round Table. It is, however, a work of great interest, and curiously written in excellent old English, and breathing a high tone of chivalry.

Of late years, the romance of *Sir Tristrem* has been beautifully abridged, from the prose folio, by the late Monsieur le Comte de Tressan, and forms the first article in this *Corps d'extraits de Romans de Chevalerie*. To this elegant abridgement all

readers are referred, who may still wish for farther information, and are too indolent, or fastidious, to seek it in the original romance. It is now time to speak of the present publication.

III. THE PRESENT EDITION of the Romance of *Sir Tristrem* is published from the Auchinleck MS., a large and curious collection of such pieces, of which the reader will find an account in the appendix to these observations (No. IV.) The date of the MS. cannot possibly be earlier, and does not seem to be much later, than 1330, at least eighty years after the romance of *Sir Tristrem* had been composed. The immediate narrator does not assume the person of Thomas of Erceldoune, but only pretends to tell the tale upon his authority.

"I was at Erceldoune:
With Tomas spak Y thare;
Ther herd Y rede in roune,
Who Tristrem gat and bare," &c.

— — — — —

"Tomas telles in toun,
This auentours as thai ware."

The late eminent antiquary, Mr. Ritson, suggested, that Thomas of Erceldoune might himself assume the character of a third person, to

add a greater appearance of weight to his own authority: it must be owned, however, that this finesse is hardly suitable to the period in which he lived.[1] It seems more reasonable to conclude, that some minstrel, having access to the person of Thomas the Rhymer, had learned, as nearly as he could, the history of *Sir Tristrem*, and, from his recitation, or perhaps after it had passed through several hands, the compiler of the Auchinleck MS. committed it to writing. As Thomas certainly survived 1284, betwixt thirty and forty years will, in the supposed case, have elapsed betwixt the time, when the minstrel might have learned the romance, and the date of its being committed to writing; a long interval, doubtless, and in which many corruptions must have been introduced, as well as a material change in the style, which, in poetry, preserved by oral tra-

[1] [Mr. Price, however, while impugning Sir Walter Scott's theory as to the authorship of Sir Tristrem, affords evidence which would, no doubt, have been highly acceptable to him, of the oblique and prudish mode in which the authors of ancient romances sometimes chose to announce *themselves*. Thus Alexandre de Bernay says:—

"Alexandre *nous dit* qui de Bernay fu nez."—Ed.]

dition, always fluctuates, in some degree, with the alterations in language. Accordingly, those who examine attentively the style of *Sir Tristrem*, as now published, will not find that it differs essentially from that of Barbour, who wrote a century after the Rhymer, although some traces of antiquity may still be observed, particularly in the absence of words of French derivation. On the other hand, if this romance be really the production of Thomas of Erceldoune, we must expect to distinguish the peculiarities pointed out by Robert de Brunne; that quaint English, which was difficult to compose; and that peculiarity of stanza, which no minstrel could recite without omitting some part of the couplet: For, although we may allow for the introduction of more modern words, and for corruptions introduced by frequent recitation, these general characteristics of the original composition of Thomas must still be visible, or the romance which we read is none of his. Accordingly, the construction of the poem, now given to the public, bears a very peculiar character. The words are chiefly those of the fourteenth century, but the turn of phrase is, either from antiquity or the af-

fectation of the time when it was originally written, close, nervous, and concise even to obscurity. In every composition of the later age, but more especially in the popular romances, a tedious circumlocutory style is perhaps the most general feature. Circumstantial to a degree of extreme minuteness, and diffuse beyond the limits of patience, the minstrels never touch upon an incident without introducing a prolix description.[1] This was a natural consequence of the multiplication of romantic fictions. It was impossible for the imagination of the minstrels to introduce the variety demanded by their audience, by the invention of new facts, for every story turned on the same feats of chivalry; and the discomfiture of a gigantic champion, a lion, or dragon, with the acquisition of his mistress's love, continued to be the ever-recurring subject of romance, from the days

[1] Even Chaucer was infected by the fault of his age, and, with all his unrivalled capacity of touching the real point of description, he does not always content himself with stopping when he has attained it. It has been long since remarked, that when he gets into a wood, he usually bewilders both himself and his reader. But such a work as *Sir Guy*, or *The Squire of Low Degree*, will best illustrate the diffuse style which characterises the later metrical romances

of Thomas the Rhymer till the metrical tales of chivalry altogether lost ground. The later minstrels, therefore, prolonged and varied the description of events, which were no longer new in themselves; and it is no small token of the antiquity and originality of the present work, that the author seems to rely upon the simple and short narration of incidents, afterwards so hackneyed, as sufficient in his time to secure the attention of the hearers. We have only to compare this mode of narration with the circuitous and diffuse flourishes of the Anglo-Norman Rimeur, to decide the question already agitated, which of these poems was the model of the other.

It is not alone in the brevity of the narrative, but also in the occasional obscurity of the construction, that the style of an age, much older than that of Barbour, may be easily recognised. There is an elliptical mode of narration adopted, which rather hints at, than details the story, and which, to make my meaning plain by a modern comparison, is the *Gibbonism* of romance. Whoever attempts to make a prose version of this poem will find, that it is possible to paraphrase, but not literally to translate it. In this peculiar

structure of style consisted, we may suppose, the *quaint Inglis*, complained of by Robert de Brunne, which nobles and gentry alone could comprehend, and which, had that annalist adopted, the poor and ignorant, whom in charity he laboured to instruct, could not have comprehended his history.

To answer the description of Robert de Brunne in every respect, it is further necessary, that the romance of *Sir Tristrem* should be written in a strange and peculiar stanza. Accordingly, a stanza so complicated, and requiring so many rhymes, as that of the following poem, is perhaps nowhere employed in a long narrative; at least it has not been the fortune of the Editor to meet a romance, written in any which nearly approaches it in difficulty. The common romances are either in short rhyming couplets, or in verses similar to that adopted by Chaucer in *Sir Thopas*, both stanzas of a simple structure. But in *Sir Tristrem*, the 1st, 3d, 5th, and 7th lines of each stanza must rhyme together; as must the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th; and, finally, the 9th and 11th must also correspond in sound. It may be impossible to determine

whether this be the *rime cowée* or *strangere*, or *baston*, or *entrelacé*, mentioned by Robert de Brunne; but every dabbler in verses will agree, that the formation of the stanza is very intricate, and such as could only be undertaken by one who held himself master of the language, and who wrote for persons of rank, capable of understanding the merits of the complicated rules to which he had subjected himself. In truth, the present copy bears a closer resemblance to those which Robert de Brunne heard recited, than could have been desired by the Editor. For, as the historian says, he never heard it repeated but what of some *cupple* (*i. e.* stanza) part was omitted; so there are at least two instances of breaches in the following poem, flowing, in all probability, from the same cause.[1] To conclude, the rules which the poet has prescribed to himself are observed with strict accuracy, and his rhymes, though multiplied and complicated, correspond with rigid exactness.[2]

[1] See fytte i. st. 80; fytte iii. st. 1, each of which stanzas wants two lines, though there is no *hiatus* in the MS.

[2] It is worth while to remark, that a complicated

Since, therefore, this more modern edition of *Tristrem* agrees in diction and structure to the detailed description of Robert de Brunne, we may safely admit, that, though the language may have been softened into that of the fourteenth century, the general texture and form of the poem still closely resemble that of Thomas of Erceldoune.

It is proper to say a few words upon the mode in which the Editor has executed his task. The action of the poem seemed naturally to point out the division into three *Fyttes*, or Cantos, which has now been adopted. To each is prefixed a very full argument, referring to the stanzas which it abridges, and forming, as it were, a running paraphrase to the poetry. The modern *th* has

structure of stanza and rhyme continued to be a characteristic of the Scottish poetry from this remote period downward.* The reader may see specimens in King James VI.'s *Rewles and Cauteles of Scottis Poesie*. Even in our day, the Bard of Ayrshire has injured some of his most beautiful productions by using the jingling stanza of the *Cherry and the Slae*. The additional short verse thrown in towards the end of each stanza, which occurs in *Christ Kirk on the Green*, *Pebles to the Play*, &c., seems borrowed from the stanza of *Sir Tristrem*.

been substituted uniformly for the Saxon character, which expresses that sound; in like manner, the *z* has usually been discarded for the modern *y*, or *gh*; as retaining these ancient characters only throws unnecessary embarrassment in the way of the modern reader. *Y*, when used for the pronoun *I*, is printed with a capital, to distinguish it from *y*, the usual corruption of *ge*, the Saxon preposition. In one respect the Editor is still uncertain whether he has followed his author. All persons, conversant with ancient MSS., know the difficulty in distinguishing betwixt *u* and *n*. In the present case, the name of the heroine seems positively to be written *Ysonde*, and is accordingly so printed; yet, nevertheless, every analogy goes to prove, that it ought to have been written and printed *Ysoude*, in order to correspond with the *Yssilt* of the Welsh, the *Ysolt* of Mr. Douce's Fragments, the *Isolde* of Gower, the *Ysou* of the *Fabliaux*, the *Yseult* of the French folio, and, finally, the *Isotta* of the Italians. In the *Temple of Glas*, alone, we find *Ysonde*. If the Editor shall be found in an error in this respect, his eye has misled his better judgment. The late Mr. Ritson, however, autho-

rized the present reading by precept and example.[1] Excepting the above particulars, and a very few errors of the pen, or press, it is hoped this edition of *Sir Tristrem* will be found sufficiently accurate.

The conclusion, necessary to complete the romance, has been attempted by the Editor, in the same stanza and diction with the original. The Notes contain illustrations of the text, from the romances and history of the middle ages, and particular notices of the correspondence, or discrepancy, occurring betwixt Thomas's narration, and subsequent works on the same theme. The reader will also find some miscellaneous observations, naturally introduced by the subject, though not immediately connected with it. Of the Glossary little need be said. The labours of Macpherson[2] and Sibbald have greatly removed the difficulties of such a compilation. The Editor had seldom attempted to trace any word to its root, convinced that what we suppose a radical, may be only a synonymous phrase, in a cognate

[1] In printing the word Remnild, in preference to Riniuild.

[2] The editor of Wintoun's *Chronicle*, executed in a style of unequalled accuracy and elegance.

dialect, both referring to some common original. The meaning of the words is therefore given as they occur in the poem, without any pretence to compiling a dictionary.[1]

It only remains to acknowledge the kindness and liberality of those friends, by whose assistance the Editor has been enabled to complete his undertaking. The library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, containing an invaluable collection of books of chivalry, was open to the Editor at all times, while a short stay in London permitted him to consult its treasures. The modest and retired disposition of the noble proprietor exacted a promise that this benefit should not be publicly acknowledged,—a promise no longer binding, when, alas! the just debt of gratitude can neither be construed into flattery, nor

[1] The important national task of a Dictionary of the Scottish language is in much better hands. Dr. John Jamieson of Edinburgh has been long toiling in that difficult and laborious undertaking; and surely it is only necessary to say that such a work is in agitation, to secure the patronage of every antiquary and philologist.—*Early Edition.* This work has now been published, and has fully realized the expectations generally entertained from Dr. Jamieson's learning and industry.

give pain to him to whose memory it is rendered. To Francis Douce, Esq.[1] the Editor owes the communication of those invaluable Fragments, without which it would have been impossible to illustrate the text. Mr. Heber,[2] whose extensive and well-selected collection is dedicated to the general service of literature, as well as to individual enjoyment, has, with his usual liberality, indulged the Editor with the use of the rare French prose folios of *Tristan* and *Meliadus*, without which he could not have satisfactorily proceeded in his labours. Of Mr. Ellis's[3] kindness it is better to say nothing than too little; the reader may judge, from the beautiful Abstract of the French Metrical Fragments of the Lay of Marie, communicated by that gentleman, a part (and it is but a small part) of the Editor's obligation. To Mr. Owen, as already mentioned, the Editor owes much information respecting the Welsh traditions on the subject of *Sir Tristrem*.

[1] [Author of Illustrations of Shakspeare, &c.—Ed.]

[2] [Richard Heber, Esq., long M.P. for the University of Oxford.—Ed.]

[3] [George Ellis, Esq., author of the Specimens of Ancient English Romance, &c. &c.—Ed.]

To those friends mentioned in former editions, I have now to add the name of Mr. Henry Weber, whose extensive acquaintance with ancient poetry has been displayed in his late excellent edition of Metrical Romances. To his kindness I owe some valuable notes, besides the Account of the German Romances on the subject of Sir Tristrem, for which I have already expressed my gratitude. It remains to mention Dr. John Leyden, a name which will not be soon forgotten in Scottish literature, although its owner has been called to a far distant field of labour. At the commencement of this work, he gave his active and assiduous assistance; and had he remained in Britain till circumstances enabled the Editor to resume his task after a long discontinuance, it would have been now offered with more confidence to the public.[1] Such as it is, the labour which it has cost has been dictated by no other motive, than the laudable, if ineffectual wish, of contributing to the history of early English literature.

[1] So stands the passage in the earlier editions. Unhappily, it is now necessary to add, that Mr. Ellis, Mr. Weber, and Dr. Leyden, are no more.

APPENDIX, No. I.

CHARTER

GRANTED BY

THE SON AND HEIR OF THOMAS OF ERCELDOUN.

TO

THE CONVENT OF SOLTRA.

From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library, W. 4. 14.

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis

Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et Fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millesimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

In addition to what has been said concerning Thomas's residence at Earlstoun, it may be noticed, that there is a stone in the wall of the church of that village, bearing this inscription :—

"Auld Rymer's race
Lies in this place."

According to tradition, this stone was transferred from the old church, which stood some yards distant from the more modern edifice. In 1782, this ancient inscription was defaced by an idle boor, in a drunken frolic. The present clergyman, with great propriety, compelled him to replace it at his own expense, in the same words as formerly. The new inscription is, of course, in modern characters; those which were de-

faced are said to have been very ancient. The spelling also, is probably modernized. A right of sepulture is still claimed there by persons named LEARMONT; which seems to confirm the popular tradition, that the Rhymer did either himself bear that name, or that it was adopted by some of his descendants.

APPENDIX, No. II.

ENGLYNION

A vu rwng Trystan vab Tallwz a Gwalzmai vab Gwyar, gwedi bod Trystan dair blynez allan o lyz Arthur ar soriant, a gyru o Arthur 28 *oc ei vilwyr i geisiaw ei zal, ac ei zwyn at Arthur; ac e vroricez Trystan trwynt i lawr bob un yn ol ei gilyz, ac ni zaeth er neb ond er Gwalzmai y Tavawd Aur.*

VERSES

Which passed between Trystan, son of Tallwz, and Gwalzmai, son of Gwyaz, after Trystan had been three years out of the court of Arthur under displeasure, and the sending of Arthur 28 *of his warriors to attempt to lay hold of him, and bring him to Arthur; and Trystan threw them all to the ground, one after the other; and he came not for anybody, but for the sake of Gwalzmai, the Golden-Tongued.*

Gwalzmai.

Prwystyl vys ton anianawl
Pan va y mor yn ei zanawl:
Pwy wyt vilwr anveidrawl?

Gwalzmai.

Tumultuous is the wave naturally
When the sea is its base:
Who art thou, warrior incomprehensible?

Trystan.

Prwystyl vyz ton a tharan:
Cyd bont brwystyl eu gwahan,
Yn nyz trin mi yw Trystan.

Trystan.

Tumultuous be a wave and a thunder storm:
While they be tumultuous in their course,
In the day of conflict I am Tristan.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan barabyl divai,
Yn nyz trîn nid ymgiliai,
Cydymaith yt oez Gwalzmai.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan, of faultless conversation,
In the day of conflict that would not seclude himself,
A companion of thine was Gwalzmai.

Trystan.

Mi á wnawn er Gwalzmai yn nyz,
O bai waith cozwyz yn rhyz,
Nas gwnai y brawd er ei gilyz.

Trystan.

I would perform, for the sake of Gwalzmai, in a day of action,
Should there be the work of reddening presently going on,
What would not be done by a brother for his fellow!

Gwalzmai.

Trystan gynnezvaie eglur,
Hyzeilt baladyr o yth lavur,
Mi yw Gwalzmai nai Arthur.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan, of conspicuous talents,
Of aptly-shivering shaft from thy toil,
I am Gwalzmai, the nephew of Arthur.

Trystan.

Yno gynt, Gwalzmai noc ymdrin,
O bai arnat ti orthrin,
Mi á wnawn waed hyd zeulin.

Trystan.

There formerly, Gwalzmai, if engaged in combat,
If thou wert under excess of toil,
I would cause blood to the knees.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan, ohonot ti y pwyllwn:
Oni ym gomezai yr arzwrn,
Minnau á wnawn goreu ag allwn.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan, from thee I would have confidence:
Unless I should be refused by my wrist
I also would act as I could

Trystan.

Mi ai govyn er awen,
Ac nis govynav ar grauen,
Pwy y milwyr syz o'm blaen?

Trystan.

I do ask, for the sake of intelligence,
And I will not ask on the place of gore,
Who the warriors that are before me?

Gwalzmai.

Trystan gynnezvau hynod,
Nid yd ynt i'th adnabod:
Teulu Arthur sv yn dyvod.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan, of remarkable talents,
They be not to recognise thee;
The family of Arthur be they who come.

Trystan.

Arthur ni ymogelav,
Naw cant cad ai tyngedav:
O'm llezir minnau á lazav.

Trystan.

Arthur I will not avoid,
Nine hundred battles him I will pledge:
If I shall be slain, I too will slay.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan gyvaill rhianez,
Cyn myned yn ngwaith gorwez,
Goreu dim yw tangnevez.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan, the friend of damsels,
Before going to the period of rest,
Best of all its pacification.

Trystan.

O cav vy nghlez ar vy nghlun,
A'm llaw zeau i'm difyn,
Ai gwaeth vinnau nog undyn?

Trystan.

If I shall have my sword on my thigh
And my right hand to defend me,
Worse be I then than any person?

Gwalzmai.

Trystan gynnezvau eghir,

Gwalzmai

Trystan, of conspicuous talents,

Cyn cynnaws lliaws llavur,
Na wrthod yn gâr Arthur.

Before the foretaste of many a toil,
Do not refuse, as a friend, Arthur.

Trystan.

Gwalzmai, ohonot ti y pwyllav,
Ac o'm pen y llavuriav:
Val ym carer y carav.

Tristan.

Gwalzmai, from thee I will owe discretion,
And from my head (i. e. *with reflection*) I will act;
As I shall be loved, I will love.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan gynnezvau blaengar,
Gorwlyzid cawod can dâr:
Dyred i ymweled a'th gâr.

Gwalzmai.

Trystan, of talents to be foremost,
Be drenched by shower a hundred oaks;
Come to an interview with thy friend

Trystan.

Gwalzmai attebion gwrthgryz,
Gorwlyzid cawod can rhyz:
Minnau ar i'r lle mynez.

Trystan.

Gwalzmai, with answers resisting turbulence,
Be drenched by shower a hundred furrows:
I then will go where thou mayest desire.

Ac yna daeth Trystan gyda Gwalzmai at Arthur.

And then came Trystan along with Gwalzmai to Arthur.

Gwalzmai.

Arthur attebion cymmen,
Gorwlyzid cawod can pen:
Dlyma Drystan, byz lawen.

Gwalzmai.

Arthur, of answers dignified,
Be drenched by shower a hundred heads:
Behold Trystan! be thou glad.

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Arthur.

Gwalzmai attebion divai,
Gorwlyzid cawod can tai:
Croesaw wrth Drystan vy nai.

Trystan wŷn bendevig llu,
Câr dy genedyl, cred â vu,
A minnau yn benteulu.

Trystan bendevig cadau,
Cymmer gystal â'r gorau,
Ac yn gywir gad vinnau.

Trystan bendevig mawr call,
Câr dy genedyl ni'th zwg gwall:
Nid oera rwng câr a'r llall.

Arthur.

Gwalzmai, of answers without fault,
Be drenched by shower a hundred houses:
Welcome to Trystan, my nephew!

Trystan, fair leader of a host,
Love thy nation, rely on what has been,
And be I also the head of the tribe.

Trystan, the leader of battles,
Take thou equal with the best,
And in right let me also be.

Trystan, the leader great and wise,
Love thy nation, harm will not take hold of thee:
Work no coolness between one friend and another.

Trystan.

Arthur, ohonot y pwyllav,
Ac i'th ben y cyvarzav;
Ac â vynyz mi ai gwnav.

Trystan.

Arthur, from thee I will be persuaded,
And to thy head (i.e. *dignity*) I make a salutation;
And what thou commandest I will execute.

APPENDIX, No. III.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

LAI DEE CHEVREFOIL,

BY

MADEMOISELLE MARIE.

I AM much pleased with the Lay which is called Chevrefoil. Let me relate to you truly on what occasion it was made, and by whom. Many persons have narrated the story to me; and I have also found it in writing, in the work which treats of Tristran, and of the Queen; and of their love, which was so constant, from which they suffered a thousand sorrows; and then both expired on the same day.[1]

King Marke had been much offended with his

[1] Marie, who drew all her materials from Bretagne, probably refers to some Armorican edition of the history of these ill-fated lovers.

nephew Tristran; and had banished him on account of his attachment to the Queen. The knight retired into his own country, into South Wales, where he was born; spent there a whole year of affliction; and, being still forbidden to return, became careless of life. Do not wonder at this; for a true lover, when his wishes are crossed by insuperable obstacles, can set no bounds to his grief. Tristran, therefore, thus driven to despair, left his home: passed into Cornwall, the abode of the Queen; and concealed himself in the thickest part of the forest; from whence he issued only at the close of the day, at which time he took up his lodgings among the peasants and the poorest of mankind. After frequent questions to these his hosts, concerning the public news of the court, he at length learned that the King had convoked his barons, and summoned them to attend him at Pentecosté, at the castle of Tintagel. Tristran was rejoiced at this news; because it was impossible that the Queen could arrive at the meeting without giving him an opportunity of getting a sight of her during the journey. On the appointed day, therefore, he took his station in that part of the wood through which the road passed, cut down a branch of *codre* (*hazel*), smoothed it, wrote his name on it with the point of his knife, together with other characters, which the Queen would well know how to decipher. He perceives her approaching; he sees her examine with attention every object on her road. In former

times they had recognised each other by means of a similar device;[1] and he trusts that, should she cast her eyes on the stick, she will suspect it to belong to her lover. This was the purport of the characters traced on it:—"That he had long been waiting at a distance, in hopes of being favoured with some expedient which might procure him a meeting, without which he could no longer exist. It was with those two as with the *chevrefoil* and the *codre*. When the honey-suckle has caught hold of the *codre*, and encircled it by its embraces, the two will live together and flourish; but if any one resolve to sever them, the *codre* suddenly dies, and the honey-suckle with it. Sweet friend, so it is with us; I cannot live without you, nor you without me."

The Queen, slowly riding on, perceives the stick, and recognises the well-known characters. She orders the knights who accompany her to stop. She is tired; she will get off her horse for a short time, and take some repose. She calls to her only her maid, her faithful Brenguein; quits the road; plunges into the thickest part of the forest; and finds him whom she loved more than all the world. Both are delighted beyond measure at this meeting, which gives them full leisure to concert their future projects. She tells him, that he may now be easily reconciled to his uncle: That the King has often re-

[1] This seems to allude to their secret communications by means of chips of wood thrown into a river.

gretted his absence, and attributes to the malicious accusations of their common enemies the severe measure of his banishment. After a long conversation, the Queen tears herself from him; and they separate with mutual grief. Tristran returned to South Wales, from whence he was soon recalled by his uncle; but, in the meantime, he had repeated to himself, over and over again, every word of his mistress's late conversation; and, while full of the joy he felt at having seen her, he composed (being a perfect master of the harp) a new lay, describing his stratagem, its success, his delight, and the very words uttered by the Queen. I will tell you the name of the lay: It is called *Goat-leaf* in English, and *Chevrefoil* in French. I have now told you the whole truth.

APPENDIX, No. IV.

ACCOUNT

OF

THE AUCHINLECK MS.

Advocates' Library, (W. 4. 1.)

AND

A CATALOGUE OF ITS CONTENTS.

This valuable record of ancient poetry forms a thick quarto volume, containing 334 leaves, and 44 different pieces of poetry; some mere fragments, and others, works of great length. The beginning of each poem has originally been adorned with an illumination; for the sake of which the first leaf has, in many cases, been torn out, and, in others, cut and mutilated. The MS. is written on parchment, in a distinct and beautiful hand, which the most able antiquaries are inclined to refer to the earlier part of the 14th century

The pages are divided into two columns, unless where the verses, being Alexandrine, occupy the whole breadth of the quarto. In two or three instances there occurs a variation of the handwriting; but as the poems regularly follow each other, there is no reason to believe that such alterations indicate an earlier or later date than may be reasonably ascribed to the rest of the work; although the Satire against Simonie, No. 44, seems rather in an older hand than the others, and may be an exception to the general rule.

The MS. was presented to the Faculty of Advocates, in 1744, by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, a Lord of Session, by the title of Lord Auchinleck, and father to the late James Boswell, Esq., the biographer of Dr. Johnson. Of its former history nothing is known.

Many circumstances lead us to conclude, that the MS. has been written in an Anglo-Norman convent. That it has been compiled in England there can be little doubt. Every poem, which has a particular local reference, concerns South Britain alone. Such are the satirical verses, No. 21, in the following catalogue; the *Liber Regum Angliæ*, No. 40; the Satire against Simonie, No. 44. On the other hand, not a word is to be found in the collection relating particularly to Scottish affairs.

No. 1. *The Legend of Pope Gregory.*—Six leaves. Imperfect both at beginning and end. This article is

on the top of the page marked as No. 6; from which we find that five preceding poems have been lost. St. Gregory's story is more horrible than that of Œdipus. He is the offspring of an incestuous connexion betwixt a brother and a sister; and is afterwards unwittingly married to his own mother. The fragment begins,—

"Th' erl him graunted his will Y wis,
That the knight him had ytold,
The barouns that were of miche priis
Biforn him thai weren y-cald.
Alle the lond that ever was his,
Biforn him alle yong and old,
He made his soster chef and priis.
That mani siyeing for him had sold."

No. 2. *The King of Tars.*—Seven leaves, including two which have been misplaced by the binder, and may be found in the middle of the preceding legend. Imperfect, wanting the end.—

"Herkeneth to me, both eld and ying,
For Marie's love, that swete thing,
All hou a wer bigan,
Bitwene a trewe Cristen king,
And an hethen heye lording,
Of Dames the Soudan."

This romance is published by Mr. Ritson.

No. 3. *The History of Adam and his Descendants,* —follows the misplaced leaves of the *King of Tars,* and concludes upon the page where No. 4 begins. The beginning is wanting. It is a work, according

to the poet, of high antiquity and authority, being written by Seth.—

"Tho Seth hadde writen Adame's liif,
And Eve's, that was Adame's wiif,
Right in thilke selve stede,
Ther Adam was won to *bide his lede*."

Seth left the MS. in Adam's oratory, where it remained till the time of Solomon, who discovered, but could not decipher it without supernatural assistance. It ends,—

"Jesu that was nomen with wrong,
And tholed mani paines strong,
Among the Jewes that wer felle,
To bring Adam out of helle;
Gif ous grace for to winne
The joie that Adam now is inne."

No. 4. *The Legend of Seynt Mergrete.*—Four leaves and a half. Perfect, saving a few lines cut out with the illumination. It is a more modern version of the legend published by Hickes, in the *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium*, and begins,—

"Al that ben in dedly sinne,
And thenke with merci to mete,
Leve in Crist that gave you witt
Your sinnes for to bete,
Listen and ye schul here telle,
With wordes fair and swete,
The vie of on maiden
Men clepeth Seyn Mergrete."

No. 5. *Legend of Seynt Katerine.*—Three and a half leaves; wants the end, and some lines, where the illumination has been cut out.—

"He that made heven and erthe,
And sonne and mone for to schine,
Bring ous in to his riche,
And scheld ous fram helle pine!
Herken, and Y you wil telle
The liif of an holy virgine,
That treuli trowed in Jesu Crist;
Hir name was hoten Katerine."

No. 7. *The Legend or Romance of Owain Miles.*—occupies seven leaves. The beginning is wanting. It contains the adventures of Sir Owain, a Northumbrian knight, in St. Patrick's purgatory in Ireland, where he saw hell, purgatory, and the celestial regions. The last verses are—

"And when he deyd he went, Y wis,
Into the heighe joie of Paradis,
Thurch help of Gode's grace.
Now God, for Seynt Owanis love,
Graunt ous heven blis above,
Bifor his swete face."

No. 8. *The Disputisoun betuen the Bodi and the Soule.*—Three leaves; wants the concluding stanzas. This is a dispute betwixt the body and soul of a dead warrior, who continue to upbraid each other with their sinful life, until they are both carried to the infernal regions—

"As Y lay in a winter's night,
In a droupening bifor the day,
Methought Y seighe a selli sight:
A bodi open a bere lay.
He hadde ben a modi knight,
And litel served God to pay;
Forlorn he had his lives light.
The gost moved out, and wald oway."

No. 9. *The Descent of our Saviour into Hell,*—to redeem the souls of the prophets, supposed to have been confined there from the Fall to the Crucifixion. As this legend is in the shape of a dialogue, it is probably an edition of the favourite mystery, called the *Harrowing of Hell.* It wants beginning and end, and occupies one entire leaf, and a fragment of another.—

"Dominus Att.
Hard gates have Y gon,
And suffred pines mani on.
Thritti winter and thridde half yere
Have Y wonde in lond here," &c.

In Bibl. MS. Harl. 2253, is a poem on the harrowing of hell, beginning—

"Alle herkneth to me now,
A strip woll Y tellen ou,
Of Jesu ant of Sathan."

No. 10. *A miracle of the Virgin.*—Wants the beginning. One leaf.—

"From heven into the clerke's bour,
Right doun biforn his beddes fet,

The angel alight with gret honour,
And wel fair he gan him gret."

No. 11. *A Moralization* upon certain Latin texts. Nine leaves; wants the end. It is written in a different and larger hand than the preceding and following articles.—

"Herkneth alle to my speche,
And hele of soule I may ou teche."

No. 12. *Amis and Amelion.*—A beautiful romance of chivalry; of which, see an account in the Notes. The beginning and end are torn out. It occupies thirteen folios, and begins—

"That riche Douke his fest gan hold,
With erls and with barouns bold,
As ye may listen and lithe.
Fourten-night, as me was told,
With erls and with barouns bold,
To glad tho bernes blithe."

No. 13. *Legend of Marie Maudelein.*—Four leaves; wants the beginning. The author concludes—

"Ich biseche you alle than han y-herd,
Of the Maudelain hou it ferd,
That ye biseche al for him,
That this stori in Inglisse rim,
Out of Latin hath y-wrought,
For alle men Latin no conne nought," &c.

No. 14. *The Legend of Joachim, our Leuedie's Moder.*—Four leaves. Incomplete, not from muti-

lation, as usual, but because the author or transcriber had tired of his task—

"Al that the prophetes schewed whilom
In her prophecie,
Al it was of our Lord,
And of his moder Marie;
Both Moyses and Abraham,
Jonas and Helye,
David and Daniel,
And the holy Geromie."

No. 15. *On the Seven Deadly Sins.*—Complete. Two leaves.—

"Jesu, that for us wolde die,
And was boren of Maiden Marie,
Forghive us, Louerd, our misdede,
And help us at oure moste nede!"

No. 16. *The Pater-noster, undo on Englisch.*—One leaf; wants the end.—

"Alle that ever gon and riden,
That willez Gode's merci abiden;
Lewede men, that ne bez no clerkes,
Tho that leven on Gode's werkes,
Listen and ye schollen here, i wis,
What youre pater-noster is."

No. 17. *The Assumption of the Virgin.*—Five leaves; wants the beginning; concludes thus:—

"Now habbe ye herd the resoun
Of the swete assumpsioun

Of oure Leuedi hende.
Jesu, that is here swete sone,
Give ous grece for to wone,
In joie that nevere schal ende."

No. 18. *Sir Degaré.*—Seven leaves; wants the end, and also some lines near the beginning. This beautiful romance is analyzed by Warton, in the *History of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 180.

"Knightes . . . . .
Ferli fele wolde fende . . .
And, sechen auentres by night and dai,
Hou yhe mighte here strengthe, asai
So dede a knight, Sire Degairee.
Ich wille you telle wat man was he."

No. 19. *The Seven Wise Masters.*—Fifteen leaves; wants the beginning and end. This celebrated romance, or rather tissue of stories, seems to be derived from the *Calilah u Damnah* of the Orientals. See Tyrwhitt's Notes on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.* The first paragraph begins,—

"Dioclitian, the maistre's herde,
He strok his berd, and schoke his yerde,
And on hem made milde chere,
And spak that hi alle mighte ihere."

No. 20. *Florice and Blancheflour.*—Five leaves; beginning torn out. Tressan has analyzed this beautiful tale in his *Corps d'Extraits des Romans.* It concludes,—

"Nou is this tale browt to th' ende,
Of Florice and of his lemin a hende,
Hou after bale hem com bote,
So wil oure Lonerde, that us mote.
Amen sigges al so,
And Ich schal helpe you therto."

No. 21. *A Satirical Poem*,—apparently referring to the reign of Edward II. Perfect in one page. The introduction is in alternate French and English, and begins thus :—

"*Len puet fere et defere, com fait il trop souent;*
It nis nouther wel ne faire, therefore Engelond is shent.:
Nostre prince de Engletere, per le consail de sa gent,
At Westminster after the feire, madb a gret parlement," &c.

At this parliament Seven Wise Men deliver their opinions on the causes of the national distress, in the following jingling measure :—

"The ferste seide, I understonde,
Ne may no king wel ben in londe
Under God Almihte.
But he kunne himself rede
Hu he schal in londe lede
Our manwid riht,
For miht is riht,
Liht is niht,
And filt is fliht.
For miht is riht, the lond is laweles;
For niht is liht, the lond is lore-les;
For filt is fliht, the lond is name-less."

No. 22. *A List of Names of Norman Barons*,—occupying four pages, beginning with Aumarle, Bertram, Brehuse, Bardolf, &c. Some are familiar in history, as Percy, Audely, Warayne, and the like; others seem romantic epithets, as Oylle-de-buff, Front-de-buffe, Longespee, &c. There is no hint of the purpose of this list, which is perfect.

No. 23. *Gy of Warwike*,—thirty-nine folios; wants the beginning, and a leaf or two in the middle. It concludes with his slaying a dragon in Northumberland, previous to his marriage with Felice.—

"To Warwike he is y went,
With that heued he made the kinge present.
The king was blithe and of glad chere,
For that he seye Gy hole and fere,
At Warwik thai henge the heued anon:
Mani men wondred ther apon."

No. 24. *Continuation of Gy's History*,—in a different stanza, containing his marriage, his adventures in the HolyLand, his duel with Colbrond the Danish champion, and his death. Complete, twenty folios.—

"God graunt hem heuen blis to mede,
That herken to mi romaunce rede,
Al of a gentil knight.
The best bodi he was at nede,
That ever might bistriden stede,
And freest founde in fight."

No. 25. *Rembrun's Gy's Sone of Warwike*.—This

may also be considered as a continuation of the foregoing popular romance. It occupies nine folios, and wants the end.—

"Jesu, that ert of mighte most,
Father, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
Ich bidde the abone.
Ase thou ert Lord of our ginning,
And madest heuen and alle thing,
Se, and sonne, and mone."

No. 26. *Sir Beves of Hamtoun.*—Twenty-five folios, complete, beginning—

"Lordinges hearkneth to mi tale,
Is merrier than the nightingale,
That I schel singe;
Of a knight I will yow roune,
Beves a-highte of Hamtoune,
Withouten lesing."

Having used this stanza for about three leaves, the author exchanges it for rhyming couplets.—

"Saber, Bevis to his hous hadde,
Meche of that ladye him dradde," &c

No. 27. *Of Arthour and of Merlin.*—This long and curious romance may be, perhaps, the *Gret Gest of Arthour*, ascribed, by Wintoun, to Hutcheon of the Awle Royale. It contains all the earlier history of King Arthur, and the chivalry of the Round Table, but is left unconcluded by the author, or transcriber. The MS. is complete in fifty-six folios, beginning,—

"Jesu Christ, heven king,
Al ous grant godé ending,
And Scinte Marie, that swete thing,
To be at our bigining."

After *Arthour and Merlin*, occurs the beginning of a romance; in half a column, but totally defaced.

No. 28. *How a Merchant did his Wife betray.*—This tale is published by Mr. Ritson in his *Ancient Pieces of Popular Poetry*. In our MS. it wants the beginning, occupies two folios, and concludes—

"Ynough thai hadde of warldes wele,
Togider thai lived yeres fele,
Thai ferd miri, and so mot we,
Amen, Amen, par charité."

It is the same story with the *Groat's Worth of Wit*, and with the *Fabliau*, entitled, *La Bourse pleine du sens*.

No. 29. *How our Leuedi Sauté* (psalter) *was ferst founde.*—A miracle of the Virgin, complete in about one leaf and a half.—

"Leuedi swete and milde,
For love of thine childe,
Jesu ful of might,
Me, that am so wilde,
From schame thou me schylde,
Bi day and bi night."

No. 30. *Lai le Fraine.*—This lay professes to be

of Armorican origin. The introductory verses are nearly the same with those of the romance of *Sir Orpheo*, printed by Mr. Ritson in his Collection of Metrical Romances.

"We redeth oft, and findeth y-write,
And this clerkes wele it wite,
Layes that ben in harping,
Ben y-founde of ferli thing."

Two leaves; wants the conclusion.

No. 31. *Roland and Ferragus.*—This account of the duel betwixt these two celebrated champions, the Orlando and Ferrau of Boiardo and Ariosto, is versified from a chapter in the *Pseudo-Turpin;* on five leaves, complete. From the concluding stanza, it would seem that the following romance of *Otuel* was by the same author.—

"And al the folk of the lond
For onour of Roulond,
Thanked God old and young;
And yede a processioun,
With croice and goinfaynoun,
And *salve* miri song.
Both widowe and wiif in place
Thus thonked Godes grace,
Al tho that speke with tong;
To Otuel also yern,
That was a Sarrazin stern,
Ful sone this word sprong."

No. 32. *Otuel, a Knight.*—This is the history of a Saracen champion, who is converted to Christianity,

and becomes a follower of Charlemagne. It is a very spirited romance, occupies ten folios, and wants the end.—

"Herkneth both yinge and old,
That wellen heren of battailles bold,
And ye wolle a while duelle,
Of bold battailles Ich wol you telle."

No. 33. Two leaves, containing a fragment of the great *Romance of Alexander*. It concludes,—

"Thus it farth in the midlerd,
Among the lewed and lerd,
When that heued is y-falle,
Acombred beth the membres alle.
Thus endeth Alisaunder the King,
Gode ous grant his blisseing."

No. 34. *The Throstle-Cock and Nightingale*,—a fragment, on half a page. They dispute upon the female character.

* * * * *

"With blosme and with briddes roun,
The notes of the hazel springeth,
The dewes derken in the dale,
The notes of the nightingale,
This foules miri singeth."

This fragment is printed in Leyden's *Introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 159. It seems to be a translation of a lay in the Digby MS., beginning, "Ly commence le cuntent par entre lo Mavis et Rossignole."

No. 35. One column, containing a *Religious Fragment*, which concludes,

"Jesu Crist ous above,
Thou graunt ous for thi moder love,
At our lives ende,
When we han rightes of the prest,
And the deth be at our brest,
The soule mot to heuen wende."

No. 36. *David the King.*—A poetical paraphrase of texts from the *Psalms*, complete in a page and a half.

"*Miserere mei Deus*, &c.
Lord God, to the we calle,
That thou have merci on ous alle," &c.

No. 37. *The Romance of Tristrem*, published in this volume, occupies nineteen leaves, and wants the conclusion.

No. 38. *King Orpheo.*—This is the story of Orpheus and Eurydice converted into a romance of Faëry. Mr. Ritson has published this romance in his Collection, but from a copy widely different, and, in some respects, inferior to this of which we are treating. Large extracts from the latter may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (vol. ii. of this Edition, p. 284, &c.) It is nearly complete in three leaves and a half, and begins,

"Orfeo was a king
In Inglonde, an heighe lording,

And stalworth man and hardi bo,
Large and curteys he was also;
His fader was comen of King Pluto,
And his moder of King Juno,
That sum time were as godes yhold,
For auentours that thai dede and tolde."

It is avowed, in the conclusion, to be a lady of Bretagne—

"Harpours in Bretaine after than
Herd how this mervaile bigan,
And made her of a lay of gode liking,
And nempned it after the king.
That lay Orfeo is y-hote,
Gode is the lay, swete is the note:
Thus com Sir Orfeo out of his care,
God graunt ous alle wele to fare."

No. 39. *A Moral Poem.*—Complete in three columns.—

"The siker sothe who so sayes,
With dwl dreye we our dayes,
And walk mani wil wayes,
As wandrand wightes."

No. 40. *Liber Regum Angliæ.*—A chronicle of the Kings of England, from Brutus downward, complete in thirteen leaves and a half. The rubric runs thus—

"Here may men rede, who so can,
Hou Inglond first bigan,
Men mow it finde in Englische,
As the Brout it telleth Y wis."

The work begins—

"Herkeneth hiderward lordinges,
Ye that wil here of kinges,
Ichil you tellen as Y can,
Hou Inglond first bigan."

The author dwells upon the remote and fabulous parts of the English history, but glides swiftly over the later reigns. He appears to have concluded his history during the minority of Edward III., and probably about the time when the Auchinleck MS. was written. The concluding paragraph begins—

"Now Jesu Crist and seyn Richard,
Save the yong King Edward,
And yif him grace his lend to yeme,
That it be Jesu Crist to queme," &c.
Explicit Liber Regnum Angliæ.

No. 41. *Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild.*—Six leaves and a half; wants the conclusion. This poem, as well as a more ancient edition, is published by Mr. Ritson in his Metrical Romances.

"Mi leue frende dere,
Herken and ye may here,
And ye wil understonde,
Stories ye may lere
Of our elders that were
Whilom in this land."

No. 42. *A Fragment in Praise of Women.*—Upon two folios transposed; wants the beginning.—

"Chosen thai be to manes fare,
O night in arms for to wende,
Gif ani man may it here,
Of a schrewe that wil women schende,
I speke for hem," &c.

This is printed in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, Introduction, p. 61.

No. 43. The beginning of the *Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion*, on two leaves, all the rest destroyed.—

"Lord Jesu, king of glorie,
Swiche auentours, and swiche victorie,
Thou sentest King Richard,
Miri it is to heren his storie,
And of him to han in memorie,
That never no was couward."

No. 44. A satire, entitled *The Simonie*, in seven folios, wanting the conclusion. It is a larger, and, apparently, somewhat an older hand than the Auchinleck MS.; the head of the Saxon character, expressing *th*, being prolonged above the line, whereas, in the rest of the volume, it is on a level with it. From circumstances of internal evidence, the poem may be ascribed to the reign of Edward II. It alludes to the degraded state of the national character, to the famine, and murrain among the cattle, all of which afflicted the reign of that miserable prince. The satire begins—

"Whii werre and wrake in londe, and manslauht is icome,
Whii hungger and derthe on eorthe, the pore heth undernome,

Whii bestes ben thus storve, whii corn hath ben so dere,
Ye that wolen abide, listneth and ye muwen here,
The skile.
I nelle lighen for no man, herkne whoso wile."

The author laments the corruption of the church, and the arts by which preferment was obtained. He then mentions the degeneracy of the knights, who had become "lions in hall, and hares in the field." Of the squire, he observes—

"And nu nis no squier of pris in this middel erd,
But if that he bear a babel and a long berd,
And swere Godes soule, and vuwe to God an hote;
But should he for eurie fals ath lese kirtel or kote,
Neue
He sholde stonde start naked twyse o day or eue.

Godes soule is al day sworn, the knif stant astrout,
And thouh the botes be torn, yit wole he maken hit stout.
The hod hangeth on his brest, as he wolde spewe ther inne,
Ac schorteliche al his contrefaiture is colour of sinne
And bost.
To wraththe the God and paien the fend hit serveth aller-most."

The beard and the hood will remind my readers of the rhyme made by the Scottish during the reign of Edward II.—

"Long beards heartlesse,
Painted hoods witlesse,
Gay coates graceless,
Make Englande thriftlesse."

The author also alludes to the hardness of the seasons, and to the dreadful famine which occurred in

1315; to the disease among the horned cattle, which followed in 1316; to the mortality which took place about the same time; and, finally, to the bloody civil wars betwixt Edward II. and his barons, in which was spilt the noblest blood of England.

Such are the contents of the Auchinleck MS. I once meditated to have given interest to the Catalogue, by a more detailed account of some of the romances which it contains; but the attempt is rendered unnecessary by the lately-published Collection of Specimens selected from the English Metrical Romances, by Mr. Ellis, the elegant historian of our early poetry.

SIR TRISTREM.

FYTTE FIRST.

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FYTTE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Stanza 1.—The narrator announces, that he is about to relate the birth and adventures of Sir Tristrem, as they had been communicated to him by Thomas of Erceldoune. 2.—He bewails the degeneracy of his age, which he likens to the change which the approaching winter must produce upon the appearance of the fields and groves. 2. 3. 4. 5.—There is introduced, somewhat abruptly, an account of a war betwixt two feudal chiefs, the Duke Morgan, and Rouland Rise, Lord of Ermonie, in which the latter is victorious. 6.—A truce having taken place for seven years, Rouland repairs to the court of Mark, King of Cornwall. 7.—A tournament is held at the court of Cornwall, in which Rouland gains the victory, and, at the same time, wins the heart of the Princess Blaunche Flour, sister to King Mark. 8.—The Princess discovers her passion to her preceptors. 9.—The praise of Rouland Rise, with an obscure account of his being wounded in battle, and of the consequent distress of Blaunche Flour. 10.—The Princess repairs in private to the chamber of the wounded knight,

and SIR TRISTREM owes his birth to this stolen interview. 11. 12.—Rouland is informed by a trusty vassal, called Rohand, that Duke Morgan has invaded his dominions in breach of truce. 13. 14. 15.—The Princess elopes with her lover, who returns to the defence of his country; they arrive safely at a castle belonging to Rohand, where, it would seem, they are married. 16.—Duke Morgan comes against Rouland with a great army.

Stanzas 17. 18. 19.—A dreadful battle, in which Rouland has at first the advantage; but the Duke, being reinforced, defeats and slays him by treachery, after he has achieved prodigies of valour. 20. 21. 22.—Blaunche Flour, then in the pains of child-birth, learns the death of her husband. Under these distressing circumstances Tristrem is born; and his mother, after recommending him to the care of Rohand, and bequeathing him a ring, as a token of his propinquity to King Mark, expires amid the lamentations of her attendants. 23.—Rohand, to secure the safety of his ward, passes him for his own child, under the inverted appellation of Tramtris. 24. 25.—Morgan attains the absolute dominion of Ermonie, and Rohand pays him constrained and dissembled homage. 26. 27.—The education of Tristrem, during the first fifteen years of his life. His skill in minstrelsy, in the mysteries of the chase, and in all knightly games. 28.—A Norwegian vessel arrives, freighted with hawks and with treasure. Tristrem learns that the captain had challenged any one to play at chess, for a stake of twenty shillings. 29. 30. 31.—Rohand and his sons, with Tristrem, go on board the Norwegian vessel. Tris-

trem plays with the master at chess, and wins from him six hawks, and one hundred pounds. Rohand goes on shore, leaving Tristrem still engaged at chess, under the charge of his preceptor. 32. 33.—The master, to avoid paying what he had lost, puts to sea with Tristrem, and gives the preceptor a boat to go on shore alone.

Stanzas 34. 35. 36.—The vessel is sorely tempest-tost, which the mariners impute to the injustice of which they have been guilty; under this impression, they pay Tristrem his winnings, and put him ashore in an unknown country. Tristrem prays to heaven for protection. 37. —The narrator again bespeaks the attention of his hearers, on account of the authenticity of the facts, as ascertained by the accurate research of his author, Tomas. 38. 39. 40.—Tristrem's dress is described—a robe of *blihand* brown. Having refreshed himself with some food, which was left him by the Norwegians, he traverses a forest, in which he meets two palmers; who, in reply to his enquiries, inform him that he is in England. He offers the palmers a reward of ten shillings, if they will guide him to the court of the King of the country, which they willingly undertake to do. 41. 42. 43.—They meet a party of hunters. Tristrem is scandalized at the awkward manner in which they break up the stags which they have slain, and expostulates with them. A sergeant replies, that they used the mode always practised in their country, but that they were willing to look on and be instructed, if he would be pleased to carve a buck for their information. 44. 45. 46. 47.—A minute account of the scientific mode in

which Tristrem broke up the stag, and how he blew the mort, or tokening. The new science is communicated to Mark (for all this happens in Cornwall), who is highly delighted with so important a discovery. 48.—More of the science of hunting, with a moral reflection on the duty of instructing the ignorant.

Stanza 49.—Tristrem is brought before Mark, to whom he gives an account of his education; but, as the name of Rohand, our hero's supposed father, was unknown to the King of Cornwall, he does not discover his nephew in the young huntsman. 50.—Tristrem partakes of the royal feast, the liberal abundance of which is described *con amore*. 51. 52.—The introduction of a minstrel, after the feast, gives Tristrem an opportunity of displaying his skill on the harp, in which the Cornish musician yields him the palm. He becomes a favourite of Mark, and is maintained at his court in splendour. 53. 54.—The tale returns to Rohand, who, desperate at the loss of his foster-son, searches for him over various countries, without even renewing his tattered garments, until he meets with one of the palmers who conducted Tristrem to the court of Cornwall. 55. 56.—The palmer tells Rohand the favour which Tristrem had attained in the court of Cornwall, and, at Rohand's request, becomes his guide thither. 57. 58. 59.—When Rohand arrives at the court, he is refused entrance, first by the porter, and afterwards by the usher, on account of his mean dress. These obstacles he overcomes by liberal bribes, and is at length introduced to Tristrem, who is unable to recognise him. 60. 61. 62.—An

explanation takes place, and Tristrem, greatly shocked at his mistake, introduces Rohand to King Mark, as his father, telling him, at the same time, the cause of their separation. 63. 64. 65.—Rohand, being refreshed with the bath, and richly attired, by order of King Mark, the whole court is surprised at his majestic appearance. He is placed by the King's side, to partake of the royal banquet.

Stanzas 66. 67.—Rohand relates to the King the secret of Tristrem's birth, and produces the token of the ring, bequeathed by his mother on her death-bed. Mark receives Tristrem as his nephew. 68.—Tristrem having received the congratulations of the courtiers, becomes urgent to learn the particulars of his father's death. 69. —Rohand relates the tragical fate of both his parents, through the treachery of Duke Morgan. 70.—Tristrem announces to the King his intention to go to Ermonie, to avenge his father's death. 71. 72. 73.—Mark dissuades his nephew from so dangerous an attempt, but at length gives his consent; he bestows upon Tristrem the honour of knighthood, and a chosen band of a thousand men, with whom the hero sets sail, and garrisons the castle of Rohand. 74. 75.—Sir Tristrem, tired of remaining inactive in the fortress, resolves to go in disguise to the court of Duke Morgan, where he arrives while they are at table, at the head of fifteen knights, each of whom carries a boar's head as a present. 76.— Rohand, anxious for the safety of his foster-son, follows him at the head of the Cornish forces, and his own vassals. 77. 78. 79.—An ambiguous salutation from Sir

Tristrem leads Morgan to demand his name and business. Sir Tristrem declares himself, and, at the conclusion of an angry parley, the Duke strikes him with his fist. 80.—Tristrem draws his sword, and, at that instant, Rohand arrives with his army. 81. 82. 83.—An engagement ensues, in which Morgan is slain, and his followers routed. Sir Tristrem recovers his paternal dominions, which he confers upon Rohand, to be held of himself as liege lord. 84.—Our hero takes leave of Sir Rohand, and returns to Cornwall.

Stanza 85.—On Tristrem's arrival in Cornwall, he finds the land in dismay, on account of a tribute demanded from Mark by the King of England. 86.—The nature of the tribute is explained, being the yearly payment of three hundred pounds of gold, as many of coined silver, and as many of tin, and every fourth year, of three hundred children. 87. 88. 89.—Moraúnt the Irish ambassador, a celébrated knight and champion, is engaged in demanding the tribute, when Tristrem arrives from Ermonie. Mark explains to his nephew the cause of his distress, and protests that the demand of tribute is utterly unjust. Tristrem resolves to oppose the claim. 90. 91.—The matter is discussed in the council of the nation, where Tristrem undertakes, upon his knighthood, to defend the freedom of Cornwall, which proposal is reluctantly assented to by the council. 92.—Tristrem delivers in person to Moraunt, a declaration that no tribute was due. Moraunt retorts, by giving Tristrem the lie; and they exchange gages of battle. 93.—They sail to a small island, to decide the combat.

Tristrem turns his boat adrift, saying, that one would be sufficient to bring back the victor.

Stanzas 94. 95. 96.—The encounter of the champions is described. Moraunt's horse is slain. 97. 98.—Tristrem alights, and the battle is renewed on foot.—Tristrem is desperately wounded in the thigh. 99.—Tristrem cleaves Moraunt's skull, and, his sword breaking, a piece of the blade remains in the wound. 100.—Tristrem exults in having slain the mirror of Ireland. The attendants of Moraunt remove his body, and Tristrem returns to Cornwall. 101.—Tristrem presents his sword at the altar. He is appointed heir of Cornwall, and successor of his uncle. 102.—Tristrem's wound, having been inflicted by an envenomed weapon, becomes worse and worse. All attempts to cure it are unavailing, and the stench of the gangrene drives every one from his person, except his faithful servant, Gouvernayl.

Fac Simile of the commencement of Sir Tristrem,
from the Auchinleck MS. folio 281 in the
Library of the Faculty of Advocates

ywas at erpeldoun

Was a[illegible]
Wip tomas spak ypare :
per lerd y rede in raume.
Wip tristrem gat ⁊ bare.
Wip was kyng wip croun.
⁊ wip him fosterd zare.
⁊ wip was wold baroun.
as paun elders ware.
bi zere:
tom as tellef in toun.
pis auentours as pai ware.
is semly somers day.
n winter it is nouzt sen.
is grenes wexen al gray.
et in yer time were grene.
o dos pis wald y say.
wis and nouzt et wene.
e gode wen al olbay.
et our elders have bene.
o abide :
f aknizt is pat y mene.
is name it springs wel wide.

Jas. Johnstone sc.

SIR TRISTREM.

FYTTE FIRST.

I.

I was at [Erceldoune:]
With Tomas spak Y thare;
Ther herd Y rede in roune,
Who Tristrem gat and bare.
Who was King with croun;
And who him forsterd yare;
And who was bold baroun.
As thair elders ware,
Bi yere:
Tomas telles in toun,
This auentours as thai ware.

II

This semly somers day
In winter it is nought sen;
This greues[1] wexen al gray,
That in her time were grene:

[1] Either *greues* or *grenes*; perhaps a mistake for *groues*.

So dos this world Y say,
Y wis and nought atwene;
The gode bene al oway,
That our elders haue bene,
To abide:—
Of a knight is that Y mene;
His name is sprong wel wide.

III.

Wald Morgan thole no wrong,
Thei Morgan lord wes;
He brak his castels strong,
His bold borwes he ches
His men he slough among,
And reped him mani a res;
The wer lasted so long,
Til Morgan asked pes
Thurch pine;
For sothe, with outen les,
His liif he wende to tine.

IV.

Thus the batayl it bigan,
Witeth wele it was so,
Bitvene the Douk Morgan,
And Rouland that was thro;
That neuer thai no lan,
That pouer to wirche wo:
Thai spilden mani a man,

Bitven hem seluen to,
In prise;
That on was Douk Morgan,
That other Rouland Rise.

V.

The knightes that weren wise
A forward fast thai bond,
That ich a man schul ioien his,
And seuen yer to stond;
The Douke and Rouland Riis,
Therto thai bed her hond,
To heighe and holden priis,
And foren till Inglond,
To lende:
Markes King thai fond,
With knightes mani and hende.

VI.

To Marke the King thai went,
With knightes proude in pres;
And teld him to th'ende,
His auentours as it wes:
He preyd hem as his frende,
To duelle with him in pes:
The knightes thai were hende,
And dede with outen les,
In lede:

A turnament thai ches,
With knightes stithe on stede.

VII.

Glad a man was he
The turnament dède cvic,
That maidens might him se,
And ouer the walles to lye:
Thai asked who was fre,
To win the maistrie;
Thai seyd that best was he,
The child of Ermonie,
In tour:
Forthi chosen was he,
To maiden Blaunche Flour.

VIII.

The maiden of heighe kinne
She cald her maisters thre;
"Bot yiue it be thurch ginne,
A selly man is he;
Thurch min hert with inne,
Y wounded hath he me,
So sone:
Of bale bot he me blinne,
Mine liif days ben al done."—[1]

[1] Two lines of this stanza are omitted in the MS.

IX.

He was gode and hende,
Stalworth, wise, and wight;
In to this londes ende,
Y not non better knight;
Trewer non to frende,
And Rouland Riis he hight;
To batayl gan he wende,
Was wounded in that fight,
Ful felle:
Blaunche Flour the bright,
The tale than herd sche telle.

X.

Sche seyd wayleway,
When hye herd it was so;
To hir maistresse sche gan say,
That hye was boun to go,
To the knight ther he lay,
Sche swouned and hir was wo;
So comfort he that may,
A knaue child got thai tvo,
So dere:
And seththen man cleped him so,
Tristrem the trewe fere.

XI.

The trewes that thai hadde tan,
And stabled in her thought,
Than brak the Douk Morgan,

He no wald held it nought:—
Rohand trewe so stan,
A letter he ther wrought,
And send to Rouland onan,
As man of socour sought,
In kare;
To help what he mought,
Or lesen al that ther ware.

XII.

Rouland Riis in tene,
Tok leue at Markes king:[1]

XIII.

"Or thou wilt wende with me,
Mi duelling is hir ille;"—

[1] Nine lines of the twelfth, and three lines of the thirteenth stanzas, are cut out of the MS.

—"Bihold and tow may se,
Mi rede is taken ther tille:
That fare Y wille with the,
And finde
Thi fair folk and thi fre,
O lond ther is thi kinde."—

XIV.

Thai busked, and maked hem boun,
Nas ther no leng abade;
Thai lefted goinfainoun,
And out of hauen thai rade.
Till thai com til a toun,
A castel Rohant had made;
Her sailes thai leten doun,
And knight ouer bord thai strade,
Al cladde:
The knightes that wer fade,
Thai dede as Rohand bade.

XV.

Rohand right he radde,
This maiden schal ben oure,
Rouland Riis to wedde,
At weld in castel tour,
To bring hir to his bedde,
That brightest is in bour:
Nas neuer non fairer fedde,
Than maiden Blaunche Flour,

Al blithe:
After that michel anour,
Parting com ther swithe.

XVI.

In hird nas nought to hele,
That Morgan telles in toun;
Mekeliche he gan mele,
Among his men to roun;
He bad his knightes lele,
Come to his somoun,
With hors and wepenes fele,
And rered goinfaynoun,
That bold:
He rode so king with croun,
To win all that he wold.

XVII.

Of folk the feld was brade,
Ther Morgan men gan bide;
Tho Rouland to hem rade,
Oyain him gun thai ride;
Swiche meting nas neuer made,
With sorwe, on ich aside;
Ther of was Rouland glade,
Ful fast he feld her pride,
With paine:
Morgan scaped that tide
That he nas nought slain.

XVIII.

Morganes folk came newe
Of Rouland Riis the gode;
On helmes gun thai hewe,
Thurch brinies brast the blood;
Sone to deth ther drewe,
Mani a frely fode;
Of Rouland was to rewe,
To grounde when he yode,
That bold:
His sone him after stode,
And dere his deth he sold.

XIX.

Rewthe mow ye here,
Of Rouland Riis the knight;
Thre hundred he slough there,
With his swerd bright;
Of al tho that ther were,
Might non him felle in fight,
But on with tresoun there,
Thurch the bodi him pight,
With gile:
To deth he him dight,
Allas that ich while.

XX.

His horse o feld him bare,
Alle ded hom in his way;

Gret wonder hadde he thought thare,
That folk of ferly play;
The tiding com with care,
To Blaunche Flour that may;
For hir me reweth sare;
On child bed ther sche lay,
Was born
Of hir Tristrem, that day,
Ac hye no bade nought that morn.

XXI.

A ring of riche hewe,
Than hadde that leuedi fre;
Sche toke it Rouhand trewe;
Hir sone sche bad it be;
—"Mi brother wele it knewe,
Mi fader yaf it me;
King Markes may rewe,
The ring than he it se,
And moun;
As Rouland loued the,
Thou kepe it to his sone."—

XXII.

The folk stode vn fain,
Bifor that leuedi fre:
—"Rouland mi lord is slain,
He speketh no more with me!"—

That leuedi, nought to lain,
For sothe ded is sche;
Who maye be ogain,
As God wil it schal be
Vnblithe;
Sorwe it was to se,
That leuedi swelted swithe.

XXIII.

Geten and born was so
The child, was fair and white;
Nas neuer Rohand so wo;
He nist it whom to wite;
To child bed ded he go,
His owhen wiif al so tite;
And seyd he hadde children to,
On hem was his delite,
Bi Crist.
In court men cleped him so
Tho tram bifor the trist.

XXIV.

Douk Morgan was blithe,
Tho Rouland Riis was doun;
He sent his sond swithe,
And bad all schuld be boun,
And to his lores lithe,
Redi to his somoun;

Durst non oyain him kithe,
Bot yalt him tour and toun,
So sone;
No was no king with croun,
So richeliche hadde y done.

XXV.

Who yaf broche and beighe?
Who bot Douke Morgan?—
Cruwel was and heighe,
Oyaines him stode no man:
To conseil he calleth neighe,
Rohand trewe so stan;
And euer he dede as the sleighe,
And held his hert in an,
That wise:
It brast thurch blod and ban,
Yif hope no ware to rise.

XXVI.

Now hath Rohand in ore
Tristrem, and is ful blithe;
The child he set to lore,
And lernd him al so swithe;
In bok while he was thore,
He stodieth euer that stithe:
Tho that bi him wore,
Of him weren ful blithe,

That bold;
His craftes gan he kithe,
Oyaines hem when he wold.

XXVII.

Fiftene yere he gan him fede,
Sir Rohand the trewe;
He taught him ich alede,
Of ich maner of glewe;
And euerich playing thede,
Old lawes and newe;
On hunting oft he yede,
To swiche alawe he drewe,
Al thus;
More he couthe of veneri,
Than couthe Manerious.

XXVIII.

Ther com a schip of Norway,
To Sir Rohandes hold,
With haukes white and grey,
And panes fair y fold:
Tristrem herd it say,
On his playing he wold
Tventi schilling to lay,
Sir Rouhand him told,
And taught:
For hauke siluer he yold;
The fairest men him raught.

XXIX.

A cheker he fond bi a cheire,
He asked who wold play;
The mariner spac bonair,
—"Child, what wiltow lay?"—
"Oyain a hauke of noble air,
Tventi schillinges to say;
Whether so mates other fair,
Bere hem bothe oway."—
With wille,
The mariner swore his faye,
For sothe ich held ther tille.

XXX.

Now bothe her wedde lys,
And play thai bi ginne;
Ysett he hath the long asise,
And endred beth ther inne:
The play biginneth to arise,
Tristrem deleth atvinne;
He dede als so the wise,
He yaf has he gan winne
In raf;
Of playe ar he wald blinne,
Sex haukes he yat and yaf.

XXXI.

Rohand toke leue to ga,
His sones he cleped oway;

The fairest hauke he gan ta,
That Tristrem wan that day,
With him he left ma
Pans for to play;
The mariner swore also,
That pans wold he lay,
An stounde:
Tristrem wan that day,
Of him an hundred pounde.

XXXII.

Tristrem wan that ther was layd:
A tresoun ther was made,
No lenger than the maister seyd,
Of gate nas ther no bade;
As thai best sat and pleyd,
Out of hauen thai rade;
Opon the se so gray
Fram the brimes brade,
Gun flete;
Of lod thai were wel glade,
And Tristrem sore wepe.

XXXIII.

His maister than thai fand,
A bot and an are;
Hye seyden, "Yond is the land,
And here schaltow to bare,

Chese on aither hand,
Whether the leuer ware,
Sink or stille stand;
The child schal with ous fare
On flod;"—
Tristrem wepe ful sare;
Thai lough and thought it gode.

XXXIV.

Nighen woukes and mare,
The mariners flet on flode,
Til anker hem brast and are,
And stormes him bistode;
Her sorwen, and her care,
Thai witt that frely fode;
Thai nisten hou to fare,
The wawes were so wode,
With winde;
O lond thai wold he yede,
Yif thai wist ani to finde.

XXXV.

A lond thai neighed neighe,
A forest as it ware,
With hilles that weren heighe,
And holtes that weren hare;
O lond thai sett that sleighe,
With all his wining yare.

With broche and riche beighe;
A lof of brede yete mare,
That milde;
Weder thai hadde to fare,
A lond thai left that childe.

XXXVI.

Winde thai had as thai wolde,
A lond bilaft he;
His hert bigan to cold,
Tho he no might hem nought se;
To Crist his bodi he yald,
That don was on the tre;—
—"Lord, me liif, me bi hold,
In world thou wisse me,
At wille;
Astow art lord so fre,
Thou let me neuer spille."—

XXXVII.

Tho Tomas asked ay
Of Tristrem trewe fere,
To wite the right way,
The styes for to lere;
Of a prince proud in play,
Listneth lordinges dere;
Who so better can say,
His owhen he may here,

As hende,
Of thing that is him dere,
Ich man preise atende.

XXXVIII.

In o robe Tristrem was boun,
That he fram schip hadde brought;
Was of a blihand broun,
The richest that was wrought;
As Tomas telleth in toun;
He no wist what he mought,
Bot semly sett him doun,
And ete ay til him gode thought,
Ful sone:
The forest forth he sought,
When he so hadde done.

XXXIX.

He toke his lod vnlight;
His penis with him he bare;
The hilles were on hight,
He clomb tho holtes hare;
Of o gate he hadde sight,
That he fond ful yare:
The path he toke ful right;
To palmers mett he thare,
On hand;
He asked hem whennes thai ware;
Thai seyd of Yngland.

XL.

For drede thai wald him slo,
He temed him to the king;
He bede hem pens mo,
Aither ten schilling,
Yif thai wald with him go,
And to the court him bring;
Yis, thai sworen tho,
Bi the lord ouer al thing,
Ful sone;
Ful wel bi set his thing,
That rathe hath his bone.

XLI.

The forest was fair and wide,
With wilde bestes y sprad;
The court was ner biside,
The palmers thider him lad;
Tristrem hunters seighe ride,
Les of houndes thai ledde;
Thai token in that tide,
Of fat hertes y fedde,
In feld:
In blehand was he cledde;
The hunters him biheld.

XLII.

Bestes thai brac and bare;
In quarters thai hem wroght;

Martirs as it ware,
That husbond men had bought;
Tristrem tho spac thare,
And seyd wonder him thought;
Ne seighe y neuer are,
So wilde best y wrought,
At wille.
Other he seyd Y can nought,
Or folily ye hem spille.

XLIII.

Vp stode a seriaunt bold,
And spac Tristrem oyain,
—"We and our elders old,
Thus than haue we sain;
Other thou hast ous told;
Yond lith a best unflain;
Atire it as thou wold,
And we wil se ful fain,
In feld;
In lede is nought to lain;"—
The hunters him biheld.

XLIV.

Tristrem schare the brest,
The tong sat next the pride;
The heminges swithe on est,
He schar and layd biside;

The breche adoun he threst,
He ritt, and gan to right,
Boldliche ther nest,
Carf he of that hide,
Bidene;
The bestes he graithed that tide,
As mani seththen has ben.

XLV.

The spande was the first brede,
The erber dight he yare;
To the stifles he yede,
And euen ato hem schare
He right al the rede;
The wombe oway he bare;
The noubles he yaf to mede;
That seighen that ther ware,
Also;
The rigge he croised mare,
The chine he smote atvo.

XLVI.

The forster for his rightes,
The left schulder yaf he;
With hert, liuer, and lightes,
And blod tille his quirré:
Houndes on hyde he dightes;
Alle he lete hem se;

The rauen he yaue his yiftes,
Sat on the fourched tre,
On rowe:
—" Hunters, whare be ye?
The tokening schuld ye blowe."—

XLVII.

He tight the mawe on tinde,
And eke the gargiloun:
Thai blewen the right kinde,
And radde the right roun;
Thai wist the King to finde,
And senten forth to toun;
And teld him under linde,
The best hou it was boun,
And brought:
Marke the King with croun,
Seyd that feir him thought.

XLVIII.

The tokening when thai blewe,
Ther wondred mani a man;
The costom thai nought knewe;
For thi fro bord thai ran;
No wist thai nought hou newe;
Thai hadde hunters than;
It is a maner of glewe,
To teche hem that no can.

Swiche thing:
Alle blithe weren thai than.
That yede bifor the King.

XLIX.

The King seyd—"Where weren thou born,
What hattou bel-amye?"—
Tristrem spac biforn,
—"Sir, in Hermonie:
Mi fader me hath forlorn,
Sir Rohand sikerly,
The best blower of horn,
And king of venery,
For thought:"—
The lasse yaf Mark for thi,
For Rohand he no knewe nought.

L.

The King no seyd no more,
Bot wesche and yede to mete;
Bred thai pard and schare,
Ynough thai hadde at ete;
Whether hem leuer ware,
Win or ale to gete;
Aske and haue it yare,
In coupes or hornes grete,
Was brought;
Ther while thai wold thai sete,
And risen when hem gode thought.

LI.

An harpour made a lay,
That Tristrem aresound he;
The harpour yede oway,
—"Who better can lat se."—
—"Bot Y the mendi may,
Wrong than wite Y the."—
The harpour gan to say,
—"The maistri yiue Y the,
Ful sket:"—
Bifor the Kinges kne,
Tristrem is cald to set.

LII.

Blithe weren thai alle,
And merkes gun thai minne;
Token leue in the halle,
Who might the child winne;
Mark gan Tristrem calle,
Was comen of riche kinne;
He yaf him robe of palle,
And pane of riche skinne,
Full sket:
His chaumber he lith inne,
And harpeth notes swete.

LIII.

Now Tristrem lat we thare,
With Marke he is ful dere.

Rohand reweth sare,
That he no might of him here;
Ouer londes he gan fare,
With sorwe and reweful chere;
Seuen kingriche and mare,
Tristrem to finde there,
And sought:
His robes riuen were,
Therfore no leued he nought.

LIV.

Nought no semed it so
Rohand that noble knight;
He no wist whider to go,
So was he brought o might,
To swinke men wold him to,
For mete and robes right;
With other werkmen mo,
He bileft al knight,
In land;
Of the palmers he hadde a sight,
That Tristrem first fand.

LV.

His asking is euer newe
In trauail and in pes;
The palmer seyd he him knewe,
And wiste wele what he wes;

—" His robe is of an hewe,
Blihand with outen les;
His name is Tristrem trewe,
Bifor him scheres the mes,
The King;
Y-brought him ther he ches,
He yave me ten schilling."—

LVI.

—" So michel will Y yiue the,"
Quath Rohand, " will ye ta,
The court ye lat me se;"—
The palmer seyd ya;
Blithe ther of was he,
And redily yaf him sa,
Of wel gode moné,
Ten schillinges and ma,
Of gayn:
[Rohand][1] was ful thra,
Of Tristrem for to frain.

LVII.

In Tristrem is his delit,
And of him speketh he ay,
The porter gan him wite,
And seyd, " Cherl, go oway,
Other Y schal the smite,

[1] " Tristrem," in the MS. by mistake.

What dostow here al day?"—
A ring he raught him tite,
The porter seyd nought nay,
In hand:
He was ful wise Y say,
That first yaue yift in land.

LVIII.

Rohand tho tok he,
And at the gate in lete:
The ring was fair to se,
The yift was wel swete;
The huscher bad him fle,
—"Cherl, oway wel sket,
Or broken thine heued schal be,
And thou feld vnder fet,
To grounde."
Rohand bad him lete,
And help him at that stounde.

LIX.

The pouer man of mold,
Tok forth another ring,
The huscher he yaf the gold,
It semed to a king;
Formest tho in fold,
He lete him in thring;
To Tristrem trewe in hold,
He hete he wold him bring,

And brought;
Tristrem knewe him no thing,
And ferly Rohand thought,

LX.

Thei men Tristrem had sworn,
He no trowed it neuer in lede,
That Rohand robes were torn,
That he wered swiche a wede:
He frained him biforn,
—"Child, so God the rede,
How weren thou fram Rohand lorn?
Monestow neuer in lede,
Nought lain?"—
He kneled better spede,
And kist Rohand full fain.

LXI.

—"Fader, no wretthe the nought,
Ful welcome er ye;
Bi God that man hath bought,
No thing no knewe Y. the;
With sorwe thou hast me sought
To wite it wo is me;"—
To Mark the word he brought.
—"Will ye mi fader se,
With sight;
Graithed Y wil he be,
And seththen schewe him as knight."—

LXII.

Tristrem to Mark it seyd,
His auentours as it were;
Hou he with schipmen pleyd,
Of lond hou thai him bare;
Hou stormes hem bi stayd,
Til anker hem brast and are;
—"Thai yolden me that Y layd,
With al mi wining yare,
In hand;
Y clambe the holtes hare,
Til Y thine hunters fand."—

LXIII.

A bath thai brought Rohand inne,
A barbour was redi thare;
Al rowe it was his chinne,
His heued was white of hare;
A scarlet with riche skinne,
Ybrought him was full yare;
Rohand of noble kinne,
That robe ful fair he bare,
That bold:
Who that had seyn him thare,
A prince him might han told.

LXIV.

Fair his tale bigan,
Rohand thei he com lat;

Tristrem that honour can,
To halle led him the gat;
Ich man seyd than,
Nas non swiche as thai wate,
As was the pouer man,
That thai bete fram the gat,
With care;
Nas none that wald him hate,
But welcom was he thare.

LXV.

Water thai asked swithe,
Cloth and bord was drain;
With mete and drink lithe,
And seriaunce that were bayn,
To serue Tristrem swithe,
And Sir Rohand ful fayn;
Whasche when thai wald rise,
The King ros him oyain,
That tide:
In lede is nought to layn,
He set him bi his side.

LXVI.

Rohand that was thare,
To Mark his tale bigan;
—"Wist ye what Tristrem ware,
Miche gode ye wold him an;

Your owhen soster him bare."—
(The king lithed him than;)
—"Y nam sibbe him na mare,
Ich aught to ben his man,
Sir King:
Knowe it yiue ye can,
Sche taught me this ring."

LXVII.

"When Rouland Riis the bold,
Douke Morgan gan mete;"—
The tale when Rohand told,
For sorwe he gan grete;
The King biheld that old,
Hou his wonges were wete:
To Marke the ring he yold,
He knew it al so sket,
Gan loke;
He kist Tristrem ful skete,
And for his nevou toke.

LXVIII.

Tho thai kisten him alle,
Bothe leuedi and knight,
And seriaunce in the halle,
And maidens that were bright;
Tristrem gan Rohand calle,
And freined him with sight;

—"Sir, hou may this falle,
Hou may Y proue it right,
Nought lain?
Tel me for Godes might,
Hou was mi fader slayn?"—

LXIX.

Rohand told anon,
His auentours al bidene;
Hou the batayle bigan,
The werres hadden y ben;
His moder hou hye was tan,
And geten hem bitvene;
—"Slawe was Rouland than,
And ded Blaunche the schene,
Naught les;
For dout of Morgan kene,
Mi sone Y seyd thou wes."—

LXX.

Tristrem al in heighe,
Bifor the King cam he;
—"Into Ermonie,
Sir, now longeth me;
Thider fare wil Y,
Mi leue Y take of the;
To fight with Morgan in hy,
To sle him other he me,

With hand:
Erst schal no man me se,
Oyain in Ingland."—

LXXI.

Tho was Mark ful wo,
He sight sore at that tide;
—"Tristrem, thi rede thou ta,
In Inglond for to abide;
Morgan is wick to slo;
Of knightes he hath grete pride;
Tristrem thei thou be thro,
Lat mo men with the ride,
On rowe:
Take Rohand bi thi side,
He wil thine frendes knawe."—

LXXII.

To armes the King lete crie,
The folk of al his land;
To help Tristrem for thi,
He made knight with his hond;
He dede him han on heye,
The fairest that he fand,
In place to riden him by,
To don him to vnder stand,
So swithe:
Sorwe so Tristrem band,
Might no man make him blithe.

LXXIII.

No wold he duellen anight,
Ther of nas nought to say;
Ten hundred that weren wight,
Wenten with him oway;
Rohand the riche knight,
Redy was he ay,
To his castel ful right,
He sailed the seuen day,
On rade:
His maister he gan pay,
His sones knightes he made.

LXXIV.

His frendes glad were thai,
No blame hem no man for thi,
Of his coming to say,
Al in to Ermonie:
Till it was on a day,
Morgan was fast by,
Tristrem bi gan to say,
—"With Morgan speke wil Y,
And spede;
So long idel we ly
Miself mai do mi nede."

LXXV.

Tristrem dede as he hight,
He busked and made him yare;

His fiftend som of knight,
With him yede na mare;
To court thai com full right,
As Morgan his brede schare,
Thai teld tho bi sight,
Ten kinges sones thai ware,
Vnsought;
Heuedes of wild bare,
Ichon to presant brought.

LXXVI.

Rohand bigan to sayn,
To his knightes than seyd he;
—"As woman is tviis for lain,
Y may say bi me;
Yif Tristrem be now sleyn,
Yuel yemers er we;
To armes knight and swayn,
And swiftly ride ye,
And swithe;
Till Y Tristrem se,
No worth Y neuer blithe."

LXXVII

Tristrem speke bigan.
—"Sir King, God loke the,
As Y the loue and an,
And thou hast serued to me."

The Douke answerd than;—
—"Y pray mi lord so fre,
Whether thou bliss or ban,
Thine owhen mot it be,
Thou bold:
Thi nedes telle thou me,
Thine erand what thou wold."—

LXXVIII.

—"Amendes! mi fader is slain,
Mine hirritage Hermonie;"—
The Douke answerd ogain,
—"Certes thi fader than slough Y;
Seththen thou so hast sayd,
Amendes ther ought to ly,
Therefore, prout swayn,
So schal Y the for thi;
Right than,
Artow comen titly,
Fram Marke thi kinsman.

LXXIX.

"Yongling, thou schalt abide,
Foles thou wendest to fand;
Thi fader thi moder gan hide,
In horedom he hir band;
How comestow with pride?
Out, traitour, of mi land!"—

Tristrem spac that tide,
—"Thou lext ich understand,
And wot;"—
Morgan with his hand,
With a lof Tristrem smot.

LXXX.

On his brest adoun,
Of his nose ran the blod;
Tristrem swerd was boun;
And ner the Douke he stode;[1]
- - - - -
- - - -
With that, was comen to toun,
Rohand, with help ful gode,
And gayn;
Al that oyain hem stode,
Wightly were thai slayn.

LXXXI.

To prisoun thai gun take,
Erl, baroun, and knight,
For Douke Morgan sake,
Mani on dyd doun right;
Schaftes thai gun schake,
And riuen scheldes bright;

[1] Two lines are here wanting, as is evident from the difference in the stanza, though there is no blank in the MS.

Crounes thai gun crake,
Mani, ich wene, aplight,
Saun fayl:
Bitvene the none, and the night,
Last the batayle.

LXXXII.

Thus hath Tristrem the swete,
Y-slawe the Douke Morgan;
No wold ne neuer lete,
Till mo castels wer tan;
Tounes thai yold him skete,
And cites stithe of stan,
The folk fel to his fet;
Ayaines him stode ther nan,
In land;
He slough his fader Ban,
Al bowed to his hand.

LXXXIII.

Tvo yere, he sett that land,
His lawes made he cri;
Al com to his hand,
Almain, and Ermonie,
At his wil to stand,
Boun, and al redy:
Rohand he yaf the wand,
And bad him sitt him bi,
That fre;

—"Rohand lord mak Y,
To held this lond of me."—

LXXXIV.

"Thou, and thine sones fiue,
Schul held this lond of me,
Ther while thou art oliue,
Thine owhen schal it be;
What halt it long to striue,
Mi leue Y take at the;
Till Inglond wil Y rive,
Marke mine em to se,
That stounde;"
Now boskes Tristrem the fre,
To Inglond for to founde.

LXXXV.

Blithe was his bosking,
And fair was his schip fare;
Rohand he left king,
Ouer all his wining thare:
Schipmen him gun bring
To Inglond full yare,
He herd a newe tiding,
That he herd neuer are,
On hand;
Mani man wepen sare,
For ransoun to Yrland.

LXXXVI.

Marke schuld yeld, vnhold,
Thei he were king with croun,
Thre hundred pounde of gold,
Ich yer out of toun,
Of siluer fair y-fold,
Thre hundred pounde al boun,
Of monè of a mold,
Thre hundred pounde of latoun,
Schuld he;
The ferth yere, a ferly roun!
Three hundred barnes fre.

LXXXVII.

The truage was com to to,
Moraunt the noble knight
Y-hold he was so,
An eten in ich a fight,
The barnes asked he tho,
Als it war londes right;
Tristrem gan stoutely go,
To lond, that ich night,
Of rade;
Of the schippe thai hadde a sight,
The dai thai dede obade.

LXXXVIII.

Mark was glad, and blithe,
Tho he might Tristrem se;

He kist him fele sithe,
Welcom to him was he;
Marke gan tidinges lithe,
How he wan londes fre;
Tristrem seyd that sithe,
—"Wat may this gadering be?
Thai grete!"—
—"Tristrem Y tell it the,
A thing tha is me vnswete.

LXXXIX.

"The King of Yrlond,
Tristrem, ich am his man,
To long ichaue ben her bond,
With wrong the King it wan;
To long it hath y-stond,
On him the wrong bigan,
Therto ich held min hond."—
Tristrem seyd than,
Al stille,
—"Moraunt that michel can,
Schal nought han his wille."—

XC.

Marke to conseyl yede,
And asked rede of this;
He seyd,—"With wrong dede
The raunsoun y-taken is."—

Tristrem seyd,—" Y rede,
That he the barnes mis ;"—
Tho seyd the King in lede,
—" No was it neuer his,
With right ;"—
Tristrem seyd,—" Y wis,
Y will defende it as knight."

XCI.

Bi al Markes hald,
The truwage was tan,
Tristrem gan it withhald,
As prince proude in pan ;
Thai graunted that Tristrem wald,
Other no durst ther nan,
Nis ther non so bald,
Y-made of flesche, no ban,
No knight ;
Now hath Tristrem y-tan,
Oyain Moraunt to fight.

XCII.

Tristrem him self yede,
Moraunt word to bring,
And schortliche seyd in lede,
—" We no owe the nothing."
Moraunt oyain seyd,
—" Thou lext a foule lesing,

Mi body to batayl Y bede,
To proue bifor the King,
To loke."—
—He waged him a ring;
Tristrem the batayl toke.

XCIII.

Thai seylden in to the wide,
With her schippes tvo:
Moraunt band his biside,
And Tristrem lete his go.
Moraunt seyd that tide,
—"Tristrem, whi dostow so?
Our on schal here abide,
No be thou neuer so thro,
Y wis."—
"Whether our to liue go,
He hath anough of this."

XCIV.

The yland was ful brade,
That thai gun in fight;
Ther of was Moraunt glade,
Of Tristrem he lete light;
Swiche meting was neuer non made,
With worthli wepen wight,
Aither to other rade,
And hewe on helmes bright,

With hand;
God help Tristrem the knight!
He faught for Ingland.

XCV.

Moraunt with his might,
Rode with gret raundoun,
Oyain Tristrem the knight,
And thought to bere him doun
With a launce vnlight,
He smot him in the lyoun;
And Tristrem that was wight,
Bar him thurch the dragoun,
In the scheld;
That Moraunt bold, and boun,
Smot him in the scheld.

XCVI.

Up he stirt bidene,
And lepe opon his stede,
He faught with outen wene,
So wolf that wald wede;
Tristrem in that tene,
No spard him for no drede,
He yaf him a wounde y-sene,
That his bodi gan blede,
Right tho:
In Morauntes most nede,
His stede bak brak on to.

XCVII.

Vp he stirt in drede,
And seyd,—"Tristrem, alight,
For thou hast slayn mi stede,
Afot thou schalt fight;"—
Quath Tristrem,—"So God me rede,
Ther to Icham al light:"—
Togider tho thai yede,
And hewen on helmes bright,
Saun fayl:
Tristrem as a knight,
Faught in that batayle.

XCVIII.

Moraunt of Yrland smot
Tristrem in the scheld,
That half fel fram his hond,
Ther adoun in the feld;
Tristrem ich understond,
Anon the stroke him yeld;
With his gode brond
Moraunt neighe he queld,
That knight:
Marke the batayl biheld,
And wonderd of that fight.

XCIX.

Moraunt was vnfayn,
And faught with al his might,

That Tristrem were y-slayn,
He stird him as a knight:
Tristrem smot with mayn,
His swerd brak in the fight,
And in Morauntes brain,
Bileued a pece bright;
With care:
And in the haunche right,
Tristrem was wounded sare.

C.

A word that pended to pride,
Tristrem tho spac he,
—"Folk of Yrland side,
Your mirour ye may se,
Mo that hider wil ride,
Thus graythed schul ye be."—
With sorwe, thai drough, that tide,
Moraunt to the se,
And care:
With ioie Tristrem the fre
To Marke his em gan fare.

CI.

His swerd he offred than,
And to the auter it bare;
For Markes kinsman,
Tristrem was loued thare.

A forward thai bigan,
Ther to thai alle sware,
For that lond fre he wan,
That King he schuld be thare;
To say,
Yif he oliue ware,
After Sir Markes day.

CII.

Thei Tristrem light thenke,
He is wounded ful sare,
Leches with salue and drink,
Him cometh wide whare;
Thai lorn al her swink,
His pain was ay the mare,
No man no might for stink
Com ther Tristrem ware,
Als than:
Ich man for soke him thare,
Bot Gouernayl his man.

SIR TRISTREM.

FYTTE SECOND.

SIR TRISTREM.

FYTTE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Stanzas 1. 2. 3.—Tristrem, forsaken by every one, asks from King Mark a ship, that he might leave the country of Cornwall. Mark reluctantly grants his request, and he embarks with Gouvernayl, his sole attendant, and his harp as his only solace. 4. 5.—Tristrem sets sail from Carlioun, and continues nine weeks at sea: the wind at length drives him to the haven of Dublin, in Ireland. To the sailors, who come in boats from the harbour, he says, he has been wounded by pirates. 6.—Tristrem, learning that he was in Ireland, and recollecting that Moraunt, whom he had slain, was brother to the Queen of that country, again assumes the name of Tramtris. 7. 8.—The wounded man's skill in minstrelsy is reported to the Queen, a lady celebrated for her skill in medicine. 9. 10. 11.—The Queen comes to visit Tristrem, who maintains his assumed name, and the character of a merchant, plundered and robbed by pirates. His skill in music, and at chess, and tables, astonishes the Queen and the bystanders, who swear by Saint Patrick, that his like was never seen in Ireland. The Queen undertakes his cure; and, by a medicated bath, restores him

to the use of his limbs. 12. 13. 14.—Tristrem's cure advances through the precious remedies of the Queen. His skill in music, and in games, occasions his being frequently called to court; and he becomes the instructor of the Princess Ysonde, who was attached to the studies of minstrelsy and poetry. He instructs her in those arts, as well as in chess, and other games, till she has no equal in the kingdom, excepting her preceptor, the inventor of those elegant amusements.

Stanzas 15. 16. 17.—Sir Tristrem's health being restored, and the education of Ysonde completed, our hero becomes desirous of returning to Britain. The Queen unwillingly grants his request, with some reflections upon the ingratitude of foreigners. He is loaded with gifts, and sets sail, with Gouvernayl, for Carlioun, where he arrives in safety, to the joy and astonishment of the Cornish. 18. 19. 20.—Mark receives his nephew joyfully, and enquires how his wound had been cured. Tristrem informs the King of the kindness of the sister of Morannt, and is lavish in encomium upon the beauty and accomplishments of Ysonde. The King, struck by this panegyric, offers to make Tristrem his heir, if he will bring Ysonde to Cornwall. 21. 22. 23.—The barons, jealous of Tristrem's power, persuade the King that it would be an easy matter for his nephew to procure Ysonde for the royal bride. Tristrem points out the folly of such an enterprise; but adds, that he would undertake it, as he knew the nobility ascribed the opinion, which he had delivered, to the selfish view of keeping the King unmarried. He demands an attendance of fifteen knights. 24. 25. 26.—Tristrem sails to Dublin,

with a select body of knights, in a vessel richly laden. Without announcing their errand, they send rich presents to the King, the Queen, and the Princess. The messengers return, full of the praises of Ysonde's beauty, and relate that the people of Dublin were in great alarm.

Stanzas 27. 28. 29.—The cause of the terror of the Irish is explained, being the approach of a monstrous dragon, which had done so much damage, that proclamation had been made, offering the hand of the Princess to him who should slay the monster. Tristrem proposes the adventure to his knights, who decline to undertake it. He goes on shore himself, well mounted and armed, and comes in sight of the fiery dragon. 30. 31. 32. 33.—Tristrem breaks his spear on the impenetrable hide of the monster, loses his horse, and, after praying to God, renews the battle on foot. He smites off the dragon's jaw: the enraged animal "throws fire" in such abundance as to consume all the knight's armour, but is at length slain. The victor cuts out the dragon's tongue. 34. 35.—Having put the tongue of the animal into "his hose," Tristrem attempts to return; but is deprived of his senses by the subtle operation of the poison. Meanwhile, the King's steward, chancing to pass by, cuts off the dragon's head, and carrying it to court, assumes the merit of the victory, and demands the hand of the Princess. Ysonde and her mother, not giving credit to the steward, resolve to visit the place where the battle had been fought. 36. 37. 38. 39.—They find the steed and arms of Tristrem, and at length the knight himself. Being restored by the application of treacle, he vindi-

cates his right to the victory, and produces the dragon's tongue; offering, at the same time, his ship and cargo in pledge, that he would make good his story upon the person of the steward, in single combat. As he calls himself a merchant, Ysonde expresses her regret that he is not a knight.

Stanzas 40. 41. 42. 43.—The Queen and Ysonde, admiring the bravery and handsome figure of Tristrem, conduct him in person to a bath. The Queen goes to fetch a drink of "main." Meanwhile, Ysonde becomes suspicious that the stranger was her former preceptor, Tramtris. In searching for something to confirm this conjecture, she examines his sword, which she finds to be broken. By comparing the breach with the fragment which had been taken out of the skull of Moraunt, Ysonde discovers that the owner of the weapon has slain her kinsman. She upbraids Tristrem with his slaughter, and rushes upon him with his own sword. Her mother at this instant returns, and participates in Ysonde's resentment, as soon as she learns that it is Tristrem she beholds. The arrival of the King saves Tristrem from being slain in the bath. 44. 45.—Tristrem defends himself, as having slain Moraunt in fair fight; and, smiling upon Ysonde, tells her, she had many an opportunity of slaying him while he was her preceptor Tramtris. He pleads his services towards her in that character, as well as the good report he had made of her charms to King Mark; and, finally, he opens his embassy. 46. 47.—Upon the engagement of Tristrem, that his uncle should marry Ysonde, it is agreed she shall be sent under his escort to Cornwall.

The steward, having relinquished his claim, as soon as he understands that his antagonist is the redoubted Tristrem, is thrown into prison at the request of the Princess.

Stanzas 48. 49. 50. 51. 52.—At their departure, the Queen gives to Brengwain, a lady who attended upon Ysonde, a powerful philtre, or love potion, with directions, that Mark and his bride should partake of it on the evening of their marriage. While at sea, the wind becomes contrary, and they are forced to have recourse to their oars. Tristrem exerts himself in rowing, and Ysonde calls for drink to refresh him when fatigued. Brengwain inadvertently presents the cup which contains the fatal liquor, of which Tristrem and Ysonde unwittingly partake. A favourite dog, called Hodain, licks the cup. The consequence of this draught is, a fatal and criminal passion betwixt Ysonde and Tristrem, which proves the source of all their misfortunes. 53. 54. 55.—The ship arrives in England, after a fortnight's sail. Ysonde is married to King Mark; but, to conceal her guilty intercourse with Sir Tristrem, she substitutes her attendant, Brengwain, in her place, on the first night of her nuptials.

Stanzas 56. 57. 58.—Suspicion, the natural consequence of guilt, takes possession of Ysonde's mind. She becomes fearful lest Brengwain should betray the important secret with which she was intrusted; to prevent which, she hires two ruffians to despatch her faithful attendant. 59. 60. 61. 62.—Brengwain is conducted by the assassins into a dismal glen, where they prepare

to execute their bloody mandate. The prayers of the damsel, however, induce them to spare her life, as she protests, that her only crime was having lent to Ysonde a clean night-dress upon the night of her nuptials, when that of the Queen had been accidentally sullied. Her intended executioners report this to the Queen, as Brengwain's last words; and Ysonde, perceiving the fidelity of her attendant, laments her loss, and vows vengeance on her supposed murderers. Brengwain is then produced, and reinstated in full favour.

Stanzas 63. 64. 65.—An Irish Earl, a former admirer of Ysonde, arrives at the court of Cornwall, disguised as a minstrel, and bearing a harp of curious workmanship. He excites the curiosity of King Mark, by refusing to play upon this beautiful instrument till he shall grant him a boon. The King having pledged his knighthood to satisfy his request, he sings to the harp a lay, in which he demands Ysonde as the promised gift. 66. 67. 68.—Mark, having pledged his honour, has no alternative but to become a forsworn knight, or deliver his wife to the harper; and he chooses the latter. Tristrem, who had been absent on a hunting expedition, arrives just as the adventurous Earl carried off his fair prize. He upbraids the King (and not without reason) for his extravagant generosity to minstrels. Tristrem then seizes his rote; and, hastening to the shore, where Ysonde had embarked, begins to play upon that instrument. The sound deeply affects Ysonde, who becomes so much indisposed, that the Earl, her lover, is induced to return with her to land. 69. 70. 71.—Ysonde pretends that the music of Tristrem's rote is

necessary to her recovery; and the Earl, to whom Tristrem was personally unknown, proposes to him to go in his train to Ireland. Ysonde reviving at the sound of her lover's music, the Earl prepares to return on board. 72. 73.—Tristrem mounts his steed, and leading that of Ysonde by the bridle, suddenly plunges with her into the forest, after tauntingly informing the Irish Earl, that he had lost, by the rote, her whom he had gained by the harp. The lovers remain in a lodge in the forest for a week; after which Tristrem restores Ysonde to her husband, advising him in future to give minstrels other gifts.

Stanzas 74. 75. 76.—Meriadok, a knight of Cornwall, a companion of Tristrem, and deeply obliged to him, becomes suspicious of his intercourse with the Queen. This was carried on by means of a sliding board, through which Tristrem was admitted to Ysonde's bower. A snowy evening enables Meriadok to trace Tristrem's steps to this place, although he had taken the precaution of binding a sieve upon his feet. In a crevice of the sliding board the spy discovers a piece of Tristrem's green kirtle. 77. 78.—Meriadok unfolds his suspicion to the King, who, by his advice, pretends a journey to the Holy Land, and demands of Ysonde to whose charge she would wish to be committed. The Queen at first names Sir Tristrem. 79. 80. 81.—By advice of the wily Brengwain, the Queen resumes the subject, and pretends a mortal hatred to Tristrem, which she ascribes to the scandal done to her on his account. The suspicions of the simple King of Cornwall are thus lulled to sleep.

Stanzas 82. 83.—At the instigation of Meriadok, who promises to give the King demonstration of his dishonour, Sir Tristrem becomes again the object of Mark's jealousy. He is separated from Ysonde, and their mutual sorrow is described. 84. 85.—Ysonde residing in a bower, and Tristrem in the neighbouring city, he contrives to carry on a communication with her by means of light leafy twigs thrown into the river which runs through her garden. By these signals she knew when to expect his stolen visits. 86. 87. [*The 85th and 86th Stanzas seem to be transposed.*] The interviews of the lovers are discovered by a dwarf, concealed in a tree. Meriadok advises the King to proclaim a great hunting-match, and, instead of going to the forest, to conceal himself in the dwarf's lurking-place. 88. 89. 90.—The dwarf is sent to Tristrem with a pretended message from Ysonde, appointing a rendezvous. Tristrem, suspecting the deceit, returns a cold answer. The dwarf tells Mark that Tristrem puts no confidence in his message, but that he is nevertheless certain he will visit Ysonde that night.

Stanzas 91. 92. 93.—Mark, having taken his station in the tree, the two lovers meet beneath it; but, being aware of the King's presence, by his shadow, they assume the tone of quarrel and recrimination. Tristrem charges Ysonde with having alienated from him the affections of his uncle, so that he was nearly compelled to fly into Wales. Ysonde avows her hatred to Tristrem, alleging as the cause, her husband's unjust suspicions of their criminal intercourse. 94. 95. 96.—The dialogue is continued in the same strain; Tristrem beseeching Ysonde

to procure him a dismissal from the court, and she engaging, on condition of his departure, to supplicate Mark to endow him with suitable means of support. The good-natured monarch is overwhelmed with joy and tenderness at this supposed discovery of the innocence of his wife and nephew. Far from assenting to Tristrem's departure, he creates him his high constable; and the grateful knight carries on his intrigue with Ysonde, without farther suspicion for the space of three years.

Stanzas 97. 98. 99.—Meriadok again excites the jealousy of King Mark, and persuades him to order the Queen and Tristrem to be let blood the same day: Meriadok also strews the floor of the King's chamber with flour, in order to detect the traces of footsteps upon it. 100. 101.—Tristrem evades this last device, by springing a distance of thirty feet, over the part of the chamber which was covered with the flour; but the wound of his vein opening with the exertion, his stolen visit is betrayed to the King by the traces of his blood. Tristrem flies from Cornwall. 102. 103.—Ysonde undertakes to prove her innocence, by undergoing the fiery ordeal. A court is appointed to be held at Westminster, where the Queen is to bear red-hot iron in her hand, according to the ancient law of ordeal. Tristrem joins the retinue, disguised as a peasant, in the most abject state of poverty. 104.—When they are about to cross the Thames, the Queen pitches upon her disguised lover to bear her from the shore to the ship. Tristrem designedly lets his fair burden fall upon the beach, in such a manner as to expose some part of her person. 105.—

The attendants, scandalized at this indecent accident, caused by the awkwardness of the stranger, are about to drown him in the river; but are prevented by Ysonde, who imputes his fall to feebleness, through want of nourishment, and orders him a reward. 106. 107. 108. —When the Queen is brought to her oath, she swears, that she is a "guiltless woman," and that no one had ever familiarity with her person, excepting the King, and the peasant who bore her to the vessel, whose indelicate awkwardness had been witnessed by the whole of her retinue. The hot iron is then presented to Ysonde; but the uxorious King of Cornwall, resting perfectly satisfied with the equivocal oath of his consort, refuses to permit her to hazard this dangerous confirmation of her faith. Ysonde is proclaimed innocent, in spite of the accusations of Meriadok, and is completely reconciled to her husband. Tristrem, meanwhile, remains in Wales, occupying in military achievements the term of his separation from Ysonde.

SIR TRISTREM.

FYTTE SECOND.

I.

THRE yer in care bed lay,
Tristrem the trewe he hight,
That neuer no dought him day,
For sorwe he hadde o night,
For dwl, no man no may
Sen on him with sight;
Ich man, for sothe to say,
For soke tho that knight,
As thare;
Thai hadde don what he might,
Thai no rought of his fare.

II.

Till it was on a day,
Till Mark he gan him mene;
Shortliche, sothe to say,
This tale was hem bitvene:

—"In sorwe ich haue ben ay,
Seththen ich aliue haue ben;"—
Marke seyd—"Wayleway!
That ich it schuld y sene,
Swiche thing."—
Tristrem with outen wene,
A schip asked the King.

III.

—"Em,"—he seyd,—"Y spille,
Of lond kepe Y na mare,
A schip thou bring me tille,
Mine harp to play me thare,
Stouer ynough to wille,
To kepe me son yon yare;"—
Thei Marke liked ille,
Tristrem to schip thai bare,
And brought;
Who wold with him fare?
Gouernayle no lete him nought.

IV.

Tristremes schip was yare;
He asked his benisoun;
The hauen he gan out fare,
It hight Carlioun:
Nighen woukes, and mare,
He hobled vp and doun;
A winde to wil him bare,

To a stede ther him was boun,
Neighe hand;
Deluelin hight the toun,
An hauen in Irland.

V.

A winde thider him gan driue,
Schipmen him seighe neighe hand;
In bọtes thai gun him stiue,
And drough him to the land;
A wounded man aliue,
In the schip thai fand;
He seyd—"Bisiden a riue,
Men wounded him and band,
Vn sounde."—
No man might bi him stand,
For stinking of his wounde.

VI.

Gouernail gan hem frain,
What hight the se strand?
Deuelin, thai seyd ogayn,
The schipmen that him fand:
Tho was Tristrem vnfain,
And wele gan vnderstand,
Hir brother hadde he slain,
That Quen was of the land,
In fight:

Tristrem he gan doun lain,
And seyd Tramtris he hight.

VII.

In his schip was that day,
Al maner of gle;
And al maner of lay,
In lond that might be:
To the Quen tho, seyd thay,
Morauntes soster the fre,
Y wounded swiche a man lay,
That sorwe it was to se,
And care;
—"A miri man were he,
Yif he oliue ware."—

VIII.

Sche was in Deuelin,
The fair leuedi the Quene,
Louesom vnder line;
And sleighest had y bene;
And mest couthe of medicine;
That was on Tristrem sene;
Sche brought him of his pine,
To wite and nought at wene,
To say:
Sche sent him a plaster kene,
To cast the stink oway.

IX.

Amorwe, when it was day,
The leuedi of heighe priis,
Com ther Tristrem lay,
And asked what he is?
—"Marchaund Ich haue ben ay,
Mi nam is Tramtris;
Robbers, for sothe to say,
Slough mine felawes, Y wis,
In the se;
Thai raft me fowe and griis,
And thus wounded thai me."—

X.

An heye man he was like,
Thei he wer wounded sare;
His gles weren so sellike,
That wonder thought hem thare.
His harp, his croude was rike;
His tables, his ches he bare;
Thai swore, bi Seyn Patrike,
Swiche seighe thai neuer are,
Er than:
—"Yif he in hele ware,
He were a miri man."—

XI.

The leuedi of heighe kenne,
His woundes schewe he lete;

To wite his wo vnwinne,
So grimli he can grete;
His bon brast vnder skinne.
His sorwe was vnsete;
Thai brought him to an inne;
A bath they made him sket,
So lithe;
That Tristrem on his fet,
Gon he might swithe.

XII.

Salues hath he soft,
And drinkes that ar lithe:
Thai no rought hou dere it bought,
Bot held him al so swithe:
He made his play aloft,
His gammes he gan kithe;
For thi was Tristrem oft,
To boure cleped fele sithe:
To sete;
Ich man was lef to lithe,
His mirthes were so swete.

XIII.

The King had a douhter dere,
That maiden Ysonde hight;
That gle was lef to here,
And romaunce to rede aright;

Sir Tramtris hir gan lere,
Tho with al his might,
What alle pointes were,
To se the sothe in sight,
To say:
In Yrlond nas no knight,
With Ysonde durst play.

XIV.

Ysonde of heighe priis,
The maiden bright of hewe,
That wered fow and griis,
And scarlet that was newe,
In warld was non so wiis,
Of craft, that men knewe,
With outen Sir Tramtris,
That al games of grewe
On grounde.
Hom longeth Tramtris the trewe,
For heled was his wounde.

XV.

Sir Tramtris in Irlond
Duelled al a yere;
So gode likeing he fand,
That hole he was and fere:
The Quen to fot and hand.
He serued dern and dere;

Ysonde he dede vnderstand
What alle playes were
In lay;
His leue he asked at here,
In schip to founde oway.

XVI.

The Quen, that michel can,
To Tramtris sche gan say,
—"Who so fet vncouthe man,
He foundeth euer oway."—
His hire thai yolden him than,
Gold and siluer Y say,
What he wold he wan,
Of Ysonde for his play
Saun fail;
He bitaught hem God, and gode day,
With him went Gouernail.

XVII.

Riche sail thai drewe,
White and red so blod;
A winde to wil hem blewe,
To Carlioun thai yode;
Now hat he Tristrem trewe,
And fareth ouer the flod;
The schip the cuntre knewe,
It thought hem ful gode,

As thare;
Of urake thai vnder stode,
For on thai leten him fare.

XVIII.

Thai tolden to the King,
That the schip had sain;
Neuer of no tiding,
Nas Mark the King so fain:
To toun thai gun him bring,
The King ros him ogayn;
Blithe was her meteing,
And fair he gan him frain,
That stounde;
—"Tristrem, nought to lain,
Heled is thi wounde?"—

XIX.

His em answer he yeld,
That litel he wald wene,
Of bot sche was him beld,
That Moraunt soster had bene:
Hou fair sche hath him held,
He told hem al bidene;
And seththen Tristrem hath teld,
Of Ysonde that was kene,
Al newe:
Hou sche was bright and schene,
Of loue was non so trewe.

XX.

Mark to Tristrem gan say,
—"Mi lond bitake Y the,
To haue after mi day,
Thine owhen schal it be,
Bring thou me that may,
That Ich hir may y-se."—
This was his maner ay,
Of Ysonde than speketh he,
Her prise;
Hou sche was gent and fre,
Of loue was non so wise.

XXI.

In Inglond ful wide
The barouns hem bi thought,
To fel Tristremes pride,
Hou thai fairest mought;
The King thai rad to ride,
A quen to him thai sought,
That Tristrem might abide,
That he no were it nought;
No King:
Thai seyd that Tristrem mought
Ysonde of Yrlond bring.

XXII.

—"A brid bright, thai ches,
As blod opon snoweing;

A maiden of swiche reles,
Tristrem may to the bring;"—
Quath Tristrem,—"It is les,
And troweth it for lesing,
To aski that neuer no wes,
It is a fole askeing,
Bi kinde;
It is a selli thing,
For no man may it finde.

XXIII.

"Y rede ye nought no striue:
A swalu ich herd sing,
Ye sigge I wern min em to wiue,
For Y schuld be your King.
Now bringeth me atte riue,
Schip and other thing;
Ye se me neuer oliue,
Bot yif ich Ysonde bring,
That bright.
Finde me min askeing,
Mine fiftend som of knight."—

XXIV.

Knightes tho chosen thai,
That were war and wise:
Al that mest may,
And heighest weren of priis:

A sçhip with grene and gray,
With vair, and eke with griis,
With alle thing Y say,
That pende to marchandis,
In lede;
Thai ferden of this wise,
In til Yrlond thede.

XXV.

In his schip was boun.
All that mister ware:
Out of Carlioun;
Riche was his schip fare:
Thai rered goinfaynoun;
A winde to wille hem bare;
Deuelin hat the toun,
To lond thai comen thare,
The best:
The King present thai bare,
And asked leue to rest.

XXVI.

The King present thai brought,
Another to the Quene,
Ysonde foryat thai nought,
To wite, and nought at wene.
To schip when thai hem thought
That at the court hadde bene,

Swiche mayde nas neuer wrought.
That thai euer hadde sene
With sight:
The cuntre al bidene,
Thai seighe fle ful right.

XXVII.

Out of Deuelin toun,
The folk wel fast ran,
In a water to droun,
So ferd were thai than;
For doute of o dragoun,
Thai seyd to schip thai wan,
To hauen that were boun;
No rought thai of what man
In lede,
That may him sle or tan,
Ysonde schal haue to mede.

XXVIII.

Tristrem blithe was he,
He cleped his knightes stithe,
—"What man he is, las se,
That take this bataile swithe?"—
Alle thai beden lat be,
Durst non himseluen kithe,
—"For nede now wo is me!"—
Seyd Tristrem, that sithe.

Right than.
Listen now who wil lithe,
Al of an hardi man.

XXIX.

A stede, of schip, thai drewe,
The best that he hadde brought;
His armes weren al newe,
That richeliche were wrought;
His hert was gode and trewe,
No failed it him nought;
The cuntre wele he knewe,
Er he the dragoun sought;
And seighe;
Helle fere him thought,
Fram that dragoun fleighe.

XXX.

Asaut to that dragoun
Tristrem toke that tide,
As a lothely lioun
That bataile wald abide:
With a spere feloun,
He smot him in the side;
It no vailed o botoun,
Oway it gan to glide,
His dent;
The deuel dragouns hide
Was hard so ani flint!

XXXI.

Tristrem, al in tene,
Eft that spere tok he,
Oghain that dragoun kene.
It brast on peces thre:
The dragoun smot bidene,
The stede he gan sle,
Tristrem, withouten wene,
Stirt vnder a tre,
Al stille.
And seyd—" God in Trinite,
No lat thou me nought spille!"—

XXXII.

Oghain that fende dragoun,
A fot he tok the fight;
He faught with his fauchoun,
As a douhti knight;
His nether chauel he smot doun.
With a stroke of might;
Tho was the dragon boun,
And cast fere ful right,
And brend
His armes that were bright;
Schamliche he hath hem schent.

XXXIII.

Swiche fer he cast oghain,
That brend scheld and ston;

Now lith his stede y slain,
His armes brent ichon;
Tristrem raught his brain,
And brak his nek bon;
No was he neuer so fain,
As than that batail was don,
To bote,
His tong hath he toñ,
And schorn of bi the rote.

XXXIV.

In his hose next the hide,
The tong oway he bar;
No yede he bot ten stride,
His speche les he thar;
Nedes he most abide,
That he no may ferther far:
The steward com that tide,
The heued oway he schar,
And brought;
And toke it Ysonde thar,
And seyd dere he hadde hir bought.

XXXV.

The steward wald, ful fain,
Han Ysonde, yif he mought,
The King answerd oghain,
Fair the bataile him thought;

Ysonde, nought to lain,
Of him no wil sche nought;
There the dragoun was slain,
Hye and hir moder sought,
Also,
Who that wonder wrought,
That durst that dragoun slo.

XXXVI.

—"Dede the steward this dede?
Certes," quath Ysonde, "nay!
This ich brende stede
No aught he neuer a day;
No this riche wede,
Nas neuer his, sothe to say."—
Forther as thai yede,
A man thai founde whare lay,
And drough:
—"Certes," than seyd thai,
"This man the dragoun slough."—

XXXVII.

His mouthe opened thai,
And pelt treacle in that man;
Whan Tristrem speke may,
His tale he bigan;
And redyli gan to say,
Hou he the dragoun wan:

—"The tong Y bar oway,
Thus venimed he me than."—
Thai loke,
The Quen, that michel can,
Out of his hose it toke.

XXXVIII.

They seighen he haddê the right,
The steward hadde the wough,
And yif he durst fight,
With him the dragoun slough:
Tristrem spak as a knight,
He wold proue it anough;
So noblelich he hem hight,
Thereof Ysonde lough,
That tide:
So his waraunt he drough,
His schippe and al his pride.

XXXIX.

The Quen asked what he is
That durst the dragon abide?
—"Marchaunt Icham, Y wis,
My schip lith here biside;
He seyt he hath don this,
Prouen Ichil his pride."—
Er he Ysonde kisse,
Oghaines him wald he ride,

With might.
Ysonde seyd that tide,
—"Allas, that thou ner knight!"—

XL.

Her chaumpioun that day,
Richeliche gun thai fede;
Til hem think that he may,
Don a douhti dede.
His armes long weren thai,
His scholders large on brede,
The Quen, forsothe to say,
To a bath gan him lede,
Ful gayn;
And seththen hir self sche yede,
After a drink of main.

XLI.

Ysonde, bright of hewe,
Thought it Tramtris ware;
His swerd sche gan it schewe,
And broken hye fond it thare;
Out of a cofer newe,
The pece sche drough ful yare,
And sett it to that trewe,
It nas lasse, no mare,
Bot right:
Tho thought Ysonde, with care,
To sle Tristrem the knight.

XLII.

Ysonde to Tristrem yode,
With his swerd al drain;
—"Moraunt min em, the gode,
Traitour, thou hast slayn,
Forthi thine hert blode,
Sen Ich wold ful fain."—
The Quen wende sche weren wode,
Sche com with a drink of main,
And lough;
—"Nay, moder nought to'layn,
This thef [thi] brother slough.

XLIII.

"Tristrem this thef is he,
That may he nought for lain,
The pece thou might her se,
That fro min em was drain;
Loke that it so be,
Sett it euen oghain."—
As quik tha wald him sle,
Ther Tristrem ful fain,
Soth thing:
In bath thai hadden him slain,
No were it for the King.

XLIV.

And euer Tristrem lough,
On swete Ysonde the bright,

—"Thou might haue slain me ynough,
Tho that Y Tramtris hight;
Ye witeth me with wough,
Of Moraunt the noble knight;
I graunt wele Ichim slough,
In batayl and in fight,
Nought lain;
Yif he hadde had the might,
So wold he me ful fain.

XLV.

"Tho Y Tramtris hight,
Y lerld the play and song;
And euer with al mi might,
Of the Y spac among,
To Marke the riche knight;
That after the he gan long."—
So swore he, day and night,
And borwes fond he strong,
Bidene;
Amendes of al wrong,
That Ysonde schuld be Quen.

XLVI.

Tristrem swore that thing,
Thai seyd it schuld stand;
That he schuld Ysonde bring,
Thai token it vnder hand,
To Mark the riche King,

Oliue yif thai him fand,
And make hir with his ring,
Quen of Ingeland,
To say:
The forward fast thai band,
Er thai parted oway.

XLVII.

The steward forsoke his dede,
Though he herd he Tristrem hight;
The King swore so God him spede,
That bothen schuld haue right;
The steward seyd,—"Wrong ther yede,
For thi nold he nought fight."—
Tristrem, to his mede,
Thai yolden Ysonde the bright;
To bring,
To prisoun that other knight.
The maiden biseketh the King.

XLVIII.

No asked he lond, no lithe,
Bot that maiden bright:
He busked him al so swithe,
Bothe squier and knight;
Her moder about was blithe,
And tok a drink of might,
That loue wald kithe,
And tok it Brengwain the bright,

To think;
—" At er spouseing a night,
Yif Marke and hir to drink."—

XLIX.

Ysonde, bright of hewe,
Is fer out in the se,
A winde oghain hem blewe,
That sail no might ther be;
So rewe the knightes trewe,
Tristrem so rewe he;
Euer as thai com newe,
He on oghain hem thre;
Gret swink:
Swete Ysonde, the fre,
Asked Bringwain a drink.

L.

The coupe was richeli wrought,
Of gold it was the pin,
In al the warld nas nought
Swiche drink, as ther was in,
Brengwain was wrong bi thought,
To that drink sche gan win;
And swete Ysonde it bitaught,
Sche bad Tristrem bigin,
To say;
Her loue might no man twin,
Til her ending day.

LI.

An hounde ther was biside,
That was y-cleped Hodain,
The coupe he licked that tide,
Tho doun it sett Bringwain:
Thai loued al in lide,
And ther of were thai fain,
Togider thai gun abide,
In ioie, and ek in pain,
For thought:
In iuel time to sain,
The drink was y-wrought.

LII.

Tristrem in schip lay,
With Ysonde ich night;
Play miri he may,
With that worthli wight,
In boure night and day,
Al blithe was the knight;
He might with hir play,
That wist Brengwain the bright,
As tho:
Thai loued with all her might,
And Hodain dede al so.

LIII.

Tvai wikes in the strand,
No seyl thai no drewe;

In to Inglond,
A wind to wille hem blewe:
The King on hunting thai fand;
A knaue that he knewe,
He made him knight with hand,
For his tidinges newe,
Gan bring:
Ysonde, bright of hewe,
Ther spoused Mark the King.

LIV.

He spoused hir with his ring;
Of fest no speke Y nought:
Brengwain with outen lesing,
Dede as hye had thought,
Sche tok that loue drink,
That in Yrlond was bought,
For Ysonde to the King,
Brengwain to bed was brought,
That tide:
Mark his wille wrought,
On bed Brengwain biside.

LV.

When Mark had tint his swink,
Ysonde to bed yede;
Of Yrlond hye asked drink,
The coupe sche gan hir bede,

Biside her she lete it sink,
Therof hadde sche no nede,
Of non maner thing:
Oghain Tristrem, in lede,
As tho,
No might no clerk it rede,
The love bitven hem to.

LVI.

Thai wende haue ioie anough,
Certes it nas nought so,
Her wening was al wough,
Vntroweand til hem to:
Aither in langour drough,
And token rede to gǫ;
And seththen Ysonde lough,
When Tristrem was in wo,
With wille:
Now thenketh Ysonde to slo
Brengwain and hir to spille.

LVII.

Sche thought, "Y may be wroth,
Sche lay first bi the King,
For Y bihight hir cloth,
Gold, and riche wedding;
Tristrem and Y boathe,
Beth schent for our playing;

Better is that we rathe,
Hir oliue bring,
Al stille;
Than doute we for no thing,
That we ne may han our wille."—

LVIII.

The Quen bad her biside,
To werkemen on a day;
Sche told hem at that tide,
What was her wille to say;
—"Ye moten slen and hide
Bringwain, that miri may."—
Sche seyd—"Ye schal abide,
Riche to ben ay,
In lede;
No lete ye for no pay,
That ye no do that dede."—

LIX.

Into a grisly clough
Thai and that maiden yode,
That on his swerd out drough,
That other bihinde hir stode.
She cried merci anough,
And seyd—"For Cristes rode,
What haue Y don wough,
Whi wille ye spille mi blode?"—

—"Nought lain,
Ysonde the leuedi gode,
Hath hot thou schalt be slain."—

LX.

Brengwain dernly,
Bad hem say the Quen;
—"Greteth wele mi leuedy,
That ai trewe hath ben;
Smockes hadde sche and Y,
And hir was solwy to sen,
Bi Marke tho hye schuld ly,
Y lent hir min al clen,
As thare:
Oghain hir, wele Y wen,
No dede Y neuer mare."—

LXI.

Thai nold hir nought slo,
Bot went oghain to the Quen,
Ysonde asked hem to,
—"What seyd hye you bitven?"—
—"Hye bad ous saye you so,
Your smock was solwy to sen,
Bi Mark tho ye schuld ly,
Y lent hir min al clene,
That day."—
Tho asked Ysonde the kene,
—"Whare is that trewe may?"—

LXII.

Tho seyd Ysonde with mode,
—"Mi maiden ye han slain!"—
Sche swore by Godes rode,
Thai schuld ben hong and drain;
Sche bede hem yiftes gode,
To fechen hir ogain;
Thai fetten hir, ther sche stode,
Tho was Ysonde ful fain,
To say;
So trewe sche fond Brengwain,
That sche loued hir wele ay.

LXIII.

Made was the saughtening,
And alle forgheve bidene.
Tristrem with outen lesing,
Played with the Quen.
Fram Irlond to the King,
An harpour com bitven;
An harp he gan forth bring,
Swiche no hadde thai neuer sen,
With sight;
Him self with outen wen,
Bar it day and night.

LXIV.

Ysonde he loued in are,
He that the harp brought;

About his hals he it bare,
Richelich it was wrought;
He hidde it euer mare,
Out no com it nought:
—"Thine harp whi wiltow spare,
Yif thou ther of can ought,
Of gle?"—
—"No out no cometh it nought,
With outen yiftes fre."—

LXV.

Mark seyd—"Lat me se,
Harpi hou thou can,
And what thou askest me,
Yiue Y schal the than."—
"Blethely,"—seyd he;
A miri lay he bigan,
—"*Sir King, of yiftes fre,*
Herwith Ysonde Y wan,
Bidene,
Y proue the for fals man,
Or Y schal haue thi Quen."—

LXVI.

Mark to conseyl yede,
And asked rede of tho to,
—"Lesen Y mot mi manhed,
Or yeld Ysonde me fro."—

Mark was ful of drede,
Ysonde lete he go:
Tristrem in that nede,
At wode was dere to slo,
That day:
Tristrem com right tho,
As Ysonde was oway.

LXVII.

Tho was Tristrem in ten,
And chidde with the King,
—"Yifstow glewemen thi Quen,
Hastow no nother thing?"—
His rote with outen wen,
He raught bi the ring,
Tho folwed Tristrem the ken,
To schip ther thai hir bring,
So blithe;
Tristrem bigan to sing,
And Ysonde bigan to lithe.

LXVIII.

Swiche song he gan sing,
That hir was swithe wo,
Her com swiche loue longing,
Hir hert brast neighe a-to:
Th' Erl to hir gan spring
With knightes mani mo,

And seyd—" Mi swete thing,
Whi farestow so,
Y pray?"—
Ysonde to lond most go,
Er sche went oway.

LXIX.

—" Within a stounde of the day,
Y schal ben hole and sounde;
Ych here a menstrel to say;
Of Tristrem he hath a soun."—
Th' Erl seyd,—" Dathet him ay,
Of Tristrem yif this stounde,
That minstrel for his lay,
Schal haue an hundred pounde,
Of me.
Yif he wil with ous founde,
Lef, for thou louest his gle."—

LXX.

His gle al for to here,
The leuedi was sett on land:
To play bi the riuere,
Th' Erl ladde hir bi hand;
Tristrem trewe fere,
Miri notes he fand
Upon his rote of yuere,
As thai were on the strand,

That stounde;
Thurch that semly sand,
Ysonde was hole and sounde.

LXXI.

Hole sche was and sounde,
Thurch vertu of his gle;
For thi th' Erl that stounde,
Glad a man was he:
Of penis to hundred pounde,
He yaf Tristrem the fre;
To schip than gun thai founde,
In Yrlond wald thai be,
Ful fain;
Th' Erl and knightes thre,
With Ysonde and Bringwain.

LXXII.

Tristrem tok his stede,
And lepe ther on to ride;
The Quen bad him her lede,
To schip him biside;
Tristrem dede as hye bede;
In wode he gan hir hide;
To th' Erl he seyd in that nede,
—"Thou hast y-tent thi pride,
Thou dote:
With thine harp, thou woune hir that tide,
Tho tint hir with mi rote."—

LXXIII.

Tristrem with Ysonde rade,
In to the wode oway;
A loghe thai founden made,
Was ful of gamen and play;
Her blis was ful brade,
And ioieful was that may;
Seuen night thai thare abad,
And seththen to court com thai;
—"Sir King,"
Tristrem gan to say,
—"Yif minstrels other thing."—

LXXIV.

Meriadok was a man,
That Tristrem trowed ay;
Miche gode he him an,
In o chaumber thai lay;
Tristrem to Ysonde wan,
Anight with hir to play;
As man that miche kan,
A bord he tok oway,
Of her bour;
Er he went, to say,
Of snowe was fallen a schour.

LXXV.

A schour ther was y-falle,
That al the way was white;

Tristrem was wo with alle,
With dwl and sorwe site;
Bitven the bour and the halle,
The way was naru and lite;
Swiche cas him was bifalle,
As we finde in scrite,
Ful sket;
A siue he fond tite,
And bond vnder his fete.

LXXVI.

Meriadok, with his might,
Aros vp al bidene;
The way he went right,
Til he com to the Quen;
The bord he fond of tvight
To wite, and nought at wene;
Of Tristrem kertel, the knight,
He fond a pece grene,
Of tore;
Meriadok, the kene,
Wondred ther fore.

LXXVII.

A-morwe he tolde the King,
Al that he seighe with sight;
—"Lord, with outen lesing,
With Ysonde lay Tristrem to-night;

Thou shalt do swiche a thing,
Aske who her yeme might;
The croice to Ierusalem bring,
Say thou hast y-hight,
Yif thou may;
Tristrem the noble knight,
The Quen hir self will say."

LXXVIII.

The King told the Quen,
A bed tho thai ware;
—"Dame, with outen wene,
To Ierusalem Y mot fare:
Loke now ous bituene,
Who may the kepe fram care?"—
—"For al other, bidene,
Tristrem," sche seyd thare,
"For than,
Y loue him wele the mare;
He is thi kinsseman."—

LXXIX.

Al that Mark hir told,
A-morwe hye told Bringwain;
—"Of lond wil this beld,
Now we may be ful fain;
Tristrem the court schal hold,
Til he com oghain;"—

Brengwain answere yolde,
—"Your dedes han ben sain,
With sight;
Mark thi self schal frain,
Al other loker to night.—

LXXX.

"Wite thou wele his wille;
To wende with him thou say;
And yif he loueth the stille,
Thou do Tristrem oway;
Biseche him he se ther tille,
Thi fo is Tristrem ay;
Thou dredest he wil the spille,
Yif he the maistrie may,
Aboue:
Thou louedest him neuer a day,
Bot for thin emes loue."—

LXXXI.

Ysonde the nexst night,
Crid,—"Mark thin ore:
Mi fo thou hast me hight;
On me thou sinnes sore;
Gode yif thou hadde me hight,
Of lond with the to fare;
And sle Tristrem the knight,
Yif loue of the no ware,

This day;
For mani man seyt ay whare,
That Tristrem bi me lay."—

LXXXII.

Mark is blithe and glad,
For al that trowed he;
He that him other tald,
He ne couthe him bot maugrè:
Meriadok him answere yald,
—"In toun thou do him be;
Her loue-laike thou bihald,
For the loue of me,
Nought wene:
Bi resoun thou schalt se,
That loue is hem bitvene."—

LXXXIII.

Mark departed hem to,
And dede Tristrem oway;
Nas neuer Ysonde so wo,
No Tristrem, sothe to say;
Ysonde her self wald slo;
For sorwe Tristrem lay;
Ysonde morned so,
And Tristrem night and day,
For dede;
Ich man it se may,
What liif for loue thai lede.

LXXXIV.

Tristrem was in toun;
In boure Ysonde was don;
Bi water he sent adoun,
Light linden spon;
He wrot hem al with roun,
Ysonde hem knewe wel sone,
Bi that Tristrem was boun,
Ysonde wist his bone,
To abide;
Er a-morwe none,
Her aither was other biside.

LXXXV.

Quath Meriadok,—"Y rede,
Thine hunters thou bid ride,
Fourten night, at this nede,
To se thine forestes wide;
Tristrem, thou hem bede,
Thi self thou here abide;
And right at her dede,
Thou schalt hem take that tide,
In the tre;
Here thou schalt abide,
Her semblaunt thou schalt se."—

LXXXVI.

In orchard mett thai inne,
Tristrem and Ysonde fre,

Ay when thai might awiane;
Ther playd Ysonde and he;
The duerwe y-seighe her ginne,
Ther he sat in the tre;
Mark of riche kinne,
He hight to don him se,
With sight;
And seyd,—"Sir, siker ye be,
Thi self schal se that right."—[1]

LXXXVII.

His falsnesse for to fille,
Forth tho went he;
To Tristrem he com with ille,
Fram Ysonde the fre;
—"Mi leuedy me sent the tille,
For icham priuè,
And praieth the, with wille,
That thou wost hir se,
With sight;
Mark is in other cuntre,
Priuè it schal be dight."—

LXXXVIII.

Tristrem him bi thought,
—"Maister, thank haue ye:

[1] It would appear, as has been hinted in the Argument, that this Stanza should precede the 85th.

For thou me this bode brought,
Mi robe yiue Y the;
That thou no lete it nought,
Say that leuedy fre;
Hir wordes dere Y bought,
To Marke hye bileighe me,
That may;
To morwe Y schal hir se,
At chirche for sothe to say."—

LXXXIX.

The duerwe toke the gate,
And Mark he told bidene;
"Bi this robe, Y wate,
That michel he loueth the Quen
Y-saine we nought no sat;
He douteth me bitvene,
It semeth bi his lat,
As he hir neuer had sene,
With sight;
Y wot with outen wene,
He cometh to hir to-night."—

XC.

Sir Mark sat in the tre;
Ther metten thai to:
The schadowe Tristrem gan se,
And loude spac he tho,

That Ysonde schuld Mark se,
And calle Tristrem hir so?
—"Thou no aughtest nought heren to be,
Thou no hast nought here to go,
No thing;
With right men schuld the slo,
Durst Y for the King."—

XCI.

—"Ysonde, thou art mi so,
Thou sinnest, leuedi, on me;
Thou gabbest on me so,
Min em nil me nought se;
He threteneth me to slo,
More menske were it to the,
Better for to do,
Bi God in trinite,
This tide;
Or Y this lond schal fle,
In to Wales wide."—

XCII.

—"Tristrem, for sothe to say,
Y wold the litel gode;
Ac Y the wraied neuer day,
Y swere bi Godes rode;
Men said thou bi me lay,
Thine em so vnder stode;

Wende forth in thi way,
It semes astow were wode
To wede;
Y loued neuer man with mode,
Bot him that hadde mi maiden hede."—

XCIII.

—"Swete Ysonde thin are,
Thou preye the King for me;
Yif it thi wille ware,
Of sake he make[1] me fre;
Of lond icliil elles fare,
Schal he me neuer se."—
Markes hert was sare,
Ther he sat in the tre;
And thought,
"Vn giltles er ye,
In swiche a sclaunder brought."—

XCIV.

—"Thou seyst Y gan the wrie,
Men seis thou bi me lay;
Ac thei ich wende to dye,
Thine errand Y schal say:
Marke thin em his heighe,
Anough he the yiue may;

[1] By an error in transcribing, the word *make* is twice repeated in the MS.

No reche Y what Y lighe,
So that thou be oway,
With wille."—
Marke tho thought ay,
—"Yete he schal duelle stille."—

XCV.

Tristrem oway went so;
Ysonde to boure Y wis,
Nas neuer Mark so wo,
Him self he herd al this;
Al sori Mark can go,
Till he might Tristrem kisse;
And dedely hated he thq,
Him that seyd amis,
Al newe:
Ther was ioie and blis,
And welcom Tristrem trewe.

XCVI.

Now hath Ysonde her wille,
Tristrem constable is heighe;
Thre yere he playd stille,
With Ysonde bright so beighe,
Her loue might no man felle,[1]

[1] Here "felle" is taken for *feel*, or *perceive*, as in a passage of Chaucer, pointed out to me by Mr. Finlay of Glasgow:—

> And if that he may *felen* out of drede,
> That ye me touch in love of villanie"
> *Second Nonnes Tale.*

So were thai bothe sleighe;
Meriadok, with ille,
Waited hem ful neighe,
Of her dede:
Yif he might hem spille,
Fain he wald spede.

XCVII.

Meriadok wrayeth ay,
To the King thus seyd he;
—"Her folies vsen thai ay,
Wel yore Y seyd it the:
Loke now on a day,
And blod lat you thre;
Do as Y the say,
And tokening thou schalt se,
Ful sone;
Her bed schal blodi [be,][1]
Ar he his wille haue done."—

XCVIII.

Blod leten was the King,
Tristrem, and the Quene:
At her blod leteing,
The flore was swopen clene;
Meriadok dede floure bring,
And strewed it bitvene;

[1] In the MS. "bene."

That go no might no thing,
Bot yif it were sene,
With sight;
Thritti fet bi dene
Tristrem lepe that night.

XCIX.

Now Tristrem willes is,
With Ysonde for to play;
He no may hir com to kisse,
So ful of floure it lay;
Tristrem lep Y wis,
Thritti fete, soth to say;
As Tristrem dede this,
His blod-bende brast oway,
And bled;
And seththen oghain the day,
He lepe fram hir bedde.

C.

Thritti fete bitvene,
He lepe with outen les;
Sore him greued his vene,
As it no wonder nes;
Mark her bed hadde sene
And al blodi it wes:
He told tho Brengwain,
Tristrem hadde broken his pes,

Bitvene;
Anon of lond he ches,
Out of Markes eighe-sene.

CI.

Tristrem was fled oway,
To wite, and nought to wene;
At London on a day,
Mark wald spourge the Quen;
Men seyd sche brak the lay;
A bischop yede bitvene,
With hot yren to say,
Sche thought to make hir clene,
Of sake;
Ysonde said bidene,
That dome sche wald take.

CII.

Men sett the merkes there,
At Westminster ful right;
Hot yren to bere,
For Sir Tristrem the knight;
In pouer wede to were,
Tristrem com that night;
Of alle the knightes here,
No knewe him non bi sight;
Bidene;
To swete Ysonde bright,
As forward was hem bitvene.

CIII.

Ouer Temes sche schuld ride,
That is an arm of the se:
—"To the schip side,
This man schal bere me."—
Tristrem hir bar that tide,
And on the Quen fel he,
Next her naked side
That mani man might y-se,
San schewe;
Hir queynt abouen hir kne,
Naked the knightes knewe.

CIV.

In water thai wald him sink,
And wers yif thai may;
—"Ye quite him iuel his swink;"—
The Quene seyd to hem ay;
—"It semeth mete, no drink,
Hadde he nought mani a day;
For pouerte me thenk,
He fel for sothe to say,
And nede;
Yeueth him gold, Y pray,
He may bidde God me spede."—

CV.

Gold thai youen him thare:
The constori thai bigan;

Swete Ysonde sware,
  Sche was giltles woman;
—"Bot on to schip me bare,
  The knightes seighe wele than;
What so his wille ware,
  Ferli neighe he wan,
    Sothe thing:
  So neighe com neuer man,
Bot mi lord the King."—

CVI.

Swete Ysonde hath sworn,
  Hir clene, that miri may;
To hir thai had ycorn,
  Hot yren Y say;
The knightes were biforn;
  Fôr hir tho praiden thai:
The yren sche hadde y-born,
  Ac Mark forghave that day,
    And dede;
  Meriadok held thai,
For fole in his falshede.

CVII.

Ysonde is graunted clene,
  Meriadok maugre his;
Neuer er nas the Quene,
  So wele with Mark Y wis;

Tristrem with outen wene,
In to Wales he is;
In bataile he hath ben,
And fast he frainēs this,
Right thare:
For he ne may Ysonde kisse,
Fight he sought ay, whare.

SIR TRISTREM

FYTTE THIRD.

SIR TRISTREM.

FYTTE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Stanzas 1. 2.—Sir Tristrem, banished from Cornwall, enters into the service of Triamour, King of Wales. This monarch is unjustly attacked by Urgan, a neighbouring prince, who besieges him in his capital, and lays waste his country. Triamour promises Tristrem a grant of his Welsh dominions, if he can recover them from the enemy. 3. 4. 5.—Tristrem and Urgan join battle; and, at length, meet in single combat. Urgan, a knight of gigantic stature, upbraids Tristrem with the death of his brother Morgan, slain by him "at the meat." They fight desperately: Tristrem cuts off Urgan's right hand; but the giant continues the encounter with his left. 6. 7.—Urgan being hard pressed, flies to his castle. Sir Tristrem seizes, and rides off with, the bloody hand. Urgan, returning with potent salves, to reunite his hand to the stump, finds that Tristrem has carried it away The giant pursues Tristrem, and overtakes him upon a bridge, where the battle is renewed in presence of a multitude of spectators. 8. 9.—Urgan presses

Tristrem hard, and cleaves his shield: but Tristrem, avoiding his next blow, thrusts him through the body; in the agony of death he springs over the bridge. 10. 11.—Triamour, in requital of Tristrem's valour, resigns to him the sovereignty of Wales, and presents him with a beautiful whelp, called Peticrewe, the colours of which are red, green, and blue. The generous warrior bestows the kingdom of Wales upon Blaunche Flour, daughter of Triamour; and sends the beautiful and wondrous-coloured dog to the fair Ysonde.

Stanzas 12. 13. 14.—The fame of Tristrem's exploits having reached the court of Cornwall, his uncle becomes reconciled to him, and invites him back to court. Mark places our hero in the office of grand steward; but all his benefits are unable to counterbalance the effects of the "drink of might." The amours of Tristrem and Ysonde recommence, and are again discovered by King Mark, who banishes his wife and nephew from his dominions. 15. 16.—The lovers fly to a forest, overjoyed at the freedom which they had purchased by their exile. They reside in an earth-house, or cavern, subsisting on the venison which Tristrem, with his hounds, Peticrewe and Hodain, acquires in the chase. 17. 18. 19.—The cavern, made in old times by the giants, forms their dwelling, both in winter and summer. The life of Tristrem and Ysonde is described as devoid of every accommodation; but almighty love supplies all their wants. They dwell in the forest a twelvemonth, saving three weeks. 20. 21.—Tristrem, having slain a deer, and brought it to the cavern, falls asleep by the side of Ysonde; having accidentally laid betwixt

them the naked sword, with which he had probably been flaying the animal. The King of Cornwall happening that day to hunt in the forest, his retinue discover the lovers sleeping in this posture. 22. 23.—The hunters relate what they had seen to Mark, who visits the cavern. A sunbeam was darting through a cranny of the rock, full on the beautiful countenance of Ysonde, and her charms renew the passion of the weak Prince. He stops the crevice with his glove, lest the repose of the lovely slumberer should be disturbed; and argues, from the casual circumstance of the drawn sword, that no undue communication subsisted betwixt Tristrem and Ysonde. His obsequious train assent to this reasoning. 24. 25.—The lovers awake when the King is departed, and are surprised to find his well-known glove. A party of knights arrive to conduct them to Mark, to whom they are once more fully reconciled.

Stanzas 26. 27. 28. 29.—The dwarf spies the Queen and Tristrem at a rendezvous, and apprises King Mark. The King comes upon the lovers so suddenly, that Tristrem is compelled to fly, leaving Ysonde behind. His lamentation at separating from the Queen. He is in vain pursued by Mark's retinue, who find no one but the Queen upon the spot, where they expected to detect the lovers. They maintain, in the very face of the unfortunate Mark, that his eyesight had deceived him; and he himself, seeming satisfied that this must have been the case, receives Ysonde again into favour.

Stanzas 30. 31.—Tristrem, during his banishment, engages

in the most desperate enterprises. He traverses Spain, where he slays three giants. From Spain he goes to Ermonie, where he is joyfully received by his vassals, the sons of his old tutor, Rohand. They offer to restore to him his hereditary dominions, which he declines to receive. 32.—Tristrem arrives in Brittany, where he assists the Duke of that country in his wars. By the valour of our hero the contest was soon ended. Tristrem is introduced to the lovely daughter of the Duke. This lady bears the same name with the Queen of Cornwall; but, for distinction, is called *Ysonde with the white hand.* 33. 34. 35.—Tristrem having made a song on the beauty of the Queen of Cornwall, the Princess of Brittany, from the similarity of names, is led to believe him her lover, and communicates her mistake to her father. The Duke offers Tristrem the hand of his daughter. Tristrem begins to reflect upon his own disastrous situation, upon the impossibility of again seeing Ysonde of Ireland, and, finally, upon the unlawfulness of their connexion. The result of these reflections is a resolution to espouse Ysonde with the white hand, whom he loves the more on account of her name. They are betrothed and married; but, as they pass to the bridal chamber, the ring, given to Tristrem by the Queen of Cornwall, drops from his finger. 36. 37.—This accident recalls to his mind all the fidelity of Ysonde of Ireland, and the danger in which she has been placed upon his account: his heart reproaches him with the falsehood of which he is guilty, which he resolves to prosecute no farther. The lovely Ysonde of Brittany remains a virgin though a wife.

Stanzas 38. 39. 40.—The Duke of Brittany bestows upon Tristrem a tract of territory, divided by an arm of the sea from the domains of a powerful and savage giant, called Beliagog. The old Duke charges his son-in-law to beware, lest, while hunting, he pass the boundary of his own lands, and incur the resentment of his dreadful neighbour, who had been brother (most probably brother-in-arms) to Morgan, to Urgan, and to the "noble knight, Moraunt," all of whom had fallen by the sword of Tristrem. This prudent counsel, as will readily be believed, only excites the knight to pay Beliagog a speedy visit. 41. 42. 43.—Tristrem follows his hounds into the territory of the giant, who immediately appears; and, learning the name of the bold intruder, resolves to avenge the death of his brethren. Tristrem bids him defiance, and avows his intention of appropriating to himself the whole forest. 44. 45. 46. —Beliagog hurls a dart at Tristrem, which passes betwixt his hauberk and side. Tristrem closes with the giant, and both fight manfully. The knight at length cuts off Beliagog's foot; and the giant begs mercy, promising to deliver up his treasure and lands to Tristrem. Tristrem spares his life, on condition he shall build a hall in honour of Ysonde and Brengwain. 47. 48. 49.—Beliagog conducts Tristrem to a castle surrounded with a moat, or rather lake, the ancient stronghold of his forefathers: he shews the knight a ford, by which he may enter to it at pleasure. Here the proposed structure is begun: workmen are sent for from all quarters, to labour under the direction of Beliagog, in constructing a magnificent hall. 50.—In the hall is presented, in sculpture, the whole history of Tristrem:

Ysonde and Brengwain, Mark and Meriadok, Hodain and Peticrewe, with the combat of Tristrem and Beliagog, are all represented to the life.

Stanzas 51. 52. 53. 54.—Duke Florentin of Brittany, attended by Tristrem and his wife, and by Ganhardin, his son, sets out for the town of St Mathieus, to be present at the splendid nuptials of a baron named Bonifas, and a lady of Lyons. On the road, a *naïve* observation of Ysonde betrays to Ganhardin Tristrem's neglect of his sister's charms. 55. 56. 57.—Ganhardin, filled with extreme resentment at the slight put upon his family, expostulates warmly with Tristrem on his extraordinary conduct towards his wife. Tristrem answers haughtily that, since she has betrayed this matrimonial secret, he renounces her for ever, and that he will return to his first love, a lady three times more beautiful than Ysonde of Britanny. 58.—This cavalier declaration, joined, perhaps, to Tristrem's redoubted prowess, produces upon Ganhardin a very different effect from what might have been expected. His curiosity is strongly excited concerning the unknown beauty of whom Tristrem had boasted, and, laying aside his resentment, he becomes the friend of our hero, and the trusty confidant of his amours. 59. 60.—Tristrem conducts Ganhardin towards his marvellous castle. The Breton Prince, finding himself in the dominions of Beliagog, becomes apprehensive that Tristrem is leading him to death. Tristrem explains to him that the giant has become his vassal; accordingly, Beliagog attends him at his call, leaning upon a crutch. 61. 62. —The giant, at Tristrem's command, ushers the

knights into the splendid hall, which had been constructed in honour of the Queen of Cornwall. The beauty of Ysonde and Brengwain, as represented in sculpture, produces such an effect on Ganhardin, that staggering backwards, he falls and breaks his head. 63. 64.—When Ganhardin recovers from his ecstasy, and again beholds the figures, especially that of Brengwain, who is represented with the fatal cup in her hand, he frankly acknowledges, that the beauty of Ysonde is far superior to that of his sister; that Tristrem is perfectly justifiable in every point of his conduct: and that he himself is so deeply wounded by the beauty of Brengwain, that he must see her, or perish.

Stanza 65.—Tristrem and Ganhardin set out together for England, and the former promises the Breton his utmost interest to favour his suit with Brengwain. 66.—A new character is introduced. This is Canados, constable to King Mark, and a lover of Ysonde; for that good monarch was very unfortunate in his choice of favourites. 67. 68.—Canados, hearing the Queen sing one of the lays which Tristrem had composed, discourteously interrupts her, and assures her that she is wrong in doing so; first, because her notes resemble the cries of an owl, or the howling of a storm; and, secondly, because Tristrem, to whose compositions she is so partial, has proved false to her, and married the daughter of the Duke of Brittany. 69. 70.—Ysonde upbraids Canados as a slanderous coward, loads him with curses and reproaches, prays that he may thrive as ill in every future suit as with her, and drives him from her presence. 71. 72.—The Queen, disconsolate

at the intelligence she has received, rides to the wood with Brengwain, to soothe her melancholy. Tristrem, and his complaisant brother-in-law, Ganhardin, arrive in the same forest, and perceive the ladies. 73. 74. 75. —Tristrem sends Ganhardin with the ring, as a token, to Ysonde. Meanwhile, the dog Peticrewe recognises his former master, and fawns upon him. Ysonde, learning by Ganhardin's message, and by the token of the ring, that Tristrem is at hand, resolves to take up her abode in the forest for that night. 76.—The Queen, under pretence of indisposition, causes her train to pitch their tents in the wood. She is reconciled to Sir Tristrem, and Brengwain is betrothed to Sir Ganhardin.

Stanzas 77. 78.—After dwelling two days in the forest, they are nearly surprised by Canados, who, informed by a spy of what had happened, comes with the whole force of the country to make his rival prisoner. Tristrem and Ganhardin are apprised of their danger by the faithful Gouvernayl. They are compelled, by the number of the assailants to fly in different directions. 79.—Ysonde is carried back to court by Canados who boasts that Tristrem durst not stand against him. The Queen and Brengwain upbraid him bitterly. 80. 81. 82.—Ganhardin having fled to Brittany, Tristrem remains alone in Cornwall, disguised as a beggar, with "cup and clapper." It would seem Brengwain disapproves of his conduct, and threatens to betray his interviews with Ysonde. Far, however, from doing so, Ysonde's faithful confidant points out to Mark the danger which he ran from the presumptuous love of

Canados to his Queen. 83.—King Mark, enraged at the insolence of his constable, banishes him from his court; and the Queen, reconciled to her attendant, admires her dexterity in lying.

Stanzas 84. 85.—In a conversation between Brengwain and Ysonde, the Queen vindicates the courage of her lover, who seems to have sunk in Brengwain's opinion since the last adventure in the forest. Brengwain is prevailed on to introduce him that night to the Queen's chamber; in discharging this office, she upbraids him for retreating precipitately with Ganhardin before their enemies. Tristrem replies, by desiring that a tournament might be proclaimed, in which his brother-in-law and he might vindicate their reputation. 86. 87.—The tournament being announced, Canados and Meriadok undertake the part of challengers. Ganhardin returns from Brittany to join Tristrem; they take, as may readily be guessed, the opposite side from Canados. When the encounter commences, Tristrem, remembering his old quarrel with the tale-bearing Meriadok, attacks and wounds him desperately. 88. 89. 90.—A sharp and dubious conflict takes place betwixt Canados and Ganhardin, till Tristrem, coming to the assistance of his brother-at-arms, unhorses and slays his antagonist. This bloody termination of the justs occasions a general commotion, of which Tristrem avails himself to take vengeance on his enemies. With the assistance of Ganhardin, he slays and routs all that withstand him and the "courtly tale-carriers are shamefully worsted."

Stanzas 91. 92. 93.—Brengwain rejoices in the defeat of

her enemies. Tristrem and Ganhardin retire to Brittany. Here Tristrem is accosted by a young knight, wearing no shoes, who had sought him for a long time. This young warrior, whose name is also Tristrem, throws himself at the feet of our hero, and beseeches his assistance in a perilous adventure. A knight has bereaved him of his lady. The ravisher, with his seven brethren, and seven other knights, are to escort their prize, upon that very day, to some place of security; the suppliant knight proposes to his namesake to assist him in her rescue. Tristrem readily assents. 94. 95. —The two knights arm themselves, and prepare for battle; they attack the party of ravishers, on a "lee beside a forest." Tristrem, the younger, is soon slain: our hero avenges his death, and slays the fifteen knights. In this battle he receives an arrow in his old wound.

* * * * * *

Here the Auchinleck MS. abruptly concludes; the remainder of the Romance being torn away.

SIR TRISTREM.

FYTTE THIRD.

I.

In Wales tho was a King,
That hight Triamour;
He hadde a doughter ying,
Was hoten Blaunche Flour;
Vrgan with gret wering,
Biseged him in his tour,
To winne that swete thing,
And bring hir to his bour,
With fight;
Tristrem with gret honour,
Bicom the Kinges knight.

II.

Vrgan gan Wales held,
With wrong, for sothe to say;
Oft and vnselde,
Of Triamour tok he pray:

Triamour to Tristrem teld,
Opon a somers day,
Wales he wald him yeld,
Yif he it winne may,
Right than;
Tristrem with outen nay,
With were, Wales wan.

III.

Tristrem mett Vrgan,
In that feld to fight;
To him seyd he than,
As a douhti knight,
—"Thou slough mi brother Morgan,
At the mete ful right;
As Y am douhti man,
His deth thou bist to-night,
Mi fo;"—
Tristrem seyd aplight,
"So [hope][1] Y the to slo."

IV.

Tvelue fete was the wand,
That Vrgan wald with play;
His strok may no man stand,
Ferly yif Tristrem may;
Tristrem vantage fand,
His clobbe fel oway;

[1] In the MS. "kepie."

And of the geauntes hand,
Tristrem smot, that day,
In lede:
Tristrem, for sothe to say,
The geaunt gert he blede.

V.

Vrgan al in tene,
Faught with his left hand;
Oghain Tristrem kene,
A stern stroke he fand,
Opon his helme so schene,
That to the grounde he wand,
Bot vp he stirt bidene,
And heried Godes sand,[1]
Almight;
Tristrem with his brand,
Fast gan to fight.

VI.

The geaunt aroume he stode,
His hond he tint Y wis;
He fleighe as he wer wode,
Ther that the castel is;
Tristrem trad in the blod,
And fond the hond that was his;

[1] As explained by an ingenious friend, "Blessed God's son," or rather, perhaps, "God's sent," *i. e.* "God's ambassador."

Oway Sir Tristrem yode;
The geaunt com with this,
And sought,
To hele his honde that was his,
Salues hadde he brought.

VII.

Vrgan the geaunt vnride
After Sir Tristrem wan;
The cuntre fer and wide,
Y-gadred was bi than;
Tristrem thought that tide,
—"Y take that me Gode an;"—
On a brigge he gan abide;
Biheld ther mani a man;
Thai mett:
Vrgan to Tristrem ran,
And grimli there thai gret.

VIII.

Strokes of michel might,
Thai delten hem bitvene;
That thurch her brinies bright,
Her bother blode was sene;
Tristrem faught as a knight,
And Vrgan al in tene,
Yaf him a stroke vnlight;
His scheld he clef bitvene,

A-tvo
Tristrem with outen wene,
Nas neuer are so wo.

IX.

Eft Vrgan smot with main,
And of that stroke he miste;
Tristrem smot ogayn,
And thurch his body he threste;
Vrgan lepe vnfain,
Ouer the bregge he deste:
Tristrem hath Vrgan slain,
That alle the cuntre wist,
With wille;
The King tho Tristrem kist,
And Wales tho yeld him tille.

X.

The King a welp he brought,
Bifor Tristrem the trewe;
What colour he was wrought,
Now Ichil you schewe;
Silke nas non so soft,
He was rede, grene, and blewe;
Thai that him seighen oft,
Of him hadde gamen and glewe.
Y wis;
His name was Petierewe,
Of him was michel priis.

XI.

The King Triamour,
Yaf him Tristrem the hende;
For he brought out of dolour,
Him and al his kende;
Tristrem with gret honour,
Kidde that he was hende;
He yaf to Blaunche Flour,
Wales with outen ende,
Bidene;
And Peticrowe he gan sende,
To Dame Ysonde the Quene.

XII.

Ysonde, with outen les,
Tho hye the welp had sain,
That sche had made his pes.
She sent word ogayn;
Mark herd hou it wes,
That Vrgan had he slayn;
Messangers he ches,
Tristrem for to frain,
That fre;
Mark was ferly fain,
And Tristrem kist he.

XIII.

Mark gan Tristrem calle,
And toke him al bidene,

Cités, castels alle,
Steward as he hadde bene;
Who was blithe in halle,
Bot Ysonde the Quene;
Hou so it schuld bi falle,
Thai playden ai bitvene,
Tho tvo;
So long of loue thai mene,
That Mark seighe it was so.

XIV.

Marke seighe hou it is,
What loue was hem bitvene;
Certes this thought was his,
Ful wele awreken to ben;
He cleped Tristrem with this,
And bi toke him the Quene,
And flemed hem bothe Y wis,
Out of his eighe sene,
Away;
Blither, with outen wene,
Neuer ere nar thay.

XV.

A forest fled thai tille,
Tristrem and Ysonde the schene
No hadde thai no won to wille,
Bot the wode so grene:

Bi holtes and bi hille,
Fore Tristrem and the Quene;
Ysonde of ioie hath her fille,
And Tristrem with outen wene,
As thare;
So blithe al bidene,
Nar thai neuer are.

XVI.

Tristrem and that may,
Wer flemed for her dede;
Hodain soth to say,
And Peticrowe with hem yede:
In on erthe hous thai lay;
Tho raches with hem thai lede;
Tristrem hem taught o day,
Bestes to tak at nede,
An hast;
In that forest fede,
Tristrem Hodain gan chast.

XVII.

Tristrem with Hodain,
A wilde best he slough;
In on erthe house thai layn,
Ther hadde thai ioie y-nough;
Etenes, bi old dayn,
Had wrought it with outen wough

Ich night soth to sain,
Ther til thai bothe drough,
With might;
Vnder wode bough,
Thai knewen day and night.

XVIII.

In winter it was hate,
In somer it was cold;
Thai hadden a dern gat,
That thai no man told;
No hadde thai no wines wat,
No ale that was old,
No no gode mete thai at,
Thai hadden al that thai wold,
With wille;
For loue ich other bihalt,
Her non might of other fille.

XIX.

Tristrem on an hille stode,
As he biforn hadde mett;
He fond a wele ful gode,
Al white it was the grete,
Ther to Tristrem yode,
And hende Ysonde the swete;
That was al her fode,
And wilde flesche thai ete,

And gras;
Swiche ioie hadde thai neuer yete,
Tuelmoneth thre woukes las.

XX.

Tristrem on a day,
Tok Hodain wel erly;
A best he tok to pray,
Bi a dern sty;
He dight it with outen nay,
And hom it brought an heighe;
Aslepe Ysonde lay;
Tristrem him layd hir bi,
The Quen;
His swerd he drough titly,
And laid it hem bitvene.

XXI.

An hert Mark at ran,
Opon that ilke day;
His hunters after wan,
A path tho founden thai;
Tristrem seighen hye than,
And Ysonde, sothe to say;
Seighe thai neuer swiche man,
No non so fair a may,
With sight:
Bitven hem ther lay,
A drawen swerd wel bright.

XXII.

The hunters wenten right,
And teld Mark bidene;
The leuedi and the knight,
Both Mark hath sene;
He knew hem wel bi sight,
The swerd lay hem bitvene;
A sonne bem ful bright,
Schon opon the Quene,
At a bore;
On her face so schene,
And Mark rewed ther fore.

XXIII.

His gloue he put ther inne,
The sonne to were oway;
Wrethe Mark gan winne,
Then seyd he—"Wel ay,
Yif thai weren in sinne,
Nought so thai no lay,
Lo, hou thai liue atvinne;
Thai no hede nought of swiche play.
Y wis;"
The knightes seyden ay,
—"For trewe loue it is."—

XXIV.

Tho waked Tristrem the trewe,
And swete Ysonde the schene;

The gloue oway thai drewe,
And seyden hem bitvene;
For Markes thai it knewe,
Thai wist he had ther bene;
Tho was her ioie al newe,
That he hem hadde y-sene,
With sight;
With that com knightes kene,
To feche tho to ful right.

XXV.

To court were comen tho to,
That in the forest were:
Mark kist Ysonde tho,
And Tristrem trewe fere.
Forgheuen hem was her wo,
No were thai neuer so dere;
Tristrem the bailif gan to,
Swiftly for to stere,
A stounde:
Of loue who wil lere,
Listen now the grounde.

XXVI.

So bifel bidene,
Opon a somers day,
Tristrem and the Quen,
Stalked to her play,

The duerwe hem hath sene;
To Mark gan he say,
—"Sir King, with outen wene,
Thi wiif is now oway,
And thi knight;
Wende fast as thou may,
Of take hem yif thou might."

XXVII.

Mark King after ran;
That thai bothe y-se;
Tristrem seyd than,
—"Ysonde, schent er we;
For thoughtes that we can,
For hole no may it be;"—
Nas neuer so sori man,
Tristrem than was he,
That hende;
—"For dout of deth Y fle,
In sorwe and wo Y wende.

XXVIII.

"Y fle for dout of deth,
Y dar no leng abide;
In wo mi liif to lede,
Bi this forestes side;"—
A ring Ysonde him bede,
To tokening at that tide;

He fleighe forth in gret drede,
In wode him for to hide,
Bidene;
To seken him fast thai ride;
Thai founden bot the Quen.

XXIX.

Tristrem is went oway,
As it nought hadde y-bene:
For thi the knightes gan say,
That wrong Markes had sen;
For her than prayd thai,
That Mark forghaf the Quene;
Tristrem with Ysonde lay,
That night with outen wene,
And wok,
And plaiden ay betvene,
His leue of hir he tok.

XXX.

Tristrem is went oway,
With outen coming oghain;
And siketh for sothe to sain,
With sorwe and michel pain;
Tristrem fareth ay,
As man that wald be slain;
Bothe night and day,
Fightes for to frain,

That fre;
Spaine he hath thurch sayn,
Geauntes he slough thre.

XXXI.

Out of Spaine he rade,
Rohande sones to se;
Gamen and ioie thai made;
Welcom to hem was he;
As lord he ther abade,
As gode skil wald be;
Thai boden him landes brade,
That he wan hem fre,
He thought;
He seyd,—"Thank haue ye,
Your londes kepe Y nought."—

XXXII.

In to Bretein he ches,
Bicome the Doukes knight:
He set his lond in pes,
That arst was ful of fight;
Al that the Doukes wes,
He wan oghain with right;
He bede him with outen les,
His douhter that was bright,
In land:
That maiden Ysonde hight,
With the white hand.

XXXIII.

Tristremes loue was strong,
On swete Ysonde the Quene;
Of Ysonde he made a song,
That song Ysonde bidene,
The maiden wende al wrong,
Of hir it hadde y-bene;
Hir wening was so long,
To hir fader hye gan mene,
For nede;
Ysonde with hand schene,
Tristrem to wiue thai bede.

XXXIV.

Tristrem a wil is inne,
Has founden in his thought:
—"Mark min em hath sinne;
Wrong he hath ous wrought;
Icham in sorwe and pine,
Ther to hye hath me brought;
Hir loue Y say is mine,
The boke seyt it is nought
With right;"—
The maiden more he sought,
For sche Ysonde hight.

XXXV.

That in his hert he fand,
And trewely thought he ay;

The forward fast he band,
With Ysonde, that may
With the white hand,
He spoused that day;
O night ich vnderstand,
To boure wenten thai
On bedde;
Tristrem ring fel oway
As men to chaumber him ledde.

XXXVI.

Tristrem biheld that ring,
Tho was his hert ful wo;
—"Oghain me swiche a thing,
Dede neuer Ysonde so;
Mark her lord the King,
With tresoun may hir to;
Mine hert may no man bring,
For no thing hir fro,
That fre;
Ich haue tvinned ous to,
The wrong is al in me."—

XXXVII.

Tristrem to bedde yede,
With hert ful of care;
He seyd,—"The dern dede,
Do it Y no dare;"—

The maiden he for bede,
Yif it hir wille ware?
The maide answered in lede,
—"Ther of haue thou no care,
Al stille;
Y nil desiri na mare,
Bot at thine owen wille."—

XXXVIII.

Her fader on a day,
Yaf hem londes wide;
Fer in that cuntray,
Markes were set biside;
Bitvene the Douke thai had ben ay,
And a geaunt vnride;
No most ther no man play,
Thas he no dede him abide,
And fight;
Lesen he schuld his pride,
Were he king or knight.

XXXIX.

—"Tristrem, Y the for bede,
For the loue of me;
No hunte thou for no nede,
Bi yond the arm of the se;
Beliagog is vnrede,
A stern geaunt is he;

Of him thou owest to drede;
Thou slough his brether thre,
In fight;
Vrgan and Morgan vnfre,
And Moraunt the noble knight.

XL.

"Yif thine houndes an hare wele hayre,
And comen oghain to the fre;
Al so be thou bonaire,
When his houndes comen to the."—
The forest was wel faire,
With mani a selly tre;
Tristrem thought repaire,
Hou so it euer be,
To bide:
—"That cuntre wil Y se,
What auentour so bitide."—

XLI.

Tristrem on huntinge rade,
An hert chaci bigan;
There the merkes were made,
His houndes ouer thai ran;
The water was blalc and brade,
Tristrem com as a man;
Ther the Douke was fade,
Fast he folwed than,

Right thare;
He blewe priis as he can,
Thre mot other mare.

XLII.

Beliagog com that tide,
And asked wat he is?
—"An hunting ther Y ride,
Tristrem ich hat Y wis;'—
—"O thou slough Moraunt with pride,
Tristrem artow this?
And seththen Vrgan vnride,
Vnkinde were ous to kis,
As kenne;
Mendi thou most that mis,
Now thou mi lond art inne."—

XLIII

—"Y slough Vrgan, Y the telle.
So hope Y the to sla;
This forest wil Y felle,
And castel wil Y ma;
Her is miri to duelle,
For thi this lond Y ta;"—
The geaunt herd that spelle,
For thi him was ful wa,
Vnwise;
So bitven hem tva,
The cuntek gan arise.

XLIV.

Dartes wel vnride,
Beliagog set gan;
Tristremes liif that tide,
Ferly neighe he wan;
Bitvene the hauberk and side,
The dart thurch out ran;
Tristrem bleynt biside,
God he thonked than,
Almight;
Tristrem as a man,
Fast he gan to fight.

XLV.

Beliagog the bold,
As a fende he faught;
Tristrem liif neighe he sold,
As Tomas hath ous taught;
Tristrem smot, as God wold,
His fot of at a draught;
Adoun he fel y-fold,
That man of michel maught,
And cride;
"Tristrem, be we saught,
And haue min londes wide.

XLVI.

"Ouer comen hastow me,
In bataile and in fight;

Helden oghaines the,
No wil Y neuer with right;"—
His tresour lete he se,
Tristrem the noble knight;
Tristrem knewe him fre,
Beliagog in hight,
Nought lain;
An halle to maken him bright,
To Ysonde and Bringwain.

XLVII.

The geaunt him gan lede,
Til he fond an hald;
The water about yede,
It was his eldren hald.
The geaunt bad Tristrem belde
With masouns that were bald;
Beliagog in that nede,
Fond him riche wald,
To fine:
Ysonde haue there he wald,
Luffsum vnder line.

XLVIII.

The geaunt him taught that tide,
A ford ther it was yare;
Theren he might wele ride,
When his wille ware.

In the hold he gan him hide,
Seyd he nought he was thare;
Nold he nought long abide,
Oghain tho gan he fare,
That fre;
At the castel forther mare
His werkmen wald he se.

XLIX.

Oghain went Tristrem than,
Beliagog had masouns sought;
Tristrem that michel can,
A werk hem hath y-brought;
Nas ther neuer yete man,
That wist what other wrought
Arere when thai bigan,
Swiche a werk nas nought
At nede;
Thei al men hadde it thought
It nas to large no guede.

L.

At his des in the halle,
Swete Ysonde was wrought;
Hodain and Pen-cru to calle,
The drink hou Brengwain brought;
Mark y-clad in palle,
And Meriadok ful of thought;

So liifliche weren thai alle,
Ymages semed it nought,
To abide;
And Tristrem hou he faught,
With Beliagog vnride.

LI.

So it bifel a cas,
In Seyn Matheus toun,
That a fair fest was,
Of lordes of rènoun:
A baroun that hight Bonifas,
Spoused a leuedi of Lyoun;
Ther was miche solas,
Of alle maner soun,
And gle;
Of minestrals vp and doun,
Bifor the folk so fre.

LII.

The riche Douke Florentin,
To that fest gan fare;
And his sone Ganhardin,
With hem rode Ysonde thare;
Her hors a polk stap in,
The water her wat ay whare.
It was a ferly gin,
So heighe vnder hir gare,

It fleighe.
The leuedi lough ful smare,
And Ganhardin it seighe.

LIII.

Ganhardin vnblithe,
His soster tho cald he;
—"Abide now, dame, and lithe,
What is ther tidde to the;
Do now telle me swithe,
Astow louest me,
Whi lough thou that sithe,
For what thing may it be?
With outen oth,
Thi frendschip schal Y fle,
Til Y wite that soth."—

LIV.

—"Brother, no wrathe the nought,
The sothe Y wil the say;
Mine hors the water vp brought,
Of o polk in the way.
So heighe it fleighe, me thought,
That in mi sadel it lay;
Ther neuer man no sought
So neighe, for sothe to say,
In lede:
Brother, wite thou ay,
That Y lough for that dede"—

LV.

Quath Ganhardin,—" Y finde,
That schamely schent ar we;
To wiue on our kinde,
Hetheliche holdeth he;
Ther he gan treuthe binde,
Fain Y wald it se;
For alle the gold of Ynde,
Y-broken no schal it be,
To bete;
His frendeschip wil Y fle,
Our on schal tine swete."—

LVI.

Wroth is Ganhardin,
And that Tristrem y-ses;
What thought he is in,
Fast he asketh Y wis;
—" Thou hast bi Ysonde lin,
While thi wille is;
Whi nas hye neuer thine?
Tristrem tel me this,
In lede;
What hath hye don amis,
What wites thou hir of dede?"—

LVII.

—" Yif it hir wille ware,
For hole it might haue be;

Sche hath y-told it you yare,
Quite sche is of me;
Of hir kepe Y na mare;
A yift Y yeve the;
To a leuedi wil Y fare
Is fairer than swiche thre,
To frain."—
Ganhardin longeth to se
That leuedi, naught to lain.

LVIII.

Ganhardin the fest fles,
He bicom Tristremes frende:
He seyd, his liif, he les,
Bot he with Tristrem wende;
Quath Tristrem,—"Yif it so bes,
In Inglond that we lende,
No say nought what thou ses,
But hold astow art hende,
And hele;
Lay it al vnder hende,
To steuen yif thai it stele."—

LIX.

Ganhardin his treuthe plight,
To ben his brother he bede;
To ben a trewe knight,
In al Tristremes nede;

Bothe busked that night,
To Beliagog in lede;
Ganhardin seighe that sight,
And sore him gan adrede,
To brink;
—"To sle thou wilt me lede,
To Beliagog me think."—

LX.

—"Ganhardin, wrong haue thou alle,
Wel whi seistow so?
Maugre on me falle,
Yif Y the wold slo;
The geaunt is mi thralle,
His liif thei Y wil to."—
Tristrem tho gan him calle;
On a stilt he com tho,
Ful swithe;
—"Lord, thi wille to do.
Thar to ar we blithe."—

LXI.

"Beliagog, go thare,
And loke it boun be;
Ganhardin and Y wil fare.
The leuedi for to se."—
Swiche castel fond he thare.
Was maked of ston and tre.

Ganhardin wist nou are;
Ther duelled Tristrem and he,
To lithe;
Ysonde for to se,
In halle bright and blithe.

LXII.

To Ysonde bright so day,
To halle gun thai go;
Ysonde tho seighe thai,
And Bringwain bothe to,
Tristrem for sothe to say,
And Beliagog al blo:
As Ganhardin stert oway,
His heued he brac tho,
As he fleighe;
Ganhardin was ful wo,
That he com Ysonde so neighe.

LXIII.

Ganhardin schamed sore,
His heued ran on blod;
Ysonde he seighe thore,
And Brengwain fair and gode;
Brengwain the coupe bore,
Him rewe that frely fode;
He swore bi Godes ore,
In her hond fast it stode,

Al stille;
—"Tristrem, we ar wode,
To speken oghain thi wille.

LXIV.

"Nis it bot hert breke,
That swithe wele finde we;
And foly ous to speke,
Ani worde oghaines the;
Mi wille yif Y might gete,
That leuedi wold Y se;
Mine hert hye hath y-steke,
Brengwain bright and fre,
That frende;
Blithe no may ich be,
Til Y se that hende."—

LXV.

Tristrem and Ganhardin,
Treuthe plighten thay,
In wining, and in tin,
Trewe to ben ay;
In joie, and in pin,
In al thing to say;
Til he with Brengwain haue lin,
Yif that Tristrem may,
In lede;
To Inglond thai toke the way,
Tho knightes stithe on stede

LXVI.

Sir Canados was than,
Constable the Quen ful neighe;
For Tristrem Ysonde wan,
So weneth he be ful sleighe,
To make hir his leman,
With broche and riche beighe;
For nought that he do can,
Hir hert was euer heighe,
To hold;
That man hye neuer seighe,
That bifor Tristrem wold.

LXVII.

Tristrem made a song,
That song Ysonde the sleighe,
And harped euer among,
Sir Canados was neighe;
He seyd,—"Dame, thou hast wrong,
For sothe who it seighe;
As oule, and stormes strong,
So criestow on heighe,
Ir herd;
Thou louest Tristrem dreighe;
To wrong thou art y-lerd.

LXVIII.

—"Tristrem, for thi sake,
For sothe wiued hath he;

This wil the torn to wrake;
Of Breteyne Douke schal he be;
Other semblaunt thou make
Thi seluen yif thou hir se;
Thi loue hir dede him take,
For hye hight as do ye,
In land;
Ysonde men calleth that fre,
With the white hand."—

LXIX.

"Sir Canados the waite,
Euer thou art mi fo;
Febli thou canst hayte,
There man schuld menske do;
Who wil lesinges layt,
Tharf him no ferther go;
Falsly canestow fayt,
That euer worth the wo,
For thi;
Malisoun haue thou also,
Of God and our leuedy.

LXX.

"A yift ich yiue the,
Thi thrift mot thou tine,
That thou asked me,
No schal it neuer be thine;

Y-hated al so thou be,
Of alle that drink wine;
Hennes yern thou fle
Out of sight mine,
In lede.
Y pray to Seyn Katerine,
That iuel mot thou spede."—

LXXI.

The Quen was wratthed sore;
Wroth to chaumber sche yede;
—"Who may trowe man more,
Than he hath don this dede."—
A palfray asked sche there,
That wele was loued in lede;
Dight sche was ful yare,
Hir pauilouns with hir thai lede,
Ful fine:
Bifore was stef on stede,
Tristrem, and Ganhardine.

LXXII.

Ful ner the gat, thai abade,
Vnder a figer tre;
Thai seighe where Ysonde rade,
And Bringwain bothe seighe he;
With tvo houndes mirie made
Fairer might non be;

Her blis was ful brade,
A tale told Ysonde fre;
Thai duelle:
Tristrem that herd he,
And seyd thus in his spelle.

LXXIII.

—"Ganhardin, ride thou ay,
Mi ring of finger thou drawe;
Thou wende forth in thi way,
And gret hem al on rawe;
Her houndes praise thou ay,
Thi finger forth thou schawe,
The Quen, for sothe to say,
The ring wil sone knawe,
That fre;
Aski sche wil in plawe,
And say thou comest fro me."—

LXXIV.

Tho rode Ganhardin kene,
And ouer taketh hem now;
First he greteth the Quen,
And after Bringwain, Y trowe;
The knight himself bidene,
Stroked the hounde Pencru;
The Quen the ring hath sene,
And knewe it wele ynough,

That fre;
Hye seyd,—" Say me hou
Com this ring to the?"—

LXXV.

—" He that aught this ring,
To token sent it to the."—
Tho seyd that swete thing,
—" Tristrem that is he."—
—" Dame, withouten lesing,
He sent it you bi me."—
Sche sayd,—" Bi heuen King,
In longing haue we be,
Naught lain;
Al night duelle we,"—
Seyd Ysonde to Bringwain.

LXXVI.

Thai wende the Quen wald dye,
So sike sche was bi sight;
Thai sett pauilouns an heye,
And duelled clerk and knight;
Ysonde biheld that lye,
Vnder leues light;
Tristrem hye ther seighe
So dede Brengwain that night,
In feld;
Ganhardine treuthe plight,
Brengwain to wiue weld.

LXXVII.

Tvo night ther thai lye,
In that fair forest;
Canados hadde a spie,
Her pauilouns he to kest:
Ther come to Canados crie,
The cuntre est and west;
Gouernayl was for thi,
Ther out as it was best,
To abide;
He seyd Tristrem prest,
—"Now it were time to ride."—

LXXVIII.

Gouernayl, his man was he,
And Ganhardine his knight;
Armed knightes thai se;
To felle hem doun in fight;
Gouernaile gan to fle,
He ran oway ful right,
Tho folwed bond and fre,
And lete the loge vnlight,
That tide;
Oway rode Tristrem that night,
And Ganhardine biside.

LXXIX.

Sir Canados the heighe,
He ladde the Quen oway;

Tristrem of loue so sleighe,
No abade him nought that day;
Brengwain bright so beighe,
Wo was hir tho ay;
On Canados sche gan crie,
And made gret deray,
And sede,
—"This lond nis worth anay,
When thou darst do swiche a dede."—

LXXX.

Ganhardine gan fare,
In to Bretaine oway;
And Tristrem duelled thare,
To wite what men wald say;
Coppe and claper he bare,
Till the fiften-day;
As he a mesel ware;
Vnder walles he lay,
To lithe:
So wo was Ysonde that may.
That alle sche wald to writhe.

LXXXI.

Tristrem in sorwe lay,
For thi wald Ysonde awede
And Brengwain thretned ay,
To take hem in her dede;

Brengwain went oway,
To Marke the King sche yede,
And redily gan to say,
Hou thai faren in lede,
Nought lain;
—"Swiche knight hastow to fede,
Thi schame he wald ful fain."—

LXXXII.

"Sir King, take hede ther to,
Sir Canados wil haue thi Quen;
Bot thou depart hem to,
Aschame ther worth y-sene;
Hye dredeth of him so,
That wonder is to wene;
His wille for to do,
Hye werneth him bitvene,
Ful sone;
Yete thai ben al clene,
Haue thai no dede y-done,"—

LXXXIII.

Marke in al thing,
Brengwain thanked he;
After him he sent an heigheing,
Fram court he dede him be;
—"Thou deseruest for to hing,
Miseluen wele ich it se;"—

So couthe Brengwain bring
Canados for to fle,
That heighe;
Glad was Ysonde the fre,
That Bringwain couthe so lighe.

LXXXIV.

Than to hir seyd the Quen,
—"Leue Brengwain the bright,
That art fair to sene;
Thou wost our wille bi sight;
Whare hath Tristrem bene,
Nis he nò douhti knight;
Thai leighen al bidene
That sain he dar not fight
With his fo;"—
Brengwain biheld that right,
Tristrem to bour lete go.

LXXXV.

Tristrem in bour is blithe,
With Ysonde playd he thare,
Brengwain badde he lithe,
—"Who ther armes bare;
Ganhardin and thou that sithe,
Wightly oway gun fare."—
Quath Tristrem,—"Crieth swithe,
A turnament ful yare.

With might;
Noither of ous nil spare
Erl, baroun, no knight."—

LXXXVI.

A turnament thai lete crie;
The parti Canados tok he;
And Meriadok sikerly,
In his help gan he be;
Tristrem ful hastilye,
Of sent Ganhardin the fre
Ganhardin com titly,
That turnament to se,
With sight;
Fro the turnament nold thai fle,
Til her fon were feld doun right.

LXXXVII.

Thai com in to the feld,
And founde ther knightes kene,
Her old dedes thai yeld,
With batayle al bidene;
Tristrem gan biheld,
To Meriadok bitvene;
For the tales he teld,
On him he wrake his tene,
That tide;
He yaf him a wounde kene,
Thurch out bothe side.

LXXXVIII.

Bitvene Canados and Ganhardin,
The fight was ferly strong;
Tristrem thought it pin,
That it last so long;
His stirops he made him tine,
To grounde he him wrong;
Sir Canados ther gan lyn,
The blod thurch brini throng,
With care;
On him he wrake his wrong,
That he no ros na mare.

LXXXIX.

Her fon fast thai feld,
And mani of hem thai slough,
The cuntre with hem meld,
Thai wrought hem wo y-nough;
Tristrem hath hem teld,
That him to schame drough:
Thai token the heighe held,
And passed wele anough;
And bade,
Vnder wode bough
All her fomen thai rade.

XC.

Ther Tristrem turned oghain,
And Ganhardin stithe and stille;

Mani thai han y-slain,
And mani ouer comen with wille;
The folk fleighe vnfain,
And socour criden schille;
In lede nought to layn,
Thai hadde woundes ille,
At the nende;
The wraiers that weren in halle,
Schamly were thai schende.

XCI.

Than that turnament was don,
Mani on slain ther lay;
Ganhardin went sone,
Into Bretaine oway;
Brengwain hath her bone;
Ful wele werken er thay.—
A knight that werd no schon,
Hete Tristrem sothe to say,
Ful wide,
Tristrem sought he ay,
And he fond him that tide.

XCII.

He fel to Tristremes fet,
And merci crid he;
—"Mi leman fair and swete,
A knight hath reued me;
Of loue that can wele let,
So Crist hir sende the:

Mi bale thou fond to bet,
For loue of Ysonde fre,
Nought lain;
Seuen brethern hath he,
That fighteth me ogain.

XCIII.

—"This ich day thai fare,
And passeth fast biside;
Y gete hir neuer mare,
Yif Y tine hir this tide;
Fiftene knightes thai are,
And we bot to to abide;"—
—"Dathet who hem spare,"
Seyd Tristrem that tide,
"This night;
Thai han y-tint her pride,
Thurch grace of God almight."—

XCIV.

Thai gun hem bothe armi,
In iren and stiel that tide;
Thai metten hem in a sty,
Bi o forestes side;
Ther wex a kene crie,
Togider tho thai gun ride;
The young Tristrem for thi,
Sone was feld his pride,

Right thore;
He hadde woundes wide,
That he no ros no more.

XCV.

Thus the yong knight,
For sothe y-slawe was thare;
Tristrem that trewe hight,
Awrake him al with care;
Ther he slough in fight,
Fiftene knightes and mare;
Wel louwe he dede hem light,
With dwlful dintes sare,
Vnsounde;
Ac an aruwe oway he bare
In his eld wounde.

SIR TRISTREM

CONCLUSION.

SIR TRISTREM.

CONCLUSION.

ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH METRICAL ROMANCE, IN THE STYLE OF TOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE.

ARGUMENT.

Stanzas 1. 2.—The fate of the battle is recapitulated, in which Tristrem, the younger, was slain, and our hero desperately wounded. The latter is carried to his castle, and every remedy is applied to his wound, but in vain. The gangrene becomes daily worse, and can be cured by none but Ysonde of Cornwall. 3. 4.—Tristrem despatches Ganhardin to Ysonde with his ring, as a token, directing him to communicate to the Queen the extremity of his distress. He desires him to take with him two sails, one white, and the other black; the former to be hoisted upon his return, in case Ysonde should accompany him to Brittany; and the latter if his embassy should be unsuccessful. 5.—Ysonde of Brittany overhears this conversation, and resolves to be avenged of Tristrem for his infidelity. 6. 7. 8.—Ganhardin goes to England, disguised as a merchant. He presents rich gifts to King Mark, and to Ysonde a cup containing

Sir Tristrem's ring. This token procures him a private audience of the Queen, to whom he explains the situation of her lover. Ysonde disguises herself, and accompanies Ganhardin on board of ship, to undertake Sir Tristrem's cure. They approach the coast of Brittany, displaying the white sail. 9. 10. 11.—Ysonde of Brittany perceives the vessel, and knows, from the token of the white sail, that her rival is on board. Fired with jealousy, she hastens to Sir Tristrem, and tells him that his friend Ganhardin's ship is in sight. He conjures her to tell him the colour of the sails. She informs him that they are black; on which, concluding himself forsaken by Ysonde, Tristrem sinks back in despair, and dies. 12.—The mourning for the death of Sir Tristrem. 13. 14. 15.—Ysonde of Cornwall arrives, and meets an old man, from whom she learns the death of her lover. She rushes to the castle, where the corpse of Sir Tristrem was laid out in state, throws herself beside him, and expires for grief.

SIR TRISTREM.

CONCLUSION.

I.

THE companyons fiftene,
To death did thai thringe:
And sterveth bidene,
Tho Tristrem the yinge;
Ac Tristrem hath tene,
His wounde gan him wring,
To hostel he hath gene,
On bedde gan him flinge
In ure;
Fele salven thai bringe,
His paine to recure.

II.

But never thai no might,
With coste, nor with payn,
Bring Tristrem the wight,
To heildom ogayn:

His wounde brast aplight,
And blake was the bane;
Non help may that knight,
The sothe for to sayne,
Bidene,
Saue Ysonde the bright,
Of Cornwal was Quene.

III.

Tristrem clepeth aye,
On Ganhardin trewe fere;
—"Holp me, brother, thou may,
And bring me out of care;
To Ysonde the gaye,
Of Cornwail, do thou fare;
In tokening I say,
Mi ring with the thou bare,
In dern;
Bot help me sche dare
Sterven wol ich gern.

IV.

"Mi schip do thou take,
With godes that bethe new;
Tuo seyles do thou make,
Beth different in hew;
That tone schall be blake,
That tother white so snewe;

And tho thou comest bake
That tokening schal schew
The end,
Gif Ysonde me forsake,
The blake schalt thou bende."—

V.

Ysonde of Britanye,
With the white honde,
In derne can sche be,
And wele understonde,
That Ysonde the fre,
Was sent for from Inglonde;
—"Y-wroken wol Y be
Of mi fals husbonde
Saunfayle,
Bringeth he haggards to honde,
And maketh me his stale?"—

VI.

Ganhardin to Inglonde fares,
Als merchaunt, Y you saye;
He bringeth riche wares
And garmentes were gaye;
Marke he giftes bares,
Als man that miche maye,
A cup he prepares,
The ring tharein can laye,

Bidene;
Brengwain the gaye,
Y-raught it the Quene.

VII.

Ysonde the ring knewe,
That riche was of gold,
As tokening trewe,
That Tristrem her yold;
Ganhardin gan schewe,
And priviliche hir told,
That Tristrem hurt was newe,
In his wounde that was old,
Al right:
Holp him gif sche nold
Sterven most that knight.

VIII.

Wo was Ysonde than,
The tale tho sche hard thare;
Sche schope hir as a man,
With Ganhardin to fare;
O bord are thai gan,
A wind at wil thame bare;
Ysonde was sad woman,
And wepeth bitter tare,
With eighe:
The seyls that white ware,
Ganhardin lete fleighe.

IX.

Ysonde of Britanye,
With the white honde,
The schipe she can se,
Seyling to londe;
The white seyl tho marked sche,
—"Yonder cometh Ysonde,
For to reve fro me,
Miin fals husbonde;
Ich sware,
For il tho it schal be,
That sche hir hider bare."—

X.

To Tristrem she gan hye,
O bed thare he layne,
—"Tristrem, so mot Ich thye,
Heled schalt thou bene.
Thi schippe I can espye,
The soth for to sain,
Ganhardin is comen neighe,
To curen thi paine,
Aplight."—
—"What seyl doth thare flain,
Dame, for God almight?"—

XI.

She weneth to ben awrake,
Of Tristrem the trewe,

Sche seyth—"Thai ben blake,
As piche is thare hewe."—
Tristrem threwe hym bake,
Trewd Ysonde untrewe,
His kind hert it brake,
And sindrid in tuo;
Above,
Cristes merci him take!
He dyed for true love.

XII.

Murneth olde and yinge,
Murneth lowe and heighe,
For Tristrem, swete thinge,
Was mani wate eighe;
Maidens thare hondes wringe,
Wives iammeren and crii;
The belles con thai ring
And masses con thai seye,
For dole;
Prestes praised aye,
For Tristremes sole.

XIII.

Ysonde to land wan,
With seyl and with ore;
Sche mete an old man,
Of berd that was hore:

Fast the teres ran,
And siked he sore,
—"Gone is he than,
Of Inglond the flore,
In lede;
We se him no more:
Schir Tristrem is dede!"—

XIV.

When Ysonde herd that,
Fast sche gan to gonne,
At the castle gate
Stop hir might none:
Sche passed in thereat,
The chaumbre sche won;
Tristrem in cloth of stat
Lay stretched thare as ston
So cold—
Ysonde loked him on,
And faste gan bihold.

XV.

Fairer ladye ere
Did Britannye never spye,
Swiche murning chere,
Making on heighe;
On Tristremes bere,
Doun con she lye;

Rise ogayn did sche nere,
But thare con sche dye
For woe :—
Swiche lovers als thei
Never schal be moe.

DESCRIPTION AND ABSTRACT, &c.

DESCRIPTION AND ABSTRACT

OF

TWO ANCIENT FRAGMENTS

OF

FRENCH METRICAL ROMANCES,

ON THE SUBJECT

OF

SIR TRISTREM.

[*Agreeable to the promise of the Introduction, I subjoin to the Romance of* THOMAS *of Ercelldoune, the abstract of those curious Fragments, existing in* MR. DOUCE'S *MS. For the opportunity of comparing the style of composition which prevailed in France and in Scotland, and of illustrating, by each other, poems written about the same period, and on the same subject, the reader is indebted to* GEORGE ELLIS, *Esq., by whom the following elegant* precis *of the French romance was transmitted to the editor.*]

THIS curious MS. appears to have formed part of some volume belonging to a monastery; because it contains, besides the two detached pieces of the story of *Tristrem l'Amoureux*, a long metrical dialogue between *Pride and Humility*, and a prose dissertation on the *Cross*. It is

written on vellum, and consists of 22 leaves. The handwriting apparently belongs to the 13th century.

The first of the two parts contains a regular and circumstantial relation of the latter adventures of Sir Tristrem, and terminates by his death, and by that of Ysolt. The other, a complete and separate episode, begins at the second column of the same page in which the other narrative is terminated, and contains only a single adventure; in which, however, a great part of the hero's history is artfully recapitulated. It is therefore probable that it was inserted in the monastic volume, principally on account of its presenting a short and lively summary of the preceding long, and perhaps tedious history.

Be this as it may, the two Fragments differ very considerably in their style; the first being so verbose and diffuse as fully to justify the ridicule thrown on the historian of Sir Tristrem by the author of "*Sire Hain and Dame Anieuse*," (BARBAZAN'S *Fabliaux*, vol. iii. p. 55,[1]) while the second is concise, lively, and dramatic. The orthography of the two is also different; and it is further to be observed, that, in the first poem, the residence of King Mark is placed in London, but in the second, at the Castle of Tintagel.

The following is a free translation of the whole of the Second Fragment, which consists of 996 verses:—

Tristrem, living in his own country at a distance from his beloved Ysolt, feels that he has been restored to life merely for the purpose of dying a thousand deaths, from the anxiety which daily preys on his spirits. "Thought," says our author, "comforts or kills us; and such were

[1] See Introduction.

the thoughts of Tristrem, that he would have gladly ended them by his death, had it been possible that his fate could have been separated from that of his faithful mistress." He therefore forms the desperate resolution of passing into England. It was highly important to conceal this determination from all the world, and particularly from Kaherdin, the brother of his wife. It was no less necessary that his appearance should be such as should secure him from discovery in a country where he was so well known; and that, for this purpose, he should not only quit the usual accoutrements of chivalry, and assume the appearance of a poor and insignificant traveller, but that he should also disguise his features, and even his voice. Tristrem resolved to neglect none of these precautions; and in this, says the author, he acted wisely:—

"Car souvent avient domage grand
Par dire son conseil avant,
Qui se cêlat, et ne le dit,
Le mal, ce crois, ne encusit,[1]
Pour conseil dire et decouvriré,
Solt[2] maint mal souvent venir."

The reflections of a single night were sufficient to mature his project. In the morning he assumes his disguise, hastens to the nearest port, and, finding a merchant ship just on the point of weighing anchor for England, requests to be admitted on board; and, embarking with a fair wind, arrives on the second day at the harbour of Tintagel, the residence of King Mark and Queen Ysolt.

The castle of Tintagel was equally celebrated for its strength and magnificence. It was situated on the sea-

[1] *Encuser*—Occasion. [2] *Solt*—Solet.—Lat.

coast of Cornwall, and its vast square towers are said to have been the work of giants. They were built of (*quarels*), regularly and exactly squared, and chequered, as with azure and cinnabar (*si comme de sinopre et di azur.*) —I suppose *bricks* alternately red and blue, as being more or less striped, and called *quarels* from their being *quarrés*, squared. The gate of the castle, commanding its only approach, was strongly secured, and capable of being defended by two guards. Immediately below the fortress were extensive and beautiful meadows, forests abounding with game, rivers filled with fish, and *warrens* (so I translate *guerainerie*s, probably *garennès*); besides which, the walls being washed by the sea, this beautiful residence of King Mark and Queen Ysolt was plentifully supplied with every article of foreign merchandize.

It was called Tintagel, i.e. *Chastel fier*, from the following peculiarity :—

> "Chastel *fais* fut dit à dreit,
> Car, dous *fais* li an, se perdeit."

Travellers declare that, twice in every year, it became invisible; once at Christmas, and once in the summer; so that even the natives of the country would be unable to find it, had they not previously ascertained its situation by permanent land-marks.

Here Tristrem arrived; and, enquiring news of King Mark, was informed, that he was then in his palace, and had but lately held one of his solemn festivals. "And where is Queen Ysolt, and her beautiful maiden Brengwain?"—"Faith, sir, they two are here: I saw them lately; but, in truth, Queen Ysolt is as usual, pensive

and melancholy." At the mention of his mistress, a sigh escapes from Tristrem. He recommends himself to Providence, convinced that, without inspiration, he cannot devise the means of seeing Ysolt. The vigilant hatred of King Mark alarms him for a moment, but he immediately recollects himself:—"And what," says he, "if my uncle should discover and put me to death? It is my duty to suffer death for the love of my mistress. Alas! I die every day that I am absent from her sight!" Reflecting on the madness of his attempt, he says,—"And why not feign madness? Under a disguise so well suited to my present circumstances, I may, perhaps, escape suspicion, and enjoy the pleasure of laughing at those who are amused by my apparent folly."

At the moment when this idea came across his mind, he perceived a fisherman, whose dress seemed admirably suited to his purpose. It consisted of a coarse frock formed of rug, with a cowl or hood, and a pair of loose and tattered trousers. Tristrem beckons the fisherman to him, and says, "Friend! shall we change dresses? Mine, as you see, is the better of the two, but yours happens to strike my fancy." The fisherman, perceiving that the exchange was, in fact, much to his advantage, instantly accepts the proposal, and departs with his new wardrobe.

Tristrem had brought with him a pair of scissors, the gift of Ysolt; with these he cut off his hair, leaving only a circle round his head, and a cross on the top, so as to resemble a fool by profession. He had always possessed to admiration the talent of assuming a counterfeit voice, and from his knowledge of herbs, he was enabled to collect such blackening juices as were proper to change his complexion. So complete was the metamorphosis, that his dearest friend

would not have suspected, in this fool, the illustrious Tristrem. Seizing a stake from a hedge, and bearing it on his shoulder like a fool's staff, he marches, with an air of assurance, straight to the castle. All who meet him, view him with a mixture of contempt and apprehension. The porter at the castle-gate, meaning to banter him, exclaims, "Come, fool, make haste! where have you staid so long?" —"I have been," replies Tristrem, "at a wedding: at that of the Abbot of *Munt* [I believe *Mons*], a particular friend of mine. He has just married an abbess, a great fat woman in a veil. There is not a priest, or abbot, monk, or clerk, from Mons to Besançon, who is not asked to the marriage, and they all carry baubles and crosiers. I left them making a fine riot! frisking and dancing in the shade! I wished to remain, but was obliged to come away, because it is my duty to serve the King at table."

The porter answered him, "Come in, son of Urgan the rough! fat and rough art thou; and thus resemblest thou thy father." The pretended madman enters by the wicket (*par le wiket*), and all the valets, squires, and pages of the court, exclaim in concert, "What a figure! a fool! a fool!" at the same time assailing him, on all sides, with sticks and stones. Tristrem was not much alarmed at such a skirmish. Parrying some blows, receiving others, and returning them with usury, he gradually found himself at the gate of the hall, which, shouldering his hedge-stake, he immediately entered with an air of solemnity.

King Mark, seated at the high table, immediately perceived his new visitant, and exclaimed, "Behold a curious officer of my household! let him be brought into my presence." He was much delighted with the air of pomp with which the fool returned the salutes of the courtiers,

while approaching the royal seat. "Welcome, my friend," said Mark; "whence comest thou, and what seekest thou here?"—"I will tell you whence I come, and what I seek," replied Tristrem. "My mother was a whale, and was in the habit of living, like a siren, under water. I do not recollect the exact place of my birth, but perfectly remember that my wet-nurse was a tigress, who, finding me on a rock, mistook me for one of her whelps, and suckled me very carefully. But you must know that I have a sister, far more beautiful than myself. I will give her to you, if you choose, in the room of that Ysolt, of whom you are so fond."

The King, laughing immoderately at this sally, answered, "What saidst thou, thou wonder of the world?"—"I say, King," replied Tristrem, "that I will give you my sister instead of Ysolt, with whom I happen to be deeply in love. Let us make a bargain! let us try the exchange! a new beauty is well worth trying. You must be, by this time, tired of Ysolt, so give her me; amuse yourself with a new mistress, and I promise to serve you in your court from pure affection." Fresh peals of laughter from the King, who was too much delighted with his new acquaintance to drop the conversation. "But, God deliver thee! if I should give thee possession of the Queen, tell me what thou wouldst do with her, and whither thou wouldst carry thy bride?"—"Up there, Sir King," answered Tristrem; "up into the air! I have a palace above, made of glass; it is hung upon a cloud, and that so artfully, that the roughest wind cannot rock it. My hall is of glass, full of sunbeams; and I have a bedchamber adjoining, composed of crystal and amber." The King was now still farther delighted;

and all the courtiers admitted, that they had never heard so eloquent a fool. "King," continued Tristrem, "I am much in love with your wife, and you ought to give her up to me, because you see how melancholy she is. I am *Tramtris*, who always loved her, and shall love her for evermore."

Ysolt, starting at this well-known name, exclaims, "Fool! thou art not Tramtris! thou art a vile liar!" Tristrem, who had carefully watched the countenance of his mistress, saw, with infinite pleasure, the indignation which flushed her cheek, and sparkled in her eye; but, preserving his assumed character, coolly continued as follows:—

"Queen Ysolt, I *am* Tramtris. You must remember how dangerously I was wounded, during my combat with the Morhout, who demanded a tribute from this country. I fought him successfully: I killed him, but I was most dangerously wounded, because he fought with a poisoned sword. He had wounded me in the hip; so powerful was the venom, that all my blood was inflamed; the bone was blackened; and the pain, which was excruciating, could not be appeased by all the skill of my physicians. I embarked in search of advice, and my pains increased so fast, that I wished to be relieved by death, when a sudden tempest drove me on the coast of Ireland. I was forced to disembark, in the very country which I had the most reason to apprehend, after having killed the Morhout. He was your uncle, Queen Ysolt! I had every thing to apprehend; but I was wounded and wretched. I landed with nothing but my harp, which had long been my only consolation. Soon you heard of my skill on that instrument, and I was sent for to court. The Queen,

your mother, heaven reward her for it! healed my wounds. In return, I taught you the sweetest lays on the harp; British lays—lays of your own country." (I suppose he means her present country). "You must remember, lady, the circumstances of my cure. The name I took in Ireland was Tramtris; am not I the person whom you saw there?"

"Most certainly not!" exclaimed Ysolt. "He was all beauty and elegance; you, who assume his name, are coarse, unmannerly, and hideous! Now, begone, and make me no more the subject of your discourse. Your pleasantry is no less disagreeable to me than your appearance."

Tristrem, turning suddenly round, and applying his hedge-stake in all directions, drives all the courtiers before him to the other end of the hall, exclaiming, as he deals his blows around, "Fools! fools! get out of the room, and leave Ysolt, and me to enjoy our private conversation!" The King was transported with delight at this new piece of wit; Ysolt blushed, and was silent.

Mark, enjoying her confusion, asks Tristrem, "Fool! come, be sincere; is not Ysolt thy mistress?"—"Certainly," replied Tristrem, "I do not mean to deny it."—"Most certainly," exclaimed Ysolt, "thou art the most impudent of liars; hence with this fool! that I may be no more importuned with him."

Tristrem, only laughing at her rage, continues his questions:—"Do you not remember, Queen Ysolt, when the King wished to send me (as, indeed, he afterwards did) for you, whom he has since married, that I returned to Ireland, in the disguise of a merchant? This disguise was necessary; for his majesty, who now sits by your side,

was no favourite of your countrymen, and I was detested by them on account of the Morhout. But I was, at that time, careless of danger: a true knight. Such was my confidence in my strength and skill, that there was not a man, from Scotland to Rome, whom I should have dreaded to encounter."

"A fine story, indeed!" exclaimed Ysolt. "You a knight! Fool, fool, you are ridiculous enough, but you are too hasty and violent. So pray be gone, and God go with you."

Tristrem laughs again, and continues:—"Lady! Queen! do you not remember the serpent, the dreadful serpent, who filled your court with consternation? I killed him: I cut off his head, I took out his forked tongue; I concealed it in my boot, and the consequence was, that I received a poisoned wound in my leg. I thought I must have died. Unable to reach your court, I fainted by the way-side. There your mother and you, saw me, and, by your joint care, recovered me. Do you not remember the bath in which you placed me, and where, in a moment of indignation, you determined to kill me? Do you not recollect, that from an impulse of curiosity, you drew my sword, and finding it broken at the point, concluded, very justly, that I was the author of the Morhout's death? that you opened the cabinet in which the point, since your uncle's death, had been preserved, and found that it exactly fitted my sword? How courageously did you resolve to assault me with my own sword, while I lay naked and wounded in the bath where you had placed me! such is the rage of women! The Queen came to us, alarmed at the noise. You must remember that I made my peace with you; I obtained my pardon,

and I deserved it by protecting you against the violence of a man whom you hated. Is not this true? did I not thus defend you?"

"No! it is not true! it is all a lie! it is a dream—the dream of a drunkard."—"Of a drunkard, Ysolt?—yes, I am drunk, and with a potion, from whose effects I shall never recover! Do you not remember, when your father and mother consigned you over to me; when I embarked with you, being charged to conduct you to the King, your present husband? I will relate to you the circumstances of our passage. One day, when the sea was calm, and the weather beautiful, but extremely hot, you complained of thirst. Do you not remember this, daughter of the King of Ireland? we then both drank from one cup. I have been drunk ever since, and a fatal drunkenness have I found it."

When Ysolt heard these words, she suddenly enveloped her face in her mantle, and attempted to retire; but the King, who was delighted with the scene, caught her by her robe, and drawing her back to her seat, said, "Bear with him, Ysolt, my dear, and let us hear to an end the ravings of this madman!"—Then, turning to Tristrem, "Fool," said he, "what is your profession?"—"I have served kings and counts."—"Do you understand dogs and hawks?"—"Yes, Sir King. When I choose to hunt in the forest, I can, by my lures, attract the cranes while flying above the clouds. With my hounds, I can catch swans and geese as white as snow, and immense quantities of fine bustards." Mark, and his whole court, are again extravagantly delighted by Tristrem's answers. "And pray," says the King, "what is your mode of chase by the river side?"—"Oh," said Tristrem, "I can catch all that I

find. I take, with my larger falcons, the wolves of the wood, and the gigantic bears; with my ger-falcons, I take wild-boars; with my small falcons, the doe and the roe-buck; with my sparrow-hawk, foxes; with my emerillian [*merlin*], and with my hobby [*hobel*], hares and [*le kue et le bevre*]. When I return home, I amuse myself with skirmishing with my hedge-stake, and few can shield themselves so well as not to get a rap from me. I know how to deal my blows, with great exactness, among the squires and pages. Besides these talents, I can play upon the harp, and *rote*, and can sing [*aprés la note*] from scored music. I know how to charm the affections of a queen; an art in which no lover is my equal. I know how to cut shavings of wood, and, by throwing them into a stream, to convey, by this device, my intentions to my mistress. Besides this, I am no bad minstrel: and you shall now see what a tune I can play upon a simple hedge-stake.

At these words, he began to brandish his weapon, exclaiming, "Avaunt, scoundrels! why do you press upon the King? get home directly! Have you not dined sufficiently? What do you stay for?"

The King, who did not feel the blows that fell on the shoulders of his courtiers, was so much pleased with the fool, that he gave, with regret, and at a later hour than usual, his orders to his equerries, to saddle his horse, that he might go, according to custom, to hunt in the forest. While his attendants were hastening to share his amusement, "Excuse me, sire," said Ysolt, "I am very sick; my head aches dreadfully: permit me to avoid this scene of tumult, and to retire to my chamber till your return."

The King having granted this permission with a good

grace, she retired to her room, and abandoned herself to grief. Throwing herself on her bed, she exclaimed, "Alas, that ever I was born! Brengwain! my dear Brengwain! the evil star, which prevailed at my birth, continues to persecute me. This day has brought upon me a new misfortune. A fool, for such he appears by his shaven crown, or rather a conjurer in that disguise, is arrived at court for my torment. He knows exactly every, even the most hidden, circumstance of my life. Who could have discovered to him such parts of my life, as were only known to you, to myself, and to Tristrem? It is impossible! he must be indebted to sorcery for a knowledge so minute and particular!"—"I, on the contrary," replied Brengwain, "am persuaded this pretended fool is no other than Tristrem."—"No! no!" replied Ysolt; "this man is hideous and deformed. Tristrem is so beautiful! Tristrem is the flower of chivalry; and his courage and beauty are not more remarkable than his wit and eloquence. The fool, whom God confound! is the reverse of all this; accursed be the country from whence he came; accursed the vessel that brought him! Oh! that the seas had swallowed him before he landed in this country for my persecution!"

"Silence! lady," said Brengwain. "Where did you learn to demean yourself with such violence? you swear like any pirate!"

"My dear Brengwain, you would forgive me if you had heard him! never did man utter such vexatious truths!"

"As St John shall bless me," said Brengwain, "I am persuaded that he is, if not your lover, at least a messenger from Tristrem."

"Alas! I know not who or what he is; but, for

Heaven's sake, go, and see him yourself; and, if possible, return with some information respecting him."

The courteous Brengwain immediately executed her commission, and descended into the hall, where she found Tristrem alone; the rest of the company having disappeared soon after the King's departure. Brengwain surveyed him with an air of distance and anxiety; but Tristrem, throwing away his stake as soon as he saw her, exclaimed, "Brengwain! fair and generous Brengwain! in the name of God, pity and assist me!"

"Assist thee!" replied Brengwain; "how can I assist thee?"

"Alas! I am Tristrem! who live in sorrow and disappointment; I am Tristrem, who suffer endless misery for the love of Ysolt!"—"That you most certainly are not," replied Brengwain, "or my eyes deceive me strangely."

"Yes, Brengwain! I am the real Tristrem. Do you not remember how we sailed together from Ireland? you were then intrusted to my protection; you, as well as Ysolt, who now refuses to acknowledge me. The Queen held you in her right hand; she consigned you over to me; she requested me to take care of you, no less anxiously than she recommended her daughter Ysolt. You must remember this, fair Brengwain! At the same time she delivered into your charge a little flagon, and told you to preserve it most carefully, if you wished to retain her affection. When we got out to sea, the weather became insufferably hot; so hot, that I, though dressed only in a light mantle, was near fainting with weakness and thirst. I asked for drink. A servant, who was at my feet, got up, and searching for liquor,

found the flagon, which he emptied into a silver cup. I eagerly carried the beverage to my lips, and then offered it to Ysolt, who was equally thirsty. We drank; we both drank; and have owed to that beverage all the misery of our lives. Do you not remember this, fair Brengwain?"

"Not a word of it," replied Brengwain.

"Brengwain! since that day I have never ceased to love Ysolt; but I have concealed my passion from all mankind. You have seen us; you have heard our mutual protestations; you have consented to aid our passion. What I tell you is known to us three, and to us only."

Brengwain, at these words, turns round in silence, and hastens to her mistress. Tristrem follows, adjuring her to assist him; and they arrive together at the chamber. Brengwain enters, smiling; but Ysolt changes colour at the sight of this unwelcome visitant, and complains of a sudden and violent indisposition. Her attendants, trained to discretion, quit the room. Tristrem runs eagerly up to his mistress, and attempts to embrace her; she shudders with apprehension, and starts from him. Tristrem enjoying her confusion, suddenly recollects his assumed character, and stationing himself near the door, proceeds, in his feigned voice, as follows:—

"Alas! never did I expect, fair Ysolt! such a reception from you, and from the amiable Brengwain. I have lived much too long, since I am become an object of horror and disgust to those I love. Oh Ysolt! Oh my love! true affection has a more retentive memory. A fountain is a beautiful object; but when it ceases to rise into the air, and throw its refreshing waters around;

when it dries up in summer, it loses all its value. Such, it seems, is your love!"

"Friend," replied Ysolt, "thy discourse astonishes me! I see and hear you, but neither my eyes nor my ears shew me, in you, the slightest resemblance of Tristrem." Tristrem answers:—"Ysolt, my love! I am—indeed I am your Tristrem. Do you not remember the seneschal who betrayed you to the King? He was my companion; we were of the same age, and lodged in the same house. One night when I rose to visit you, he followed me. Unfortunately, it had snowed, and the traces of my feet betrayed me. He followed my steps in secret; he saw me enter your chamber; and next day accused me before the King. He was, I think, the first person who awakened the jealousy of your husband. Next, you cannot but remember the treacherous dwarf, our most malignant enemy, whom you so violently and so justly hated. He was placed by King Mark as a spy on your actions, and his temper was well suited to such a vile commission. He watched you night and day. Once, however, we had the art to out-wit him. Such is the inexhaustible invention of lovers, that they will arrive at last, by dint of stratagems, at the completion of their wishes. The dwarf had employed a notable artifice to detect our secret meetings, by strewing flour over your room; but I perceived the trick, and, at one jump, sprang from my bed into yours. But I received, accidentally, a scratch on my arm; your sheets were stained with blood, as were my own, when I leaped back into my bed. King Mark did not fail to observe this unlucky coincidence, and, consequently, banished me from court. Do you not remember, my love, a present I once made you?

a little dog of uncommon beauty, your favourite *Cru*? Do you not remember an earlier and more important incident of your life, when my audacious rival, the celebrated harper, came to your father's court, and so charmed his ears, that he obtained you as a scholar, and was on the point of carrying you off as his mistress? he had nearly borne you off to his ship; but I overheard the declaration he made to you; and, mounting my horse with a *rote* in my hand, overtook, and wrested you from him. He obtained you by his harp; I recovered you by my *rote*. Queen! you must remember, that once when I was in disgrace with the King, and most anxious to converse with you, I came into the orchard, where we had before had frequent interviews, and, sitting under a thorn, began to cut chips of wood, which were the well-known signal agreed upon between us. A fountain, which rose in the orchard, flowed under your windows; I threw the chips into the water, and, by the sight of them, you knew that I should come to you at night. An enemy chanced to see me, and hastened to convey the secret to King Mark. The King came at night to the garden, and concealed himself under the thorn. I arrived soon after, unconscious of his presence; but I luckily perceived his shadow, and guessed the story. I saw you coming; and was grievously alarmed, lest your eagerness in approaching me should betray you. But heaven protected us. You too observed the second shadow, and turned back. I addressed you aloud, requesting your interposition to reconcile me to the King, whose favour I had unjustly lost; or to procure from him the payment of my salary, with leave to quit the kingdom. By this fortunate accident we were saved, and I was reconciled to your husband. Ysolt! do you remem-

ber the *law* [i. e. *trial, ordeal*] that you underwent for my sake? When you came out of the boat, I held you softly in my arms. I was perfectly disguised, according to your instructions, and my face discoloured. You ordered me to fall with you in my arms: I did so, very gently: you opened your arms to me; I fell between them. The whole people were witnesses of this apparent accident, by which, I believe, you were acquitted of your oath, and of the law [*ordeal*] which you had promised, before the court, to submit to."

The Queen listened to him, marked every word, looked at him, sighed, but was unable to answer. What could she think? not a feature in his face, not a tone in his voice seemed to resemble Tristrem. Yet all he said was correct and true. Tristrem, who observed every change in her countenance, thus continued:—

"Lady! Queen! Your disposition was formerly very different! You then loved me frankly and freely; you are now full of disdain and reserve. Is this dissimulation? I have seen the day, fair lady, when you not only felt, but were proud to avow, your passion. When King Mark banished us both from court, you readily gave me your hand. We left the court together, and went together to the forest. What a charming retreat did we find there! it was a cave, formed by nature in the rock: its entrance was narrow, and scarcely visible; but within, spacious, vaulted, and variegated, as if it had been painted by art. That vaulted cave was the scene of our pleasures during the time of our banishment. My dog, my favourite *Hodain*, watched us in silence. With my dog and my falcon we were at no loss for amusements. Lady! you remember how we were afterwards dis-

covered. The King himself found out our retreat, by the assistance of the dwarf, his constant conductor. But the eye of heaven watched over us. The King found us asleep; but my drawn sword lay between us, and that removed all his jealousy. He drew off his glove, and laid it gently on your face, observing, that your lovely complexion was tanned and burned by the sun. His whole kindness returned; and he immediately recalled us to his court. Ysolt; you must remember this. I gave you my favourite dog; I gave you Hodain: where is he? call him to me."

"I have him still," replied Ysolt; "and you shall see him presently. Brengwain, haste to fetch the dog, but bring him with his chain and collar."

Brengwain obeyed the request of her mistress, and instantly returned with the dog, bounding before her. "Come here, Hodain!" said Tristrem; "thou wert once mine, and I now reclaim thee."

Hodain saw, and instantly recognised his master. Never did animal express such transports of joy. He howled, he sprang upon him, he rubbed his face against him, he struck the ground with his fore-feet, and expressed his affection with a warmth, which could not but affect all the beholders. Ysolt's astonishment redoubled. The fierce and terrible Hodain, whom none but herself and Brengwain dared to approach since the departure of his master, was suddenly changed in his nature, by a voice to which her ear was quite unaccustomed. She blushed, and became more and more confused. Tristrem, returning the caresses of Hodain, said to her, "Ysolt! he, whom I once fed and caressed, has not forgotten his

master, though you forget the long affection and tried constancy of your lover!"

"Mult parait en chen[1] grant franchise,
E en femme grant feintise!"

Ysolt changed colour, and shuddered with apprehension and anxiety: he continued—"Lady! you once were loyal and constant! Do you remember the time, when, in the orchard, we were found asleep by your husband, who, in a transport of rage, determined to put an end to your life? but it was the will of Providence that I should awake; I overheard his resolution, and advertised you in time of your danger. On that occasion you presented to me your ring. It was of gold, beautifully enamelled. I received it with transport, and retired."

"True!" exclaimed Ysolt. "Such was my pledge of faith to Tristrem! You have the ring, then? If so, shew it me."

Tristrem, drawing the ring out, presented it to her. She examined it with attention, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, with a flood of tears, "At last! at last, I have lost him! If Tristrem were still alive, no other man could possess this ring. Oh! he is dead! he is dead! Wretch that I am! all my hopes of comfort are dead with him!"

Tristrem was not proof against the tears of his beloved mistress. Overcome with compassion and admiration, he exclaimed in his natural voice, "Lady! Queen! from henceforward, I cannot doubt that your constancy, like your beauty, is unaltered!" Ysolt, at the first accents of his voice, threw herself into his arms, and kissed his face and his eyes. Tristrem, having requested Brengwain to

[1] Chen—*Chien.*

bring him some water, washed away the dye which had so completely changed his complexion, while Ysolt, unable to speak, or to loosen her embrace, observed in silence the revival of his features. Her joy was extreme. She will never more part with him. He shall have the best palace, and the best bed, in her husband's dominions. Tristrem, however, wishes only for the Queen. Ysolt was beautiful! Tristrem is full of joy and transport, and his fair hostess receives full proof of it. The concluding lines are singularly pretty.

"Ysolt entre les bras le tin,
Tele joi en ad de sun ami
K'ele ad etant de juste li
K'ele ne sait cument cuntenir.
Ne lé l'érat anuit mès partir!
Dit, k'il avrat bel ostel,
E baus lit, ben fait et bel;
Tristran autre chose ne quiert
Hors la Réine. Ysolt bele ere!
Tristran en est joius et ler:
Mult set ben ki il herbigerr."

ABSTRACT

OF

ANOTHER FRAGMENT,

IN MR. DOUCE'S MS.

THIS begins, as it appears, in the middle of a furious speech, in which Brengwain reproaches Ysolt—"Accursed be the hour," says she, "when I first knew you, and Tristrem your lover! For you I abandoned my country,

> 'Et puis, put votre fol curage,
> Perdis, dame, mon pucelage!
> Io'l fis, certes, pur votre amur;
> Vus me promistes grant honur;'" &c.

This long-winded quarrel, which occupies 344 lines, originated, as it appears, in a mistake. Ysolt and Tristrem had persuaded Brengwain to accept the hand of Kaherdin, brother to Ysolt *aux Blanches Mains*, the wife of Tristrem: and Tristrem and Kaherdin, having, soon after this, secretly departed for some reason or other, Cariados, a boasting and cowardly knight, declares that he has driven them both out of the country. Poor Brengwain, extremely offended at the supposed cowardice of

her husband, quarrels with Ysolt for making the match, and, in a fury, denounces her friend to King Mark.

Mark listens very patiently to her string of accusations, which, to do them justice, might have perplexed a better head than his, and urges her to explain herself a little more intelligibly, promising her inviolable secrecy. He had concluded, that Tristrem had lately been found, according to custom, in the embraces of Ysolt; but he hears, with astonishment, that Ysolt is now passionately in love with Cariados. This intelligence, which had no foundation but in the anger of the confidante, perplexes him more than ever; but he ends, by desiring Brengwain to take complete charge of her mistress, and to preserve her, if possible, exclusively for his embraces.

While Ysolt thus found her former friend and confidante converted into an inflexible duenna; while Mark was more than ever a prey to jealousy; while Cariados found his passion for Ysolt less likely than ever to become successful, Tristrem and Kaherdin were proceeding on their journey. It at length, though rather late, occurred to the former, that they had quitted the objects of their affection somewhat hastily; and he determined, no less hastily, to return to court; to obtain a sight of Ysolt, and to explain to her the motives of his departure. He therefore quits his companion, assumes the dress of a poor man, and, by means of herbs, disfigures his face so as to appear like a leper. He blackens his face and hands, and, taking an alms cup (*hanap de marre*, a leper's cup), which Ysolt had given him during the first year of their passion, he put it into a clapper of box, and thus converted it into a beggar's rattle. He then repaired to court, stationed himself near the hall door, and endeavoured to procure, by repeated

questions to all whom he met, some account of his mistress. His endeavours, however, were all ineffectual. At length, on a great holiday, he saw the King and Queen proceeding to the cathedral, to hear mass. Tristrem attached himself to the Queen, and rattled so loudly, in the hopes of attracting her attention, calling on her by name, for some charitable donation, that the sergeants, offended at his pressing so close to her, thought it necessary by blows and menaces, to drive him out of the crowd. Tristrem bears all, but constantly returns to the charge. He follows Ysolt into the chapel of the cathedral, still rattling, and crying for charity, till his importunity first raised her indignation, and then her wonder and curiosity. She casts her eyes on the tankard, and immediately recognises her lover; and, blushing, with alarm and surprise, draws a gold ring from her finger, which she endeavours to throw into the tankard. Unfortunately, the watchful eyes of Brengwain had already made the same discovery as those of Ysolt. She calls Tristrem a sturdy beggar; scolds the sergeants for permitting him to come so near the Queen, and, addressing herself to Ysolt, "How long have you been so charitable as to make such magnificent presents to lazars and common beggars? You wish, then, to give him a gold ring? but fortunately I have the power to prevent you from purchasing repentance so dearly." Tristrem, finding himself buffeted, and turned out of church, by order of Brengwain, learns, for the first time, that he has excited her indignation; and, reduced to utter despair, and bewailing his misery, knows not which way to direct his steps. There was, in the outer court of the palace, near the porter's lodge, a remnant of a ruined staircase. On this he throws himself, overpowered by fatigue and

anxiety, and falls into a swoon. In the meantime, the service being ended, the King and Queen returned from the cathedral to dinner; after which the evening was devoted to amusements, in which poor Ysolt, solely occupied by her own distress, and that of her lover, was unable to take a part. At night, it so happened, that the porter, finding himself very cold in his lodge, directed his wife to go and get some wood for the fire. "Some dry logs, my dear Marian; and some fagots immediately!" His wife, unwilling to go to the wood-pile, recollects some bundles of fagots lying on the old staircase. She goes thither in the dark, seizes, instead of the fagots she expected to find, the shaggy and tattered cloak of Tristrem, screams with fright, and rushes to her husband, with the assurance of her having found the devil. Her husband takes a light, examines all the objects round him, and proceeding with great caution to the ruined staircase, finds a human figure cold and insensible. Tristrem, however, awakes from his swoon, recognises his tried friend the porter, tells him his story, is received into the lodge, finds a good supper, and a warm bed, and despatches the friendly porter with a message to Brengwain. But neither Tristrem's message, nor the porter's eloquence, had any effect on the enraged confidante. Ysolt, however, knowing where her lover is lodged, sees a ray of hope, employs every topic of flattery, and humbles herself so effectually, that Brengwain at length consents to go and hear Tristrem's justification; convinced, at the same time, that it must prove unsatisfactory. Tristrem, however, who was really innocent, exculpates himself completely; promises to punish Cariados for his infamous calumny, and at length is secretly conducted by Brengwain to the chamber of Ysolt, where he lies till near morning,

when he takes his leave, returns to the sea-side, meets Kaherdin, passes into Brittany, and finds Ysolt *aux Blanches Mains* distracted with jealousy at the strange conduct of her husband, but hitherto ignorant of her rival.

Tristrem being departed, Queen Ysolt, recollecting that her lover had purchased one short night of happiness by much fatigue and anxiety, besides a long swoon, which may possibly have injured his health, thinks it right to do, on her part, some penance, in return for all that he had suffered for her sake. Never was there a more perfect model of female constancy and fidelity! She determined to wear, next her skin, a shift of hair-cloth, which she never quitted night or day, "*Fors quand couchoit a son seigneur;*" and she furthermore made a vow to wear it constantly till she should hear news of Tristrem. After much suffering of mind and body, she called to her a minstrel (*un vielieur*), to whom she explained, much in detail, her whole anxiety, and ultimately gave instructions to communicate this information to her lover. Tristrem, on the receipt of this intelligence, becomes extremely anxious to see his Ysolt in her state of penitence; he has an interview with Kaherdin, and the two friends agree to pass over, in disguise, to Cornwall. They take new devices and armour, and set off in disguise for the court of King Mark, where they arrive just before a great festival, and are, as foreign knights, honourably received. The multitude assembled at this festival was prodigious, and the games exhibited were unusually splendid and various. Skirmishing (*wrestling*),—

"Et puis firent un sauz Walcis,
Et uns qu' apelent Waneleis,
Et puis se porterent cembeals,
Et lancerent od coseals,

Od gavelos et od espées;
Sur tus i fut Tristram prisés."

In the middle of the tournament, in which the two friends greatly distinguished themselves, Tristrem was fortunately recognised by one of his best friends, who, alarmed for his safety and that of Kaherdin, and foreseeing that their valour would expose them to great danger, furnished them with two excellent horses, the fleetest of the whole country. This valuable present was received just in time. Tristrem and Kaherdin had slain two knights, the most powerful and popular of the court, one of whom was Cariados, and were obliged to save themselves by flight from a whole army of assailants. These, however, were Cornish assailants, and not very anxious to overtake such formidable champions as the two friends, who arrived on the sea-coast unhurt, and returned quietly to Brittany. (Here occurs the digression on the subject of Thomas, quoted at length in the Introduction.)

Tristrem and Kaherdin, the former of whom seems to have suddenly forgotten the hair-cloth shirt of Ysolt, passed some time in Brittany, in amusements of different kinds; in feasting, hunting, seeking adventures on the frontiers, and, when they were more at leisure, in going "*aux images.*" [1]

"As images se délitoient,
Pur les dames que tant amoient."

One day it happened after a chase, when the two friends, being separated from the rest of the party, were returning to the rendezvous, they discovered, riding to-

[1] This seems to allude to the images of Ysolt and Brengwain in the Castle of Beliagog.—See p. 283.

wards them, a Breton knight on a grey horse. He was splendidly armed. His shield was of gold, fretted with vair: and so were the *longe* (coat-armour), the flag of his spear, and his crest. The *vent-gualos* (covering of his shield), which was closely shut, was of the same suit. He was tall, stout, and well-proportioned. The friends stopped, and awaited his arrival. On his approach, he saluted them courteously, which they returned, and then enquired his name, and the object of his journey.

"Sir," said the unknown knight, "can you teach me the way to the castle of Tristrem l'Amoureux?"—"What do you want with him?" returned Tristrem; "who are you? what is your name? You need go no farther, for I am Tristrem. Now explain your wishes."—"I am rejoiced to find you," replied the stranger; "my name is Tristrem le Nain: I am of the marches of Brittany. On the right hand, towards the sea of Spain, I had a castle—I had, too, a mistress; but I have unfortunately lost her. The night before last she was torn from me. Estuit l'Orgueilleux, of Castle-fer, has torn her away by force, and now keeps her confined in his castle. In this extremity of distress, I apply to you, as the most valiant knight in the world, for assistance: and I know that the bravest of men is also the most amorous, and most able to appreciate the misery of my situation. Should you succeed in recovering my mistress, I promise you, for life, homage and service."—"I will assist you, my friend," replied Tristrem; "but for the present, let us return to my castle. To-morrow we will set off on this adventure."

The other will not hear of this delay. "Tristrem l'Amoureux," says he, if he heard me, would either deny, or give me his aid immediately! as a lover, he would

feel compassion for my impatience. Trifle with me no longer, sir, but shew me to him!"—"I acquiesce," replied Tristrem; "it is my duty to accompany you now. Only suffer me to send for my arms."

As soon as he is equipped, they set off upon the expedition, and, after some time, arrive at Castle-fer. They stop before the walls at the edge of the forest. Estuit l'Orgueilleux was a most formidable knight, and had six brothers, knights also, and of approved valour, though inferior to him in might. Two of these brothers were just returning from a tournament with their attendants, and falling in with Tristrem's party, commenced a combat, in which they were both slain. The noise of this encounter speedily reaching the castle, the proud Estuit sallied forth with his garrison, and a fresh and more obstinate conflict ensued, in which, after prodigies of valour, he and his four remaining brothers lost their lives. But Tristrem le Nain was also killed, and Tristrem himself wounded in the loin by a poisoned lance, after slaying the person who bore it. With great difficulty he is carried to his castle, where every effort of medicine is in vain exerted for the cure of his wound. Spite of all the salves and cataplasms, which were liberally applied, and the draughts, which were as unsparingly administered, the gangrene becomes worse, and it is at length evident, that no one can cure it save Ysolt of Cornwall. But it was impossible that Tristrem, in his reduced state, could undertake a voyage to England, and apparently, it was as difficult for Ysolt to come to Brittany. In this distress, Tristrem resolves to unbosom himself to Kaherdin in private, and directs the chamber to be cleared. His wife conceals herself to hear their conference, suspicious that Tristrem, with whose abstinence

she was but too well acquainted, was about to renounce the world, and become a monk. She learns, however, a different and yet more mortifying secret. Tristrem, in a very long, and to say the truth, a very dull lamentation, bemoans his absence from Ysolt of Cornwall, and concludes by howling and sobbing so bitterly, as to melt the tender heart of Kaherdin, who, laying aside all respect for his sister's interest, offers to serve his friend in whatever he should command. Tristrem, in a second harangue, requests him to go to England in his new ship, and there to deliver to the Queen of Cornwall an exceeding long message, entreating her to come to his relief. He also desires him to furnish himself with two sets of sails, one white and one black; the former to be displayed in his return, if his embassy proved successful, the latter, should it be otherwise; and, finally he gives him his ring, to be presented to Ysolt, as a token from her lover. To Tristrem's wife, Kaherdin is charged only to say, in general, that he goes to England for a celebrated leach (*mire*) to cure her husband's wound. Thus instructed, Kaherdin, after a long indulgence of social grief with his friend, departs for England. Meanwhile, Ysolt of Brittany has heard all the secret of her husband's love, with the rage of a slighted woman. On this subject the minstrel becomes sententious:—

"Ire de femme est a duter,
Mult s'en deit chascun garder!
Car la u plus amé aura
Illuc plutot se vengera!
Cum de leger vunt lur amur,
De leger vunt lur haiir,
Et plus dure lur enemisté,
Quant vent, ne que lur amisté.

L'amur ne savent amesurer,
Et la hajir nent atemprer."

These severe remarks upon female passion the poet cuts short, recollecting that the ladies will not be disposed to profit by his morality, and proceeds to tell how Ysolt of Brittany, though inwardly resolved on vengeance, shewed every external mark of affection for her husband, enquiring often when Kaherdin would return with the skilful physician, to seek whom he had gone to England. Kaherdin, meanwhile, pursues his way to London. The following description of that city, and of the Breton's arrival, disguised as a merchant, in the court of King Mark, is a good specimen of the language and manner of the French minstrel :—

" Lundres est mult riche cité ;
Meliur n'ad en Cristienté
Pur vaillance, ne melx assisé,[1]
Melx gavarnie,[2] de grant prisee ;
Mult ament largesse et honur,
Cunteinent sei par grant baldur ;[3]
Le recovrer[4] est de Engleterre
Avant d'iloc ne estuet querre.[5]
Al pe[6] del mur li curt[7] Tamise ;
Par li vent[8] la marchandise,
Des tutes les qui sunt,[9]
U[10] marcheans Crestiens vient ;
Li hume i sunt de grant engin.[11]
Venu i est Dan Kaherdin.

[1] *Melx assisé*—Mieux assise, situee.—[2] *Gavarnie*—Gu rni, provided.—[3] *Cunteinent*, &c.—Ils (les habitans de Londres) se contiennent (maintiennent) avec grand courage.—[4] *Recovrer*—Rallying point, or bulwark.—[5] *Avant*, &c.—Before the existence of London, England had no place of strength, or rallying point.—[6] *Pe*—Pied.—[7] *Curt*—Court.—[8] *Vent*—Vend.—[9] *Des tutes*, &c.—Des toutes les (terres) qui existent.—[10] *U*—Ou.—[11] *Engin*—Ingine, genius.

Ové [1] ses draps, à ses oisels,
Dunt il ad de bons et de bels;
En sun pung [2] prent un grant ostrur,[3]
Et un drap d'estrange culur,[4]
Et un cupe ben turee [5]
Entaill'é, [6] et néelée; [7]
Al Rei Markes en fait present,
Et li dit raisnablement,
Qu'od sun aver vent en sa terre,[8]
Pur altre ganir [9] et conquerre;
Pais le donist en sa regiun,
Que pris n'i seit a achaisun,
Ne domage n'i ad, ni hunte,
Par chamberlains, ne par Vescunte.
Li rei li dune fermi pais [10]
Oiant tus iceus del palais.[11]
A la reine vait parler,
De ses avers [12] li volt mustrer,
Un aficail [13] ovré de or fin,
Li port en sa main Kaherdin,

[1] *Ové*—Avec.—[2] *Pung*—Poing.—[3] *Ostrur*—Astur, Latin—a gose-hawk. Every person of rank carried a hawk upon his fist. It appears from Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, that they even brought their falcons into Church:—

"Another on his fist, a sparhawke or fawcone,
Or else a cokow, and so wasting his shone,
Before the aultars he to and fro doth wander,
With even as great devotion as a gander."

[4] *Estrange culur*—Perhaps *strange* means precious, as in the Italian *pelegrino*.—[5] *Cupe*, &c.—Une coupe bien tourée; well turned upon the lathe.—[6] *Entaillé*—Engraved.—[7] *Néelée*—Annealed, or perhaps *nailé*, in allusion to the custom of fixing nails, or pins, into drinking-vessels.—[8] *Qu'od*, &c.—That he was come into the country with his property (*avoir*).—[9] *Ganir*—Gagner.—[10] *Pais*—Peace, or protection against the exactions of the officers of the royal household.—[11] *Oiant*, &c.—This may mean, in the hearing of all those of the palace; or perhaps *oiant* is derived from the old English *ayenst*, against.—[12] *Avers*—Avoir, goods.—[13] *Aficail* seems to mean a clasp, from *afficher*.

Ne quide qu'un secle[1] melieur seit;
Present a la reine en fait:
Li ors[2] est mult bons, ce dit
Unques Ysolt meliur ne vit."

Thus introduced to Ysolt, Kaherdin shows her the well-known ring of Tristrem, under pretence of comparing the gold, of which it is made, with that of the seal, or clasp, which he offers to her acceptance. The Queen of Cornwall instantly changes colour, and takes the supposed merchant aside, under pretence of chaffering for the ring. Kaherdine delivers his message in about fifty lines of commonplace tautology. Ysolt takes the advice of Brengwain, and communicates to her the whole circumstances of this distressing case. Here occurs another scene of weeping and sobbing, betwixt the Queen and her confidante. At length the former adopts the resolution of going, at all risks, to the aid of her lover. She escapes from the palace by a postern gate communicating with the Thames, and embarking in the vessel of Kaherdin, they instantly set sail. The Minstrel describes the agonizing expectation with which Tristrem waited the approach of every vessel, and then returns to the voyagers, whose bark is assailed by a tempest. The manœuvres of the seamen are described in nautical language; and the sobs and tears of Ysolt are, as usual, accompanied by those of the sympathetic Kaherdin. The former declaims, with the poet's usual tautology, upon the hardship of being wrecked on so interesting an expedition; and is only comforted by the reflection, that she will be drowned, and that Tristrem, on hearing the tidings, will assuredly drown himself also, and that, peradventure,

[1] *Secle*—A seal, from *sigillum*; it seems to be used synonymously with *aficail*.—[2] *Li ors*—L'or.

the stomach of the same fish may serve as a tomb to them both.

"Qua semel O iterum congrediamur, ait!"

The storm, however, being appeased, they gain the coast of Brittany, and the white sails are displayed, as signal of the success of Kaherdin's embassy. A dead calm prevents their gaining harbour, and occasions Ysolt nearly as much vexation as the former tempest. Meanwhile, her vengeful rival apprises Tristrem of the return of the long-expected vessel. He eagerly enquires the colour of the sails she displays; and his wife declaring that the sails are black, he turns his face to the wall, implores the mercy of God upon Ysolt and himself, and exclaims, that though she has refused to come to his aid, he dies for her sake. He repeats her name thrice, and dies in the fourth invocation.*

"'Amie Ysolt!' trei fez[1] dit,
A la quarte rend l'esprit;
Idunc plurent par la maisun,
Li chevalur, li cumpaingnun;
Li cris est halt, la plainte est grant;
Saillient chevaler et serjant,
Et portent li hors de sun lit;
Puis le chuchent[2] sur un samit,
Covre le d' plaie roie.[3]"

During this sad scene, Ysolt lands, and demands of an old man the meaning of the lamentations which resound through every street. "Fair dame," answered he, "never was so great cause for mourning. Dead is Tristrem, the

[1] *Trei fez*—Trois fois.—[2] *Chuchent*—Couchent.—[3] *Plaie roie*—Tapesserie raié. *Plaie*, which is derived from plagæ, plagarum, seems to be the etymon of the Scottish *plaid*.

free, the valorous, the prop of his liege men, the reliever of the distressed." When Ysolt heard him, she could not for grief answer a word, but went silently through the crowds, who marvelled at her beauty, till she reached the castle-hall, where the body of her lover was displayed; then threw herself upon the bier, and died in a last embrace:—

"Si se turne vers Orient,
Pur li prie piteusement:
'Amis Tristan, quant mort vus vei,
Par raisun vivre puis ne dei!
Mort estes pur la mei amur,
Et Io murs, amis, de tendrur,
Quant a téns ne poi venir!'
De juste li va dune gesir
Embrasse le, si s'etendit,
Sun espirit a tant rendit."

ACCOUNT

OF

THE GERMAN ROMANCES

ON

THE STORY OF

SIR TRISTREM.

BY

Mr. HENRY WEBER.

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SIR TRISTREM.

THE tale of Sir Tristrem has in no country obtained more popularity than in Germany.[1] There are no less than three metrical romances upon the subject extant at this day, of which the first and most celebrated is the composition of Gottfried Von Strasburg. This shall be more particularly noticed after mentioning the others,

[1] From the following passage in *Halfdani Einari filii Scagraphia historiæ literariæ Islandicæ* (*Havniæ*, 1777-8), it appears that Tristrem was translated into the Icelandic tongue as early as the thirteenth century: "*Tristrami et Isoddæ* (*historiæ*) *per Robertum Monachum in linguam Islandicam translata jussu Haquini Norvegiæ Regis.*" [The Islandic Sir Tristrem was written in 1226. The title is "Saga af Tristrand og Isaldis;" and the MS. preserved at Copenhagen has a notice at the commencement, fixing the date exactly. See CONYBEARE, p. 195.—ED.]

which I have not had an opportunity of inspecting. Among the Heidelberg MSS., preserved in the library of the Vatican, another Tristrem has been discovered, which is said to coincide with the story as contained in the French folio romance, and is the work of an unknown poet, named Segehart von Babenberg (*i. e.* Bamberg in Franconia). The date of the MS. is 1403; but the poem is said to be far more ancient. The third romance, containing 7699 lines, is the work of Eylhard von Hobergen, and is preserved among the numerous MSS. of the Dresden library. It is probably the same with a romance in the Munich library, which is introduced by the following annotation in another hand:—"Of this history has first written Thomas of Britannie, and he afterwards lent his book to one named Dilhard von Oberet, who from that rewrote it in rhymes." This Oberet is most probably the identical Eylhart von Hobergen just mentioned.

The romance was very soon turned into prose, not by a prosaic version from the ancient metrical copies, but by direct translation from the French folio. The first edition was printed at Augsburg, in the year 1498, in folio. It was afterwards reprinted, probably with many omissions, in a collection of prose romances printed at Frankfort in the year 1587, and entitled the Book of Love, a reprint of which has lately been commenced at Berlin (1809, 8vo.[1]).

[1] The 53d chapter of this prose romance contains the adventure narrated in the Second Fragment in Mr. Douce's possession, but very considerably shortened. In the Cento Novelle Antiche, the greatest part of which collection is supposed to have been produced in the age of Dante, a novel occurs, in which the madness of Tristrem is related, which, however, is not assumed, but real. The story is evidently extracted from the French romances.

The metrical romance of Gottfried von Strasburg is preserved in six different manuscripts, one of which, in the Munich library, was transcribed in the thirteenth century. From another in the Magliabecchian collection at Florence, the poem was printed in the second volume of Myller's extensive collection of German poems of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries (Berlin, 1785, 4to). The poet appears, from various circumstances, to have lived in the first half of the thirteenth century. In a digression respecting the troubadours of his age, he deplores the death of Heinrich von Veldeck (who composed a very romantic poem on the basis of Virgil's Æneid, in the year 1180, according to his own account[1]), and, among his contemporaries, he mentions Hartman von Ouwe, author of Ywaine, and other poems, which he composed towards the end of the twelfth century; and Walther von der Vogelweide, who wrote a great number of amorous lays between the years 1190 and 1230. Gottfried's poem, though very diffuse, has many passages of considerable merit. He did not live to finish his projected work, which was completed by a poet of the name of Vribert; but the continuation is in every respect greatly inferior to the original. Both parts of the work comprise no less than 26,200 lines. Another shorter conclusion was the composition of Ulric von Thurheim, a poet who wrote about the year 1240–1250.

In the introduction of the romance, the following remarkable passage occurs respecting the original author of the tale of Tristrem:—

[1] In one of the chansons of this poet, Sir Tristrem and Ysolt are mentioned, which is one of the earliest allusions to the romance.

v. 29. Ich weiz wol ir ist vil gewesen
Di von Tristrande han gelesen,
Und ist ir doch niht vil gewesen
Di von im rehte haben gelesen.
Tun aber ich di glich nu,
Und schephe mine wort darzu
Daz mir ir igliches sage
Von disem mer messehage,
So wirb ich anders dan ich sol.
Ich entun es niht, si sprachen wol,
Und niht wen uz edelem mute
Mir und der werlde zu gute.
Bi namen si ratin es in gut,
Und swas der man in gute tut
Daz ist ouch gut und wol getan.
Aber, als ich gesprochen han,
Daz si niht rehte haben gelesen,
Daz ist als ich uch sage gewesen,
Sin sprachen in der rihte niht
Als *Thomas Von Britanie* giht
Der aventure meistr was,
Und an *Britunschin buechen* las
Aller der lantheren leben,
Und es uns ze chunde hat geben.
Als der Von Tristrande seit
Di rihte und di warheit,
Begonde ich sere suchen
In beider hande buchen
Welschin und Latinen,
Und begonde mich des pinen,
Das ich in siner rihte
Rihte dise tihte.
Sus treib ich manige suche
Unz ich an einem buche
Alle sine iehe gelas
Wie dirre aventure was.

Of these lines, the following is a literal translation:— "I well know that *many have recited of Tristrem*, though there have not been many who have rightly recited of him. But if I act like them, and fashion my words accordingly, so that every one tells me his displeasure at this tale, I do not obtain the reward I deserve: I will not do thus, for they would speak rightly; I only do it from a noble intention towards the good of myself and the world; for they counsel it well, and what a man does in good part, is done good and well. But, as I said, they have not recited rightly, and that was in consequence of their not speaking the truth, as *Thomas of Britanie* tells it, who was master of adventures (romance), and who read, in *British books*, the lives of all the lords of the land, and has made them known to us. What he has related of Tristrem, being the right and the truth, I diligently began to seek both in French and Latin books; and began to take great pains to order this poem according to his true relation. In this manner I sought for a long time, till I read in a book all his relation how these adventures happened."

Accordingly, the share of the poem composed by Gottfried coincides very exactly with the romance of Thomas of Ercildoune, though in the proportion of seven verses in the former to one in the latter. At v. 220, we are told that Rivalin has been said to have been King of Lochnoys; "but *Thomas*, who read it in adventure [romance], says that he was of *Parmenie*, and that he had a separate land from a Briton, to whom the *Schotte* [*i. e.* Scots] were subject, and who was named 'li duc Morgan.'" A great number of words, sometimes whole lines, occur throughout the poem in French, which are

always carefully translated into German. This renders it indisputable that the poet had a French original before him. When he had composed 19,315 lines, and had brought the tale to the marriage of Tristrem and Ysonde *aux Blanches Mains*, death interrupted his labours.

The continuation of Heinrick von Vribert was undertaken at the desire of a noble Bohemian knight, Reymunt von Luchtenbure (at present denominated Litchenberg). At the conclusion of his performance, he makes the following protestation :—

v. 6837. " Als *Thomas von Britania* sprach
Von den zwein suzen jungen,
In *Lampartischer zungen*,
Also han ich uch die warheit
In *Dutsche* von in zwein geseit."

"As *Thomas of Britannia* has related in the *Longobardic tongue* of the two sweet young ones, I have told the truth of the two in German." Notwithstanding this declaration, Vribert must have been unacquainted with the original tale, from which his composition widely departs.[1] After the marriage of Tristrem, that knight excuses his neglect of the second Ysolt by a fictitious religion. He pretends that after having killed the serpent in Ireland, he bathed in a lake, and sinking up to his helmet in the water, he had made a vow to the Virgin Mary, if she came to his assistance, not to touch his wife, if ever he married, till a year after the ceremony. She accordingly appeared with an angel, and relieved him from his perilous situation. Tristrem then de-

[1] The same circumstance probably occasioned his asserting the original to have been in the Longobardic tongue, which was originally Teutonic.

parts from Brittany, with Kahedin and Kurwenal, and meeting with a herald from King Arthur, is fired with ambition to distinguish himself at the jousts proclaimed at Karidol. Upon his road thither he meets with Sir Gawain. A terrible battle ensues, but Tristrem happening to utter his accustomed war-cry, "Parmenie," his courteous adversary refuses to fight any longer, but conducts his new friend to King Arthur's court, where he is installed one of the Knights of the Round Table. Amongst other adventures, he unhorses Sir Kay and Dalkors, but modestly conceals his glory for a long time. Gawain had promised to manage an interview between Tristrem and Ysolt, and accordingly he bribes the huntsmen of Arthur to chase a stag into a forest between his dominions and those of King Mark. When Arthur discovers that he is seven miles from Karidol, and but one from Tintaiol, he resolves to visit his neighbour sovereign, and despatches Gawain to obtain truce for all his followers. Mark entertains his visitors magnificently; but suspecting that Tristrem would go to the bed of his spouse, he placed an engine with twelve scythes near it, by which the lover is severely wounded. Notwithstanding this, he enters the bed of Ysolt, and discolours it with his blood. Having rejoined Gawain, and related the treachery of his uncle, Arthur and his knights, by the advice of Sir Kay, all cut themselves, excepting Kay, whose heart fails him. Gawain, however, pushes him into the engine, so that he is wounded more seriously than all the rest. After these cruel operations, they begin a great romp about the house, throwing their pillows, shoes, and clothes at one another. Mark, awakened at the noise, and seeing the state his

guests were in, ceases to suspect his nephew, with whom he reconciles himself, and suffers him to remain after the departure of Arthur. With the assistance of his page Tantrisel, Tristrem continues his intercourse with the Queen, which is, however, again suspected by Mark. Pretending a journey to Brittany, he surprises the lovers, who are tried, and condemned to death. Tynas, of Lytan, obtains Mark's permission for Tristrem to say his devotion in a chapel by the seaside, as he is led to execution. The knight taking this opportunity, leaps into the sea, from which he is rescued by Tantrisel and Kurwenal. Mark goes in pursuit of his nephew, who, in the meantime, delivers the Queen from the stake, and flies with her into the cave of the giants for the second time. Tristrem one day was gone to hunt, and Mark, approaching the cave, was perceived by his spouse. Commencing a conversation with Tantrisel, she artfully complained of her traducers at court, and of Tristrem for having abandoned her in the wilderness. The easy King, delighted with her fidelity, reconducts her to the court.

Sir Tristrem, informed of this reconciliation by his page Tantrisel, resolved to rejoin his abandoned spouse. who had carefully counted the days, and found that the year during which he had vowed chastity, was just expired. The relentless husband, however, continues faithful to the Queen of Cornwall, and his neglect is discovered to Kahedin, in the same manner as in Thomas's Romance (Fytte iii. st. 51, 54). Tristrem informs his brother of the truth of his attachment to Ysolt la Blonde, and Kahedin resolves to accompany him to Cornwall, promising his sister that, upon their return, the marriage

should be consummated. Upon their arrival in King Mark's dominions, the faithful Tynas undertook to procure an interview with the Queen. He received the ring of Tristrem, and finding Ysolt playing at chess with her husband, he managed to shew the token to her. The Queen recognised it, and throwing down the board, refused to play any longer. Mark very conveniently proceeded to the chase; and Tynas related to Ysolt that Tristrem had staked his life that Kahedin would acknowledge her for the most perfect beauty in the world. Ysolt accordingly issued with her whole meiny, and went to the sea-shore. Poor Kahedin was struck with one beautiful maid of honour after another, taking her for the Queen; but when he really beheld her, decked in gorgeous array, he willingly allowed the loss of his wager. Ysolt, having sent an exculpatory message to Mark, pitched her pavilion under a fine lime-tree, and appointed the two knights to enter when the horn was blown. She sends every person to bed excepting Tantrisel, her chamberlain Parananisel, and the two maids Prangane (Brengwain) and Kameline. Then the two friends are admitted, and while Tristrem is employed with the Queen, the two maidens amuse Kahedin. When the former are retiring to their bed, the Britain knight exclaims, "Where shall the poor forsaken Kahedin rest?" Ysolt exhorts him to engage one of her two damsels, and Kameline promises to indulge him; but previously places a magic pillow under his head, which causes him to lie soundly asleep till the morning, when, the pillow being withdrawn, he was awakened with the derision of the whole company.

Tristrem now fell sick, and, though he was cured by

the Queen, he lost all his hair, and was much disfigured. By the advice of Tantrisel, he went in fool's apparel to Tintaiol, and obtaining the favour of Mark, was recommended by him to the care of Ysolt, during his absence for eight days on a chase. The lovers again resumed their intercourse; but Pfellerin, an enemy of Sir Tristrem's, announcing suddenly the approach of Mark, discovered the knight by a great leap which he made, and followed him to his cost, for the pretended maniac slew both him and his horse with a club, and escaped to his friend Tynas from the pursuit of his uncle.

Tristrem, with Kahedin, passes over to Brittany, and the latter, acquainting him with his love for Kassie, the fair wife of Nampotenis, lord of the strong castle of Gamarke, the hero promises to gratify his passion. They ride to the castle, and are most hospitably received; but Tristrem treacherously contrives to convey a letter to the fair one, and according to his request, she furnishes an impression in wax of the key to her chamber. The two lovers depart in the morning, and return to Karke, where Tristrem and Ysolt *aux Blanches Mains* live together as "man and wife should do." Having procured a key after the wax model, Cahedin and his friend issue forth to Gamarke, and, waiting till Nempotenis came forth, and was gone to the chase, they enter the castle. Kahedin and Kassie retire to her chamber, and Tristrem, in the meantime, amuses the other ladies. When they set out on their return, the hat of Kahedin unfortunately fell into the ditch, and was observed by the husband, who, by threats, forced his wife to relate the whole transaction. Accompanied with seven attendants, he overtook the un-

armed knights, killed Kahedin with his lance, but was himself felled down by Tristrem. The latter then killed five of the attendants, another fled, but the remaining one mortally wounded him. With difficulty he conveyed his brother's body home.

The arrival of Ysolt, and the death of Tristrem, are related in the same manner as in the "Conclusion." His body is taken to the cathedral, accompanied with the lamentations of his wife. When Ysolt of Cornwall understands the death of her lover, she swoons, and is scarcely able to reach the cathedral, where she expires upon his body. In the meantime Mark had arrived with an intent to execute the two lovers: but when he hears their lamentable story, and the unavoidable cause of their love, he declares that he would have resigned his spouse had he been informed of it in time. The bodies are then conveyed to Tintaiol, where the King builds the monastery of St. Mary, in which he spends the remainder of his days. He plants a rose-bush on the grave of Tristrem, and a vine on that of Ysolt, which grew up, and intertwined together

NOTES

ON

SIR TRISTREM.

———What *ails* me I *may* not, as well as they,
Rake up some fur-worn tales, that smothered lay
In chimney corners, smoked with winter fires,
To read and rock asleep our drowsy sires?
No man his threshold better knows, than I.
Brute's first arrival, and first victory;
St. George's sorrel, and his cross of blood;
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine;
What were his knights did Salem's siege maintain:
How the mad rival of fair Angelice
Was physicked from the new-found paradise:
High stories these.———

HALL'S *Satires*, Book VI.

NOTES ON FYTTE FIRST.

I was at [Erceldoune.]—P. 139, st. 1.

There is a blank where the word Erceldoune is inserted, occasioned by cutting out the illumination; but fortunately the whole line is written at the bottom of the preceding page, by way of catch-word, and runs thus:—

"Y was at Ertheldoun."

The faint vestiges of the text, as well as probability, dictated the spelling, which, however, ought not to be adopted without acknowledgment.

This semly somers day,
In winter it is nought sen.—P. 139, st. 2.

An ancient poem, preserved in the Cotton Library, opens with a similar piece of morality:—

"Winter wakeneth al my care,
Now this leves waxeth bare.
Oft Y sike and mourne sare,
When hit cometh in my thoht,
Of this worldis joie hou hit goth all to nouht.
Now hit is, and now hit nis,
Als tho hit ner nere Y wis."

That on was Douk Morgan,
That other Rouland Riis.—P. 141, st. 4.

The names of these two chiefs sufficiently denote their British origin, and are still common in Wales. Rowland Riis, with his

son Tristrem, are enumerated among the heroes of romance by a translator of Guido de Colonna, whose work is preserved in the Bodleian Library.

"Many spekyn of men that romaunces rede,
— — — — — —
Of Bevys, Gy, and Gawayne,
Of King Richard and Owayne,
Of *Tristrem* and Percyvayle,
Of *Rowland Ris* and Aglavaule,
Of Archeroun and of Octavian,
Of Charles and of Cassibedlan,
Of Kevelocke, Horne, and of Wade,
In romances that of hem be made;
The gestours dos of hem gestes,
At mangeres and at great feastes,
Her dedes ben in remembrance
In many fair romance."

Ermonie.—P. 142, st. 7.

It is difficult to ascertain what country or district is here meant. Armenia, considering the age of Thomas of Erceldoune, seems here out of the question; although in the later romance of Sir Bevis, that kingdom appears to be the Ermonie to which he is transported. The British words, Ar-mon, may be interpreted "the country opposite to Mona," as Ar-morica signifies "the country by the sea." According to this derivation, Ermonie may be another name for Caernarvon, which is also interpreted "the land opposite to Mona." But it is likewise possible that the Roman way, called anciently Erming-street, may have taken that name from, or given it to, the country which it traversed, and Ermonie may therefore have lain in the midland counties. It is no objection to either of these suppositions, that, in stanza 73, seven days' voyage is said to bring Tristrem from England to Ermonie: for, in another place, the hero takes nine weeks to pass from Cornwall to Ireland. In truth, nothing can be more vague than the geography of the minstrels, even when treating of their own country. In the French Fragment, Kahardine sails from London to Bretagne, by the way of Bourdeaux and Ushant!

—— hye was boun to go
To the knight ther he lay.—P. 143, st. 10

The visit of Blaunche Flour to Rouland Riis was by no means unprecedented in the annals of romance. In the days when ladies were the most successful practitioners of medicine and surgery, their intercourse with the *preux chevaliers*, who had been wounded in maintaining the purity of their honour, or the superiority of their beauty, was charitable and meritorious, although exceeding the intimacy permitted by modern decorum. The fair Josiane, Princess of Ermonie, pays a similar visit to Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, under the most discouraging circumstances. She had previously despatched two knights to invite the wounded champion to her bower, who were thus discourteously answered:—

"I nele rise o fot fro the grounde,
For speek with an hethene hounde.
Sche is an hounde; also be ye:
Out of mi chaumbre, swith ye fle."

Nevertheless, the compassion of Josiane carries her to Sir Bevis' apartment.

"'Lemman,' sche seyd, 'with gode entent
Ichave brought an oniment
For make the bothe hole and fere,'" &c.

No doubt such interviews were frequently attended with the consequences which follow in the text. Indeed, according to a later minstrel, *Isaie le Triste*, the son of our hero, Sir Tristrem, becomes the father of Sir Marck the Exile, through a similar complaisant visit from the lovely Princess Martha, niece of a certain King Irion.

Rohand trewe so stan.—P. 144, st. 11.

To be faithful, or firm, as a stone, seems to have been a proverbial expression:—

"His wife that was so trewe as ston"
How a Merchant did his Wife betray

In Winton's Chronicle, the Earl of Athole, entering into battle, thus apostrophized a huge rook:—"By the face of God *thou* shalt flee this day, as soon as *I!*"[1]

——knight ouer bord thai stradle,
Al cladde.—P. 145, st. 14.

That is, the knights came ashore in complete armour. I am here tempted to transcribe a curious account of the varieties of the ancient arms, which will remind the admirers of Chaucer, of a similar description, previous to the tournament in the Knight's Tale.

"The famous knyghtes arme them in that place,
And some of them gan full streyte lace,
Their doublettes made of lynnen clothe,
A certayn folde that aboute hym
And some also dempte most sureste,
To arme them for battel of a reste,
And dyd on first after their desires,
Sabatons, greves, cusses with voyders,
A payre breche alder-first of mayle;
And some there were eke that no wolde fayle,
To have of mayle a payre brase,
And there withal, as the custom was,
A payre gussets on a pety-cote,
Garnished with gold up unto the throte;
A pounce of plate, which of the self behinde,
Was shet and close, and thereon, as I fynde,
Enryron was a bordure of smalle mayle;
And some chose of the new entayle,
For to be surarmyd of all there foes,
And hole brest-plate, with a rere dors
Behynde shet, or elles on the syde;
And on his armes, rynged not to wyde,
There were voyders fretted in the mayle,
With cordes round and of fresh entayle.

---

[1] "Eyyn in the Peth was Erle Dawy,
And til a gret stane, that hy by,
He sayd, 'Be Goddis face, we twa
The flevcht on us sall samyn ta.'"
B. viii. c. xxxi. v. 63.

Wambras with wings and rere-bras therto,
And thereon sette were besagnys, also
Upon the hede a basenet of stele,
That within was locked wondor wele,
O crafty sight wrought in the viser:
And some wold have of plate a baver,
That on the breste fastned be aforne,
The canell-piece more easy to be borne;
Gloves of plate of stele forged bright.
And some, for they would be armed more light,
In thicke jackes covered with satyne:
And some wolde have of mayle wrought full fyne,
A hawberion of plate wrought enssade,
That with weight be not overlade,
Himselfe to welde, like a lyfly man:
And some will have of chose-geseran,
On his doublette but a haberyon;
And some only but a sure gepon,
Over his polrynges reaching to the kne;
And that the sleves eke so long be,
That his wambras may be cured nere:
A pryckynge palet of plate the cover:
And some wyll have els no viser,
To save his face, but only a naser;
And some will have a payer of plates lighte,
To welde hym well whan that he shall fyghte;
And some will have a target or a spere,
And some a pavede his body for to were,
And some a targe made strong to laste,
And some will have dartes for to caste,
Some a pollux headed of fyne stele,
And picked square for to laste wele,
And some a swerde his enemy for to mete,
And some wyll have a bow for to shete,
Some an arblaste to standen out a syde,
And some on foote, and some fond to ryde."

CLARIODES, MS.

Who yaf broche and beighe?
Who bot Douke Morgan?—P. 150, st. 25.

Morgan, agreeable to ancient custom, is represented as solemnizing his accession to the kingdom of Ermonie, by distributing

rich ornaments and jewels, the emblems probably of dignity, among his favoured vassals. The coronation of a monarch was always attended with similar marks of splendour and munificence. That of Edward Longshanks is thus described in a MS. chronicle of England, *penes* the Marquis of Douglas, apparently written about the reign of Henry V.

"And aftur this Kyng Henry reygned his sone Edward, the worthyest knight of al the world, for the honor of Godis grace. And as sone as he myght, aftur that Kyng Henry his fadur was dede, he come to London with a fayr company of prelatis, and of erles, and barons: and alle maner of men hym moche honoryd; for in every place that Sir Edwarde rode, the streets were covered over his hede wythe rych clothes of sylke, of carpytes, and of ryche coverings: and therefore, for joye of his comyng, the noble burges of the cite caste oute atte ouper windows, golde and sylver handes-full, in tokenynges of love and worschepefull servyces and reverence. And oute of the condytt of Chepe ran whyte wyne and red, as stremes dothe of water. And thus Kyng Edward was crowned and anoynted as ryght heyr of England, wyth moche honor. And whan he was sete unto his mete, the Kyng Alysandre of Scotlonde came for to do him honor and reverence, with a queyntise [pageant] and an C knyghtes wyth hym wel horsed and arayed, and whan they were lyght adowne of her stedes, they lett hem gone whether that they wold, and who that myght take hem, toke at her own wel wythoute any challenge. And aftur come Symend, Kyng Edward's brother, a curteys knyght, an a gentil of renowne, and the Erle of Cornewayle, and the Erle of Glocester, and efter hem come the Erle of Pembroke, and eche of hem by horselfe, led in her hond an C of knyghtes, gaylich disgysed in her armor, and whanne they wer lyght of her horse, and lete hyr gon whether that hym liked, who that myght hem take, have hem still withoute eny lete."

In contemplating this rich picture of feudal grandeur, it is impossible to suppress a sigh, when we reflect how little Alexander III. anticipated, that the ambition of the brother sovereign, to whom he offered his congratulation and honorary attendance,

should in future prove the most dreadful scourge by which Scotland was ever visited.

He taught him ich alede,
Of ich maner of glewe.—P. 151, st. 27.

The education of Sir Tristrem, comprising the art of war and of combat, with the mysteries of the chase, skill in music, in poetry, and in the few sedentary games used by the feudal nobility, united all that was necessary or even decent to be known, by a youth of noble birth. Huon of Bourdeaux, disguised as a minstrel's page, gives the following account of his qualifications to a heathen soldan:—"Sire," dit Huon, "je sais muer un epervier, voire un falcen, chasser le cerf, voire le sanglier, et corner quand la bete est prinse, faire la droicture aux chiens, trancher au festin d'un grand roi ou seigneur, et des tables et echecs en sais autant, et plus que homme qui vive."—"Oh! Oh!" se dit Yvoirin, "ces ne sont mie la les faits de valet de menestrier, bien duiroient ils a gentil damoiseau."

On hunting oft he yed,
To swiche alawe he drewe,
All thus;
More he couthe of veneri,
Than couthe Manerious.—P. 151, st. 27.

Tristrem is uniformly represented as the patron of the chase, and the first who reduced hunting to a science. Thus the report of a hunter, upon sight of "a hart in pride of greece," begins,

"Before the king I come report to make,
Then hushed and peace for noble Tristrame's sake."
The Noble Art of Venerie, London, 1611.

The Morte Arthur tells us, that "Tristrem laboured ever in hunting and hawking, so that we never read of no gentleman more that so used himself therein. And as the book saith, he began good measures of blowing of blasts of venery, and of chace, and of all manner of vermeins; and all these terms have we yet of hawking and hunting. And therefore the booke of venery, of hawking and hunting, is called the booke of Sir Tristrem: where-

fore, as we seemeth, all gentlemen that bear old armes, of right they ought to honour Sir Tristrem, for the goodly termes that gentlemen have and use, and shall to the worldes end, that thereby in a manner all men of worship may dessever a gentlemen from a yeoman, and a yeoman from a villaine. For he that is of gentle blood will draw him into gentle latches, and to follow the custome of noble gentlemen." It is not impossible that there may have been some foundation for this belief. The ancient British were as punctilious as the English concerning the rules of hunting,—the Welsh laws of which are printed at the end of Davies and Richard's Dictionary. Every huntsman, who was ignorant of the terms suitable to the nine chases, forfeited his horn. Most of our modern hunting terms are, however, of French derivation.

"Sir Tristrem," or "An old Tristrem," seems to have passed into a common proverbial appellation for an expert huntsman. The title of a chapter in The Art of Venerie bears, "How you shall rewarde your houndes when they have killed a hare; which the Frenchmen calleth the *rewarde*, and sometime the querry, but our old Tristrem calleth it the *hallow*."—P. 174. In another passage it is said, "Our Tristram reckoneth the bore for one of the four beastes of venerie."—Marginal Note, p. 148.

I am ignorant who is meant by Manerious. Du Cange gives us *Manerius*, as synonymous to *Mandaterius*, i. e. *Villicus*. Mr. Ellis suggests, that a work upon the chase may have been compiled by a person designing himself, Regis vel Comitis Manerius, the bailiff of such a king or noble, and that the office may have been confounded with the name.

Ther com a schip of Norway,

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With haukes white and grey.—P. 151, st. 28.

"The northern mountains (in Norway) breed faulcons very fierce, but generous, and white ones, that are never shot at, with bows, by the inhabitants, but are held as sacred, unless they do too much hurt and rapine. But if they do mischief, how white and noble soever they be, they shall not escape their arrows."—*Version of Olaus Magnus*, by J. S., London, 1658, p. 200. The

estimation in which the Norwegian hawks and falconers were held in England, appears from the fabulous account of Regnar Lodbrog's arrival in Kent, or Northumberland, as given by Brompton and William of Malmesbury.

A cheker he fond bi a cheire.—P. 152, st. 29.

The game of chess is supposed to have been invented in the East, a subject upon which the learned Hyde has poured forth an amazing profusion of Oriental erudition. But it was early known to the northern people; and skill in that interesting game was one of the accomplishments of a Scandinavian hero. It is therefore with great propriety that a Norwegian mariner is introduced as the antagonist of Tristrem. Frequent mention of chess occurs in ancient romance. In that of Ogier le Danois, Charlot, the degenerate son of Charlemagne, incensed at losing two games to the young Baldwin, kills him with the massive chess-board. In the beautiful romance of Florence and Blaunche Floure, the hero procures access to the haram of the Soldan of Babylon, where his mistress is confined, by permitting the porter to win from him at chess,—a sacrifice of which every amateur of the game will fully understand the value. A similar stratagem was practised by Huon de Bourdeaux in Egypt. But the most splendid game of chess, and which puts to shame even that which the late King of Prussia and Marshal Keith were wont to play, with real soldiers, occurs in the romance of Sir Gaheret. That champion was entertained in the enchanted castle of a beautiful fairy, who engaged him in a party at chess in a large hall, where flags of black and white marble formed the chequer, and the pieces, consisting of massive statues of gold and silver, moved at the touch of the magic rod held by the player. Sir Gaheret, being defeated, was obliged to remain the fairy's prisoner, but was afterwards liberated by his cousin Gawin, who checkmated the mistress of the enchanted chess-board. A similar adventure occurs in the romance of Lancelot du Lac, 2d partie, f. 101.

But it is not in romance alone that we trace the partiality of our ancestors for this amusement. In the laws of Howel Dha, a chess-board is allotted as the reward of the King's principal bard.

Sir William de Granville won, for King Edward III., the town and castle of Evreux, by offering to show the French governor of the fortress the most goodly set of chess-men he had ever beheld, provided he would play a game with him for a cup of wine. The French Castellan having for this purpose admitted him within the gate, Sir William slew him with a stroke of his battle-axe, and defended the entrance till a party of his men, who lay in ambush, rushed in, and possessed themselves of the fortress.—FROISSART, *translated by Bourchier, folio lxxxvii.*

His hert bigan to cold,
Tho he no might hem nought se.—P. 155, st. 36.

The circumstance of Tristrem, in his deserted state, regretting even the departure of the pirates, reminds us of a similar passage in Thomson's Agamemnon:—

"Next night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad's isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me—yet, believe me, Arcas,
Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,
All ruffians as they were, I never heard
A sound so dismal as their parting oars."

Bestes thai brac and bare,
\- - - - -
Martirs as it ware.—P. 157, st. 41.

The awkwardness of the attendants, and the superior address of Tristrem in cutting up the deer, is apparently imitated in a passage of Ypomiden:—

"Thare squyres undyd hyre dere,
Eche man after his manere:
Ypponeden a dere gede unto,
That ful comyngly gen he hit undo,
So feyre that venyson he gan to dight,
That both hym beheld squyre and knight.
The ladye looked out of her pavylon,
And saw hym dight the venyson;
There she had great daint6,
And so had all that dyd him se;

She saw all that he down droughe,
Of huntynge she wist he coude ynoughe;
And thoght in her hert then,
That he was come of gentillmen."

Tristrem schare the brest, &c.—Pp. 158, 159, 160, st. 41, 45, 46, 47.

In an age when knowledge of every kind was rare, there prevailed a natural disposition to attach mystery to the most common trades, and even to the amusements of the period. Arts, but imperfectly known to the professors themselves, were rendered dark and impenetrable to the uninitiated, by the introduction of minute forms, and the use of a peculiar phraseology. Shrouded by such disguises, ignorance itself assumed the language and port of mysterious knowledge, and the mystic orders of religion and of chivalry were imitated in the inferior associations of mechanics and fellow-crafts. It is therefore no wonder that the chase, the exclusive amusement, or rather the only pacific employment, of the great, should be decorated with an appropriate diction, and rendered solemn by an established code of regulations. The "mystery of woods and of rivers" was a serious subject of study to the future candidate for the honours of chivalry. In order to add yet greater splendour to this important art, it was, as has been seen, universally believed, that our hero, Sir Tristrem, was the first by whom the chase was reduced into a science. There are numerous allusions to this circumstance in old authors, and some have been already quoted. But the most respectable testimony is that of Lady Juliana Berners, the venerable Abbess of St Alban's, who, for the instruction of the noble youth of the fifteenth century, did herself deign to compose a treatise upon field sports. The book upon hunting commences thus:—

"*Beastes of Venerie are of Three Kinds.*

'Where so ever ye fare, by frith or by felle,
Mi dere child, take heed how Tristrem doth you tel
How many maner beastis of veneri there were
Lysten to your dame, and she will you lere
Foure maner of beastes of venery there are
The first of them is the hart, the second is the hare,
The bore is one of tho, the wolf, and not one moe.

Spenser, with the usual richness of his colouring, blazons out Tristrem in his appropriate character of a gallant young forester:—

"Him stedfastly he marked, and saw to bee
A goodly youth, of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventeen years, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deemed him borne of noble race.
All in a woodman's jacket he was clad,
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace,
And on his head a hood, with aglets spred,
And by his side his hunter's horne he hanging had.

"Buskins he wore of costliest cordwain,
Pinked upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guise was for each gentle swain;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart,
And in his left he held a sharp boar-speare,
With which he wont to launce the salvage heart
Of many a lion, and of many a bear,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare."

In answer to the enquiries of Sir Calidore, Tristrem informs him of his name and parentage, and concludes:—

"All which my days I have not loudly spent,
Nor spilt the blossom of my tender years
In idlesse, but, as was convenient,
Have trained been with many noble fores
In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leers;
Mongst which, my most delight hath always been
To hunt the salvage chase, amongst my peers,
Of all that rangeth in the forest green,
Of which none is to me unknown, that ever yet was seen.

"No is there hawk which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high-towring, or accosting low,
But I the measure of her flight do search,
And all her prey, and all her diet know;
Such be our joys, which in these forests grow."
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Every department of the chase had its peculiar language and laws; but to have described all these in the romance would have

been tediously digressive, and the author has therefore limited himself to the mode of cutting up, or, according to the scientific parase, *breaking*, the hart. This was an operation of great skill and nicety, as was also the carving of the venison, when dressed. The dissection required some practical knowledge of anatomy; nay, the very carving of a wild boar, roasted whole, and of the similar cumbrous dainties which loaded a feudal board, was probably no slight trial to the strength of the youthful gallants. The process of breaking the stag is minutely described in the Book of St Alban's, and it may not be improper to insert the directions of the worthy abbess, as an illustration of the text of Thomas of Erceldoune:—

"*How ye shall breke an Hart.*

"And for to speake of the hart while we think on,
My childe, firste ye shal him serve whep he shal be undon,
And this is for to say, or ever ye him dyght,
Within his hornes to lay hym upryght.
At the assay kitte him, that lordes may see
Anon fat or lene, whether that he bee;
Then cut of the coddes the belly even fro,
Or ye begin him to flay, and then shall ye go
At the chaules to begyn, soone as ye may,
And slit him downe to th'assay,
And fro th'assay, euen down to the bely shal ye slyt,
To the pyssil, there the codde was away kit.
Then slit the left legges euen first before,
And then the left legges behynde or ye doe more,
And these other legges vpon the right syde;
Upon the same maner slyt ye that tide,
To go to the chekes looke that y be prest,
And to flay him downe euen to the brest,
And to flay him forth ryght vnto th'assay,
Euen to the place where the codde was cut away.
Then flay the same wyse al that other syde,
But let the tayle of the beast styll thereon abyde;
Then shal ye him vndoo, my childe, I you rede,
Ryght vpon his own skynne, and lay it on bred,
Take hede of the cutting of the same dere,
And begin first to make the erbere,
Then take out the shoulders, and slitteth anon
The bely to the side, from the corbyn bone,

That is corbins fee, at the death he will be;
Then take out the sewet, that it be not lafte,
For that, my childe, is good for leche crafte;
Then put thyn hand softly vnder the brest bone,
And there shal ye take out the erber anon;
Then put out the paunche, and from the paunche chase
Away lyghtly the race, such as he hase;
Hold it with a finger, doo as I you ken,
And with the blond and the grece fill it then,
Looke threde that ye have and nedle thereto,
For sewe it withall or ye more doo.
The small guttes then ye shall out pyt,
From them take the maw, forget not it;
Then take out the liver and lay it on the skynne,
And after that the bladder, without more dyne;
Then dress the numbles first, that Y recke,
Downe the aununcers kerue that eleueth to the nerke
And downe with the bolthrote put them anon,
And kerue vp the flesh there vp to the back bone,
And so foorthe to the fillettes that ye vp arere,
That falleth to the numbles, and schal lie there;
With the neres also and sewet that ther is,
Euen to the midryfe that vpon him is;
Than take downe the midryfe, from the side hote,
And heaue up the numbles whole by the boll throte,
In thyn hand than them holde, and looke and see
That all that longeth them to togither that it bee;
Than take them to thy brother, to hold for tryst,
Whiles that thou them doublest and dresse at the lyst;
Than a way the lightes, and on the skinne them lay,
To abyde the querre, my chylde, I you pray;
Than shall you slyt the slongh, there as the hart lyeth,
And take away the heares from it and flyeth,
For such heares hath his hert aye it upon,
As men see in the beast whan he is vndoon.
And the middes of the hert a bone ye shall fynde,
Looke ye gyve it to a lord, and, childe, be kynde,
For it is kynde for many maladyes,
And in the middes of the hert euer more it lyes.
Than shall ye cut the shyrtes the teeth euen fro,
And after the rydge bone kytteth, euen also
The forches and the sydes euen betweue,
And looke that your knieues aye whetted bone;
Than turn up the forches, and froure them with blonut,
For to saue grece, so doo men of good

Than shall ye cut the necke the sydes euen fro,
And the head from the necke cutteth also,
The tongue, the brayne, the paunche, and the necke,
Whan they washed ben wel with the water of the beck,
The small guttes to the lyghtes in the deres,
Aboue the hert of the beast, whan thou them reres,
With all the blood that ye may get and wynne,
Altogether shall be take, and laid on the skynne,
To gyue your houndes, that called is, Y wis,
The querre, aboue the skynne, for it eaten is.
And who dresseth so by myr counsayle,
Shall haue the left shoulder for his trauayle,
And the right shoulder, where so euer he be,
Bere it to the foster, for that is his fee,
And the lyuer also of the same beast
To the fosters knaue gyue it at the least;
The numbles trusse in the skynne, and hardell them fast
The sydes and the forclesse togither that they last,
With the hindre legges, be doone so it shall;
Then bringe it home and the skyn withall,
The numbles and the hornes at the lordes gate,
Then boldly blow pryee therat,
Your play for nymme, or that ye come in."

Tristrem's process may be thus analyzed:—He opened the breast, and placed the tongue next the *pride*, or spleen, then cut off and put aside the *hemynges*. He next slit the skin, and, by pressing down the *brecche* (buttocks), pulled it off. The *spand* (*i. e.* shoulder, from spalla) was the first *breadth*, or division; he then made the *arber*, cut asunder the *stifles*, or back-sinews of the leg, and, adjusting the *rede* (small-guts), took away the paunch. The *numbles* he bestowed upon the hunters and spectators, then *crossed*, or cleft, the *riggo* (backbone), and cut the chine in two. To the forester he gave his rights, the left shoulder for himself, and the heart, liver, *lights* (lungs), and blood, which, being arranged on the hide, and eaten there by the hounds, formed the *quirre*, or quarry. This operation was called by the French huntsman, *fairre la curee*. He then gave the raven, who sat by on the forked tree, his due gift, and called for the hunters to blow

the *tokening*, or death-note. He lastly tied up the *maw* (or paunch), containing the grease, &c., to be reserved, as Lady Juliana directs, for medical purposes, as also the *gargiloun*, and concluded the ceremony by reciting the appropriate rhyme, and blowing the right note.

A matter so important, in the eyes of our ancestors, is worthy of some illustration, besides that which may be derived from comparing it with the directions of the Abbess of St Albans. The *hemynges* was a piece of the hide cut out to make brogues for the huntsmen. When the versatile David de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, was hard pressed, and driven to the Highlands, by the Earl of Murray, in 1335, Winton mentions, as a mark of his distress,

> "That at sa gret myschef he wes,
> That his knychtis weryd rewelynys,
> Of hydis, or of hart hemmynys."

The mode of making those rullions, or rough shoes, is thus described:—"We go a hunting, and after that we have slain red deer, we flay off the skin bye and bye, and setting off our bare foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ancles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ancles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we, using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called *Rough-footed Scots.*"—ELDER'S *Address to* HENRY VIII *apud* PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. ii., p. 397.

The *numbles* seem to have been the inwards of the deer:—

> "Faith, a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
> Be answerable to his *umbles.*"
>
> *Roaring Girl.*

The *numbles* were a woodland dainty. They are mentioned in the *Litell Geste of Robin Hode*:—

"Brede and wyne they had ynough,
And nombles of the dere."

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"Then sle fetched to Lytell Johun
The nombles of a doo."

The numbles seem to have included the midriff, and the dowsets, or testicles. The *gargiloun*, the meaning of which seems uncertain, also belonged to this division:—

"The man to his master speaketh blythe,
'Of the numbles of the heart that he wolde them kythe,
How many ends there shall be them within.'
Quod the master, 'But one thicke nor thinne,
And that is but the gargylyon to speke of all bydene.
And all these others, crokes and roundelles bene.'—
'Yet wold I wyt, and thou woldest me lere,
The crookes and the roundels of the numbels of the dere.'—

"'One crooke of the numbels lyeth ever more
Under the throte-bole of the beast before,
That is called avaunters whoso can them ken,
And the bravest part of the numbels then;
That is to say, the forcers, that lyn even between
The two thighs of the beast, that other crookes wen.
In the midret, that is called the roundill also,
For the sides round about eorven it is fro.'"

To "make the arber" is to disembowel the animal, which must be done in a neat and cleanly manner. The dogs are then rewarded with such parts of the entrails as their two-legged associates do not think proper to reserve for their own use. The huntsman also receives his share of the spoil, according to the following rules:—"Whanne the hert is take, ye shal blowe four *motys*, and it shall be dissected, as of other bestes; and if your houndes be bold, and have slayn the hert with strength of huntyng, ye shall have the skynne; and he that undooth hym shall have the shuldre, by law of venery; and the houndes shall be rewarded with the nekke, and with the bowellis, with the fee, and they shall be etyn under the skynne; and therefore it is cleped the

quarre; and the hed shall be brout home to the lord of the skynne; the *wex*, the *gargiloune* above the tail, forched on the right hond. Then blowe at the dore of the halle the prys."—*Book of Venerie.* Another authority bears, "Whanne the buk is itake, ye shul blowe *pryse*, and reward the houndes with the paunche and the bowelles."—MS. Cotton. Lib. *Vespasian.* b. xii. This distribution of venison seems to have given great offence to Holinshed, who complains, that when the forester had got all his perquisites of "skin, head, umbles, chine, and shoulders, he that hath the warrant for a whole bucke, hath, in the end, little more than half, which, in my judgment, is scarselie equal dealing."—*Chronicle,* vol. i. p. 104.

The superstition of the huntsmen introduced another partner of their spoil. The raven who sat upon the forked tree, taught by long experience what awaited him at the conclusion of the chase, also expected his right. This was what the abbess calls the *Corbin bone.* Ben Jonson has given us a poetical account of this part of the ceremony:—

"*Marian.* When the arbor's made—
Robin Hood. Pulled down, and paunch turned out.
Mar. He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows, you call it—
Rob. The raven's bone.
Mar. Now o'er head sat a raven
On a sere bough, a grown great bird and hoarse!
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croaked and cryed for't, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous;
Swore it was mother Maudlin, whom he met
At the day-dawn, just as he roused the deer
Out of his laire."

Scathlock afterwards declares he saw the witch,

"————broiling the bone
Was cast her at the quarry."

The conclusion of the ceremony was to "blow the right hand." We are informed, "when the hart is killed, then all the hunts-

men, which be at the fall of him, shall blow a mote and whoupe, also a dead mote, to the end that the rest of the company, with all the houndes may come in."—*Art of Venerie*, p. 127. Hence in the same book, we have, "the woeful words of the hart to the huntsman:"—

"Lo, now he blows his horn, even at the kennell dore,
Alas! alas! he blows a seeke! alas, yet blows he more!
He jeopardes and richates, alas! he blows the fall,
And sounds the deadly doleful note which I must die withall."

Enough of the solemn absurdities so much prized by our ancestors. Future antiquaries will turn over volumes to elucidate our modern terms of sport, our *Long odds*, our *Welshmains*, our *Sweepstakes*, and our *Handicaps*.

An harpour made a lay,
That Tristrem aresound he.—P. 162, st. 51.

The meaning here seems to be, that a harper having sung a lay, Tristrem *aresound* (criticised it.) The harper retired in displeasure, saying, "Let us see who can play better." Tristrem immediately embraced the challenge, observing, that he blamed the minstrel unjustly, unless he *himself* could surpass him. The hero's superior skill in music is an accomplishment for which he is much celebrated by ancient writers. In an old French MS. in the Museum, he is described as—

"Tristram ki bien saveit HARPEIR."
MS. Harl. 978. 170.

In the Welsh Triads, also, he is represented as an eminent bard and musician, as well as a distinguished warrior, and occurs in Jones's catalogue of the ancient British bards. "Tristram Mab Tallwich, a disciple of Merddin (Merlin), and one of the chief warriors of King Arthur's court," p. 14. In the same work is inserted an extract from an old MS. in the Bodleian library, containing the following passage: "King Arthur and two of his knights, Sir Tristrem, and Sir Lambroch, were bards, as this verse testifies,—

"*Arthur aesdion a Thrytan*
A Llwarch ben cyvarch cân.
Arthur with broken shield, and Tristrem wooed
The muse, but Llwarch was the most beloved."—P. 58.

The Llwarch, here mentioned, was probably Llwarch Hen, a bard, a prince, and warrior, whose poems are extant, and have been lately published. He was contemporary with Urian Reged, King of the Cumraig, or North-western Britons. As Arthur flourished about 540, and Llwarch survived the year 667, the latter could not be the same person with Sir Lamorach, a knight of Arthur's chivalry, with whom the MS. seems to identify him.

The old MS., which contains the characters and arms of the knights of the Round Table, affirms of Tristrem, "Il juoit moult bien aux eschectz; et mioulx dictoit laiz et chansonz que tout autre chevalier du monde; de la harpe et autres instrumens sonnoit si bien que c'estoit droict mervailles." In the prose folio, several lays are printed as the composition of Sir Tristrem, which probably conveyed to the reader of those days no mean idea of his talents.

A ring he raught him tite,
The porter seyd nought nay,
In hand.—P. 165, st. 67.

"Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd it on the porter's arm;
'And ever we will thee, proud porter,
That thou say us no harm.'
Sore he looked on Kyng Estmere,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kynd of thing."
Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 72

The inference of Tomas, that the man was wise "who first gave gift in land," is similar to that of Winton, who narrates the splendid subsidy of 40,000 *moutons*, sent from France to Scotland in 1353, and adds,—

"Qwha gyvis swilk gyftyis he is wyse."

The huscher bad him fle,
—" Cherl, oway well sket," &c.—P. 165, st. 58.

The office of the husicher, or huischer, was to keep the door of the king's apartment. The appellation is derived from the Franco-Teutonic *L'huis*, a door. The speech of Mark's usher to Rohand, much resembles that which David II. of Scotland thought meet to make to his loving subjects, who flocked rather unceremoniously to see him, after his delivery from captivity in England. The monarch observing the usher slack in repressing this inundation of his loyal lieges, snatched the mace from his hand,—

"And said rwdly, 'How do we now?
Stand still, or the prowdast of yhow
Sall on the hevyd have wyth this mace.
Than was thare nane in all that place.
But all thai gave him rowme in by,
Durst nane pres forthir that war by;
His counsayle duro mycht oppyn stand,
That nane durst till it be pressand."
Winton, v. ii. p. 283

The Prior of Lochleven approves highly of this impressive exertion of authority.

All rowe it was his chinne.—P. 167, st. 63.

Our ancestors usually kept their beards closely trimmed, suffering the hair to grow upon the upper lip alone. The fashion of long beards occasionally prevailed, but could not long maintain its ground among the knights, whose faces in action were closed in a visor. An unshaved beard was therefore usually a sign of sorrow or neglect.

"Un moi et plus estoit remese,
Sa barbe qu'ele ne fu rese."
Fabliau Boivin de Pairien.

To a comparatively late period, this continued to be a sign of mourning. The Editor's great-grandfather wore his beard till his death, in regret for the supposed injuries of the unfortunate house

of Stuart; and he was not absolutely singular in this odd expression of zeal for their cause. The miseries of Rohand seem to have been very severe; but one is omitted which afflicted Sir Baldwin, who, in similar circumstances, complained, "Les poux croissent on mes habillemens, comme fait l'herbe dans un pré."—*La Fleur des Battailles.*

A scarlet with riche skinne.—P. 167, st. 63.

A scarlet robe, richly furred, was the dress of knights when in their habit of peace.

Heuedes of wild bare,
Ichon to presant brought.—P. 173, st. 75.

The head of the wild boar, as a rarity bought with some danger, was a splendid dish in the middle ages, and therefore a fit present to a prince. At Christmas festivities, it was a standing dish at the tables of the great. In the tale of the *Boy and the Mantle*,—

"He brought in the bore's head,
And was wondrous bold;
He said there was never a cuckold's knife
Carve itt that cold."

See also the Christmas carols, in RITSON's *Ancient Songs.*

Y pray my lord so fre,
Whether thou blis or ban,
Thine owhen mot it be.—P. 174, st. 77.

Tristrem had said to Morgan, "God look on thee, in the measure that I love, or ought to love thee." Sensible of the ambiguity of the salutation, Morgan suits his reply to it: "I pray God to requite thee in blessings or curses, according to your own meaning."

With a lof Tristrem smot.—P. 175, st. 79.

In an old romance, Charlemagne, when a page, offended at his two bastard brothers, flings in their face the peacock, a knightly

and solemn dish, which, as sewer, he was to have placed on the table.

Tristrem swerd was boun,
And ner the Douke he stode.—P. 175, st. 80.

Two lines are here wanting, to describe how Morgan was slain by Tristrem. There is no blank in the MS., but the stanza consists only of nine, instead of eleven lines.

He slough his fader Ban.—P. 176, st. 82.

That is, I presume, Morgan's father Ban, of whom, however, no other mention occurs in the romance. He must, of course, have been a different personage from King Ban of Benoit, or Benwick, a noted character in the romances of the Round Table, and father of the renowned Sir Launcelot du Lac.

Almain, and Ermonie.—P. 176, st. 83.

This conjunction may induce a question, whether Ermonie be not the same with Germany, the *g* before a vowel having in many dialects the sound of *y*. I believe a German would, in his native idiom, pronounce the word *Yermany*.

Rohand he yaf the wand.—P. 176, st. 83.

The wand, or symbol of power. When Sigobert, who had abdicated the throne of East Anglia for a monastery, was compelled by his subjects again to lead them to battle, he disclaimed the use of offensive arms, and only carried a leading wand, or truncheon.—TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vol. i. p. 298.

Mani man wepen sare,
For ransom to Yrland.—P. 177, st. 85.

"Quant le Roy de Cornouaille entend, que ceulx d'Irlande sont venus querre le treu, si commencent le dueil et le cry, sus et jus."—*Tristan, feuillet* 30. With this adventure of the Morhoult, commences the resemblance betwixt the metrical romance of Tho-

mas, and the French prose folio. But the connexion is far closer betwixt the former and Mr Douce's fragments.—See p. 319.

Thre hundred barnes fre.—P. 178, st. 86.

A tribute of slaves was no unusual badge of subjection during the dark ages. Tressan says, the custom came from the north, and was imposed by Odin on the nations whom he conquered.—*Corps d'Extraits des Romans*, tom. i. p. 10. During the contest betwixt the two polished Chinese and their savage neighbours, the former submitted to this badge of servitude in its most disgraceful shape. "A select band of the fairest virgins of China was annually devoted to the rude embraces of the Huns."—GIBBON, vol. iv. p. 363. In some of the Spanish chronicles it is narrated, that the subjugated Christians paid for some time a tribute of this sort to their Moorish conquerors. At length, while a band of Spanish gentlemen were escorting the fair captives to the place where they were to be delivered to the Moors, they were surprised and shocked at the indecent behaviour of a maid of noble birth who, laying aside all restraint, spoke and acted with as little reserve as if in private with her female companions. "False cowards!" she answered, to the remonstrances of the cavaliers, "can I look upon you as aught but women, who deliver up your wives and daughters to the harams of the infidels?" Deeply stung with this reproach, the Spaniards changed their purpose, cut to pieces the Moors who came to receive the captives, and laid the foundation of the independence of their country.

Moraunt the noble knight.—P. 178, st. 87.

Moraunt, or Le Morhoult, as he is called by the French romancers, makes a great figure in the prose romance of Meliadus, and even in that of Tristrem. In the famous romance of Amadis de Gaul, it is prophesied by Urganda the unknown, that Ireland should never produce such a champion as Abies, king of that country, slain by Amadis, "jusques a ce que le bon frere de la dame vienne, lequel y fera amener, par force d'armes, le trebut d'autre pays; et cestuy mourra par la main de celuy, qui finira

pour la chose du monde qu'il aymera le plus: et ainsi advint par Marlot d'Irlande, frere de la reyne d'Irlande, que Tristan de Leonnois occist, sur la querelle de tribut, que l'on demandoit au Roy Marc de Cornouaille, son oncle; lequel depuis mourut pour l'amour qu'il portoit à la Royne Yseult, qui fut la chose du monde que plus il ayma."

Dr. Hanmer informs us, that the history of Moraunt, or Morogh, as he was properly called, is preserved in the book of Houth. He is there said to have been brother to the Queen of Leinster, and one of King Arthur's knights. He was sent by Anguish, King of Ireland, (who by all the romancers, is transferred to the throne of Scotland), to claim the tribute of Cornwall. The rest of the story, as throwing some dubious light upon the loves of Tristrem and Ysonde, I give in Hanmer's own words:—

"Marke, King of Cornewayle, denieth the tribute, offereth the combate, and Sir Tristrem undertaketh it for him. Morogh, for himself pleaded, that he was to encounter with none unlesse he were a king or queene, a prince or princesse sonne. The circumstances being considered and agreed upon, the combatants meete, and fiercely fight. The battaille was a long time doubtfull; in the end Sir Tristrem gave Sir Morogh, with his sword, a sore blow, that a piece of the edge stucke in his scull, whereupon the combat ended. Morogh returned into Ireland, and shortly after died of the wound. This doth Caxton and the book of Houth deliver at large. But I may not end thus with Sir Tristrem. He also was sore wounded with a spear, whose head was venomed; and could not be cured, until that, by counsaille, he repaired to the country where the venome had been confected. Whereupon he came to Ireland, and to King Anguish his court, and having great skill upon the harpe, he recreated himself, delighted the house, and fell in love with La belle Isod, the king's daughter, and she with him. In processe of time the queene had learned, that he had given her brother Morogh his death's wound; and comparing the piece of the sword's edge, which was taken out of his scull, with his sword, found them to agree, and banished him the land.

"Not long after, upon conference had with Marke, King of Cornewall, of marriage, and commending the beautie and vertues

of La belle Isod, spoken of before, he cometh to Ireland to entreat of marriage between King Marke and her. And having effected his purpose, taketh her with him to Cornewall, where Marke espoused her with great joy and solemnity; but the old secret love between Tristrem and her had taken such impression in both, and so inflamed their hearts, that it could not easily be quenched; so that, in processe of time, Marke espied it, and, in his furious jealousy, slue him,[1] as he played upon the harpe to recreate Isod; and thus, as his love began with the harpe, so it ended with the harpe. It is recorded, that Isod came to his grave, and swooned. She was, saith mine author, so fair a woman, that hardly who so beheld her, could not choose but be enamoured with her. In Dublin, upon the wall of the citie, is a castle, called *Isod's Towre*; and, not farre from Dublin, a chappell, with a village, named *Chappell-Isod*: the original cause of the name I doe not find; but it is conjectured, that her father, King Anguish, that doated on her builded them in remembrance of her—the one for her recreation, and the other for the good of her soule."—HANMER's *Chronicle, apud Campion*, p. 51. Edit. 1633.

I am enabled to gratify the reader's curiosity respecting the person and manners of Moraunt, by recurrence to a MS. in the library of his grace, the late John, Duke of Roxburghe. It would appear, that the ingenious author was, like Don Quixote, desirous to picture to his audience the very figure and complexion of the principal heroes of chivalry; and thus he describes Moraunt:—

"L'Amorant d'Irlande fut, en son temps, ung des bons chevaliers du monde. Il estoit grant, et de si belle taille que chevalier pouvoit avoir; les cheveulx eust aucques crespes, le visage bel et plaisant; moult chantoit bien; les espaules eust droictes et larges; les bras et les poinges eust longs, gros, et carrez. Par le cas estoit

[1] This is a mistake. It is true, that the father of Tristrem, according to some authorities, dreamed he saw Mark slay his son, but this was only typical. "Sicomne il le songea luy advint, car le Roy Marc l'occit; non pas comme aucuns pensent, ne l'occist myc le Roy Marc, de ses propres mains, mais il donna l'achoison [l'occasion] par laquelle Tristan fut occis; c'ést que il forbannit Tristan de royaulme de Cornouaille."—*Meliadus de Leonnoys*, chap. xciii.

maigre, les cuisses et les jambes eust belles et grosses a mesure. Armé et desarmé, estoit ung des plus beaulx chevaliers qu'on pouvoit veoir; et chevauchoit mieulx que tout autre. Trop estoit bon ferreur de lance, et meilleur d'èspée. Si hardy et si aspre estoit, qu'il ne craignoit riens a rencontrer. Tousjiours cerchoit les plus perilleuses avantures qu'il pouvait trouver. Moult estoit craint et doubté par le monde. Doux et courtois estoit, fors aux damoselles errantes, car il les hayoit a mort. Moult estoit aymé de bons chevaliers, guyers ne hautoit gens de religion."

Moraunt band his biside, (*i.e.* his vessel,)
And Tristrem lete his go.—P. 181, st. 93.

This is literally copied into the prose folio:—"Tristan . . . renvoye le bastel en l'eaue, si que il fut, en peu d'heure, eslougné de l'isle. Morhoult dist à Tristran, pourquoy il avoit ce fait? Pour ce, deist il, se tu me occis, tu te mettras en ton bastel; et se je te occis, je te y mettray aussi, et te porteray en ton pays."

He smot him in the lyoun.—P. 182. st. 95.

This is an allusion to the armorial bearing of Sir Tristrem, which, according to all authorities, was a lion rampant, corresponding to the name of his country, Lionea, and also to his own disposition. For, according to Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, "The lyon is callet king of beastis, and, as Isodore sayes, in his xii. buk of Bestiall, in all parellis he schawis him ryght glorious and ryght valiant; for, quhen he is pursewit with the hunter and the hundis, he fleis not, nor hydis him not, bot sittes in the field, quhair he may be seine, and puttes him to ane defens. And his nature is, quhen he is hurt be ony person, throw all the leif he will cheis him, and revenge him, suld he dé: and he is ane right sweit beist, and luffand to theme that dois him gude: and, as Aristotle sayis, the banis of the lyon ar sa hard, that, quhen thai strike on thame, the fire fleis, as it does quhen thai strik on ane hard stane. And of himself is sa curtes, that quhen he hes tane his prey, he skantlie eittis it alane, bot callis cumpany ta eit it, or leifes a part to thame. Tharefor, thai that bure first the lyon in their armes,

and presently beires, suld be hardy, vaillant, stark, and assurit, and gratious amang their compaignionis."—*MS. on Heraldry*, Advocates' Library.

—— *Tristrem, that was wight,*
Bar him thurch the dragoun,
In the scheld.—P. 182, st. 95.

The dragon, like the lion, had his typical signification in heraldry, derived from the supposed conditions of that fabulous animal. "Dragone, serpent, or yvre, [wyvern,] has a lyk signification, and ar mekle beistis, ardante and scellouse, that skantlie may be fillit of watter; and, therefore, thai opin their mouthis to the wind, that thai may sloken their byrning. Quhairof men may say, he that bure them first, wes ryght desyrand to conquest, and was ane man of grit vailliance, and desyrand to have grit dominatioun; and it is convenient to be borne with men of grit valor."—SIR DAVID LINDSAY'S MS. Later authorities differ from Thomas of Erceldoune, assigning to Moraunt of Ireland, instead of the dragon, a shield, thus blazoned by Richard Robison, citizen of London, in his Booke of Armes and Archerie:—

"In silver shield, on fesse of pee-
Ces five, throughout the same,
He bare a lion rampant red,
And armé greene: whose name
Might seem to signifie, in truthe,
Each mighty enterprise,
A prey most fit for his courage,
As is the Irish guise."

The Duke of Roxburghe's MS., already quoted, nearly agrees with Robison, as to Moraunt's arms. "Portoit en ses armes d'argent une fesse de cinq pieces d'azur, et dessus le tout ung lyon a gueules armé di sinople." To conclude a subject, which the *preux chevalier* himself would have deemed of the last importance, I observe, that in the corresponding drawing in the MS. the lion is armed *vert*, as according to Robison, and not *sinople* as in the text.

With sorwe, thai drough, that tide,
Moraunt to the se.—P. 184, st. 100.

The prose folio, which rarely improves the simple tale of Thomas of Erceldoune, makes Moraunt finally disgrace his knightly fame. "Quand Morhoult se sent navré a mort, il gecte jus son escu et son espee, et soy retourne fuyant, et entre en son bastel."

His swerd he offred than,
And to the auter it bare.—P. 184, st. 101.

The sword of Sir Tristrem was broken in the engagement. It will be presently seen that he continued to wear the same weapon, and was recognised by it in the court of Ireland. Although, therefore, in imitation of David, in Scripture, he had *hallowed*, or offered it to the altar, it would seem he had redeemed it by an oblation of a more current nature. This was a usual compromise, suiting both the warrior and the clergy better than the actual deposit of a sword, of inestimable value to the former, to the latter a useless trophy. In the creation of Knights of the Bath, something of this kind made part of the ceremony.—Stowe's *Annals*, p. 856. It would seem, from the following extract, that an ancient king of the Lombards had boasted the possession of Sir Tristrem's sword.

"Eodem anno (sc. 1339) sub castro Seprii in monasterio de Torbeth, flante quodam vento terribili, quædam magna arbor divinitus est evulsa radicitus, subque inventa fuit sepultura ex marmore multæ pulchritudinis. In hoc sepulcro jacebat Rex Galdanus de Turbet, Rex Longobardorum, in cujus capite erat corona ex auro, in qua erant tres lapides pretiosi, scilicit Carbunculus pretii II. millia florenorum, et unus Achates pretii D. florenorum. In manu sinistra habebat unum pomum aureum, a latere erat unus ensis habens dentem in acie satis magnum, qui fuerat Tristantis de Lyonos cum quo interfecerat Lamoranth Durlanth. Unde in pomo ensis sic erat scriptum, *Cel est l'espee de Meser Tristant, an il occist l'Amoroyt de Yrlant.*

"In manu sinistra habebat scripturam continentem hos versiculos:—

"Zezu, Salde de Turbigoz
Roy de Lombars inceronez.

Soles altres barons aprexies
Zo que vos veoz emportes
Per Deo vos pri ne me robez."
GUALVANEEI *de la Flamina de rebus gestis Azonis Vicecomitis.*

The epitaph may be thus rendered:—

"Rests here, in Jesu's blessed name,
Galdan de Turbet, chief of fame,
Highest prized midbarons high,
And crowned King of Lombardie.
I won the spoils before me spread:
Rob not the honours of the dead."

NOTES ON FYTTE SECOND.

Carlioun.—P. 200, st. 4.

The Carlioun of Tomas of Erceldoune was a seaport, and apparently the capital of Cornwall. It cannot, therefore, be the same with Caerleon upon Uske. From the etymology of the word (*Castrum Leonense*), I apprehend that it must have been the chief town of the district of Leonais, or Leonesse, the native country of our hero, from which he derived his usual appellation, as well as the Lion, which he bore in his shield. I am more confident on this subject, because there has flourished in Cornwall, from time immemorial, a family called Carlyon of Tregrahan, a name not occurring out of that county, being therefore, in all probability, a local appellation, derived from the capital of Lionesse. We can, with great ease, account for that capital being now unknown, since the whole district of Lionesse has been totally inundated, as we are assured by Mr. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall.

"The sea, gradually encroaching on the shore, hath ravined from Cornwall the whole tract of country called Lionesse, together with divers other parcells of no little circuit; and that such a country as Lionesse there was, these proofs are yet remaining. The space between the Land's End and Isles of Scilley, being about thirty miles, to this day retaineth that name, in Cornish, Lethowsow, and carrieth continually an equal depth of forty or sixty fathom (a thing not usual in the sea's proper dominion), save that about midway there lieth a ridge, which, at low water, discovereth its head. They term it the Gulph, suiting thereby the other name of Scilla. Fishermen, also, casting their hooks thereabouts, have drawn up pieces of doors and windows. Moreover, the ancient

name of St. Michael's Mount was *Caracloase in Cowse*, in English, *The Hoare Rocke in the Woode;* which is now, at every flood, encompassed by the sea, and yet at low ebbe, roots of mighty trees are descried in the sands about it. The like overflowing has taken place at Plymouth Haven, and divers other places."—See, upon this subject, ELLIS's *Notes to* WAY's *Fabliaux*, vol. ii. p. 179.

In the French MS. and prose folio, the abode of King Mark is fixed at the Castle of Tintagel, renowned in romance as the birth-place of King Arthur. See p. 322.

Fowe and griis.—P. 203, st. 9.

Fowe, from the French, *fourure*, signifies furs in general; Griis, a particular kind of fur, so called from its grey colour. The words occur repeatedly in the poem. Griis was in high esteem. The Monk of Chaucer had

> ——"his sleeves purfiled, at the hond,
> With gris, and that the finest of the lond."[1]

In the beautiful Lay of Launfal, the mantles of the fairy

> ——"were of green selwet,
> Ybordured with gold, ryght well ysete,
> Impelvered with grys and gro."

Froissart tells us, that Richard II. provided for the Irish Kings, who came to reside with him, robes of silk, furred with minever and grey. Certain German nobles, who had slain a bishop, were enjoined, amongst other acts of penance, "ut varium, griseum, ermelinum, et pannos coloratos, non portent."—TRITHEMII *Cron. Hirs. ad annum* 1202.

Gris appears, however, to have been inferior to ermine; for in a statute passed in 1455, for regulating the dress of the Scottish Lords of Parliament, the gowns of the Earls are appointed to be furred with ermine, while those of the other Lords are to be lined

[1] From a passage of Brompton we learn, that the skin of the wild-cat was used by the clergy. Bishop Wolfstan preferred lambskin, saying in excuse, "Crede mihi, nunquam audivi, in ecclesia, cantari *catus* Dei, sed *agnus* Dei; ideo caleffieri agno volo." *Decem. Script.* p. 953.

with "criestay gray, *griece*, or purray."[1] According to Ducange, griseum is synonymous to *vair*, which appears to have been the skin of the Hungarian squirrel. They are, however, distinguished in stanza 24 of this fytte:—

"A schip with grene and gray,
With *vair*, and eke with *griis*."

The proper griis was perhaps equivalent to minever (*menu vair*), an inferior kind of vair, made from the skins of the small weazel and marten.

Furs were a valuable article of trade, and, as such, were particularly noticed in maritime regulations. "Nullus mercator non debet dare fidem, ad exitum portæ, de rebus quas portat vel mercat, nisi de fourura et armatura ferri."—*Cart. apud* DUCANGE. Hence Tristrem, in his assumed character of a merchant, describes himself as robbed of "fowe and griis." In the romance of Sir Gy, a merchant thus narrates his bill of lading:—

"Fowe and griis anough lade we,
Gold and silver and riche stones,
That vertu beere mani for the nones;
Gode clothes of Sikelatown and Alexandriis,
Velour of Matre, and puper and biis."

In another passage of the same romance, we find

"Gy him schred in fou and gray."

His harp, his croude was rike;
His tables, his ches he bare.—P. 203, st. 10.

The *croud* (Welsh *crwth*) was a rude kind of violin: hence Butler's Crowdero, as the name of a fiddler. Tables was a favourrite game during the middle ages. Two games of this nature are mentioned by Wace, the greater and the less.—ELLIS'S *Specimens*, p. 39. The same amusement occurs in an old romance quoted by Cervantes:—

"Jugando está a las tablas Don Gayferos,
Que ya de Melisandra está olvidado."

[1] The badger is termed a *grey*; but his skin seems greatly too coarse to answer the purpose of trimming.

It was, perhaps, analogous to backgammon, which is of Celtic derivation, as appears from its name: Back, *parvum*, and Cammon *prælium*. This game is mentioned in an old Irish poem, called the Death of Cuchollin, where it is said, "the hours passed away in drinking and lively discourse, in playing at backgammon, and listening to the soft strains of the harp."

For thi was Tristrem oft,
To boure *cleped fele sithe.*—P. 204, st. 12.

The familiarity of Tristrem with the Queen and princess, during his residence at the court of Dublin, is perfectly consistent with the manners of the age, but more especially with those of the Irish. When Richard II. endeavoured to reform the manners of that people, the knight, to whose tutelage he committed four of their petty kings, complained to Froissart, "they wolde cause their mynstrelles, their servauntes, and varlettes, to sytte with them, and to eate in their own dyshe, and to drinke of their cuppes. And they shewed me, that the usage of their countrie was good; for they sayd, in all thyngs (except their beddes) they were and lyved in common."—BERNERS' *Froissart*, fo. cclvii. Much offended were these potentates with their knightly tutor, who insisted upon their disusing this liberal custom, as well as that of going without breeches, and other rude practices.

A picture of similar manners occurs in the ancient Irish poem, quoted in the last note. Cuchollin, according to evil presages, was to fall in battle, if he encountered an army of the Irish, commanded by the Queen of Connaught, before three inauspicious days had passed over. The wiles of the enchanters, by whose arts he fell, are, for two days, baffled by the skill of his attendant bards, through whose alluring music and sage counsel the hero is long withheld from the fated combat: during this occupation, the chief bard reclined upon the same bed with the chieftain. These are circumstances peculiar to Celtic manners. Although the Gothic minstrels were highly rewarded and honoured, they were not placed by their lords upon so familiar a footing. Glasgerion, whose story is preserved in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, was a Celtic bard, as appears from his high birth, and fatal inti-

macy with the daughter of a prince, as well as from the epithet of Chaucer, who terms him "the British Glaskerion." A copy of his legend has been preserved in the remote parts of Scotland, by oral recitation. His musical powers are curiously described:—

"Gleskerion was the best harpér
Harped ever on the string.
— — — — — —
He could harp the fish out o' the sea,
The water out o' the stane,
And milk out o' the maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane."

The accomplishments displayed by Sir Tristrem, while in Dublin, were those of a complete minstrel, who, besides the science of music, was generally master of every game known in the middle ages, and of all other amusements which could chase away the lingering hours of a martial nobility, delighting only in war and the chase. Juggling, and feats of legerdemain, were often added to these qualifications.

Indeed, it is hardly necessary to remark the prominent figure which is made by the harper and minstrel, in this and in all other romances. It was their privilege to find a free admittance to the courts of monarchs, and the castles of barons. In the fine old romance of *Guerin de Montglaive*, Gerard, Lord of Vienne, being desirous to prove the spirit of his nephew Aimeri, commands the porter, when the young man presents himself before the gates, to refuse him admittance, under pretence of mistaking him for a wandering minstrel. Aimeri breaks into a violent rage, forces his entry into the great hall, and upbraids his uncle for his churlish and inhospitable mode of housekeeping. "Vous ne vallez rien, qui ainsi faictes fermer votre palais. La cour d'un gentilhomme doit estre deffermée a toutes gens; messagers, menestriers, heraux doivent trouver les cours ouvertes: et si y doivent manger, et avoir de l'argent. Car c'est la coutume." There are repeated allusions, in the Fabliaux of Le Grand and Barbazan, to the public reception of the minstrels on all joyous occasions:—

"Quant un hom fait noces ou feste,
Où il a gens de bone geste,

Li menestreils, quhant ils l'entendent
Qui outre chose ne demandent,
Vont la soit, amont soit aval,
L'un a pié, l'autre a cheval."

That maiden Ysonde hight;
That gle was lef to here,
And romaunce to rede aright.—P. 204, st. 13.

These two lines comprise all the literary amusement of the middle ages. Glee was used generally to express a piece of poetry adapted to music, as the fabliau, and perhaps the lay,[1] as well as the music itself; while the romance meant a work of much greater length, to be read or chanted. I do not mean, that romance already bore the modern acceptation; it signified, generally, the French language, and obliquely, the long works written in it, whether of history or fable. These were usually read, and to read them was not an object of general attainment. Some particular intonation was probably necessary beyond the mere art of reading; for the mode of slurring verse into prose, by reading it as such, is a modern refinement. When Robert the Bruce ferried his few faithful followers over Loch-Lomond, in a boat which held but three men at a time, he amused them by reading the famous romance of Fierabras:—

"The King the quhiles, meryly
Red to thaim, that war hym by,
Romanys of worthi Ferambrace."
BARBOUR, book iii.

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[1] This has been doubted; but the conclusion of Orfeo and Heraclius, in the Auchinleck MS. seems to prove that the lay was set to music:—

"Harpours in Bretaine after than,
Herd how this mervaile began,
And made herof *a lay* of gode lykeing,
And nempned it after the King;
That lay Orfeo is yhote,
Gode is the lay, swete is the note."

See, also, the anecdote of the Irish harper, p. 228, who is expressly said to sing to the harp a merry *lay*.

The night before the murder of James I. of Scotland was spent by that accomplished prince "yn redyng of romans, yn syngyng, and pypynge, in harpynge, and in other honest solaces of grete pleasance and disport."—PINKERTON'S *History*, Appendix to vol. i. p. 467.

It is not, however, to be supposed, that what we now call metrical romances, were always read. On the contrary, several of the romances bear internal evidence that they were occasionally chanted to the harp. The Creside of Chaucer, a long performance, is written expressly to be read, or else sung. It is evident, indeed, that the minstrels, who were certainly the authors of the French romances, and probably of the English also, could derive no advantage from those compositions, unless by reciting or singing them. Some traces of this custom remained in Scotland till of late years. A satire on the Marquis of Argyle, published about the time of his death, is said to be composed to the *tune* of Greysteel, a noted romance, reprinted at Aberdeen so late as the beginning of the last century. Within the memory of man, an old person used to perambulate the streets of Edinburgh, singing, in a monotonous cadence, the tale of Rosewal and Lilian, which is, in all the forms, a metrical romance of chivalry.

Riche sail thai drewe,
White and red so blod.—P. 206, st. 17.

Our forefathers decorated their vessels with useless and absurd magnificence. The lords of France, when about to invade England (a sort of epidemic disease, which has frequently seized the rulers of that country, and generally spent its force in an eruptive expense of preparation), "made baners, penons, standerdes of sylke, so goodlye, that it was marvayle to beholde them: also they paynted the mastes of theyr shippes fro the one end to the other, glytering with golde, and devyses, and armes: and specially it was shewed me, that the Lord Guy of Tremoyle garnyshed his shippe rychely; the paintyngs that were made cost more than two thousande frankes."—BERNER'S *Froissart*, vol. ii. fol. lxi. In elder times, Earl Godwin is said to have given to Edward the Confessor a galley having a gilded prow, manned with eighty

chosen warriors, armed in suitable splendour. Each wore bracelets of gold, a triple hauberk, a gilded helmet, and a sword with gilded hilt: a Danish axe, inlaid with gold and silver, was suspended at the back; the left hand held a buckler with a gilded boss, the right a lance, called in English *tegar*.—SIMEON of DURHAM, apud an. 1040.

Now hat he Tristrem trewe.—P. 206, st. 17.

That is, now he is called by his proper name, Tristrem, instead of the inverted appellation, Tramtris, which he had borne in Ireland.

———*Tristrem hath teld,*
Of Ysonde that was kene.—P. 207, st. 19.

The romancer represents the passion of Tristrem for Ysonde as arising solely from the drink of might, of which they unfortunately partook. The praises, therefore, which inflamed King Mark, were those of dispassionate admiration, or, at most, of gratitude. The prose folio does not entirely follow Tomas in this particular. Tristrem loves Ysolt from their first interview, and fights against Palamedes upon her account, during his residence in Dublin. It was, however, but a transient passion, being superseded by that which he afterwards entertained for the lady of Segarades, in whose affections, as afterwards in those of Ysonde, he successfully rivalled his uncle Mark. Ysonde perceived neither the passion of Tristrem nor Palamedes, nor their mutual hatred, "Comme celle qui oncques n'avoit pensé à amour."

The baroums hem bi thought,
To fel Tristremes pride.—P. 208, st. 21.

In the prose romance, the plan of procuring Tristrem's death, by sending him to ask in marriage the niece of Moraunt, whom he had slain, is imputed to Mark himself.

For doute of o dragoun.—P. 211, st. 27.

It may be objected, by those who adhere to Mr. Warton's derivation of romantic fiction from the Moors and Saracens, that the introduction of a dragon, the creature of Oriental fancy, savours

of a closer acquaintance with the fables of the East, than could have been acquired in Scotland during the 13th century. According to Warton, "Dragons are a sure mark of Orientalism."—*Dissert. on Origin of Romantic Fiction.* To this it might be sufficient to answer, that the Scottish nation sent many warriors to the Crusades. But, in fact, the idea of this fabulous animal was familiar to the Celtic tribes at an early period; and it is stated to have been borne on the banner of Pendragon, who from that circumstance derived his name. A dragon was also the standard of the renowned Arthur. A description of this banner, the magical work of Merlin, occurs in the romance of *Arthour and Merlin*, in the Auchinleck MS., and is not unpoetical:—

"Merlin bar her goinfanoun;
Upon the top stode a dragoun,
Swithe griscliche a litel croune.
Fast him bihcld al tho in the toune,
For the mouth he had grinninge,
And the tong out flatlinge,
That out kest sparkes of fer,
Into the skies that flowen cler;
That dragoun had a long taile,
That was wipper hoked saun-faile."

The dragon cast fire when the conflict deepened, like the Chimæra upon the crest of Turnus:—

"Tam magis illa fremens, et tristibus effera flammis,
Quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnæ."

In the Welsh Triads, I find the dragon repeatedly mentioned; and, in a battle fought at Bedford, about 752, betwixt Ethelbald, King of Mercia, and Cuthred, King of Wessex, a golden dragon, the banner of the latter, was borne in the front of combat by Edelheim, or Edelhun, a chief of the West Saxons.—Brompton *Chron.* Indeed, even supposing that, during the long residence of the Romans in Britain, they had not imparted to the inhabitants their traditions concerning dragons, it is hard to see why the Celtic or Gothic imagination might not conceive such a monster, without borrowing the idea from the East. Serpents and lizards were well known to the northern nations: to equip them with

wings (although these are neither mentioned in the case of Merlin's dragon, nor of Tristrem's) seems to be no great stretch of fancy; and the burning heat, induced by the bite of an adder, may at first, by poetical license, and afterwards, by the literal interpretation of the audience, have given rise to the supposed quality of vomiting flames.

The mention of the dragon leads to another remark. The word *dragon* is, in Owen's Welsh Dictionary, translated a *leader*, as *pen-dragon* is rendered a *generalissimo*, and *dragondwl* a *supreme chief*. Such being the case, there seems no great violence in the supposition, that the dragon slain by Sir Tristrem (one of the very few marvellous incidents in the tale) was some chief or leader, the enemy of the Irish monarch. This exposition seems less forced than that of Regnar Lodbrog's slaughter of two snakes, which one commentator explains to mean his having surmounted the winding and misshapen wall of the fortress in which a lovely virgin was confined; and another, his having conquered and slain a seneschal, whose name was *Orme*, or Serpent. In truth, the hyperbolical and enigmatical descriptions of the British bards, and the Gothic scalds, may often lead us to confound with fiction what was used as metaphor and parable. The crusaders, in passing through the Archipelago, made a yet more ridiculous mistake; believing that the water-spouts, which often occur there, were owing to the frolics of an immense black dragon, whom they endeavoured to drive away by shouts and clashing of arms.—BROMPTON, *Chron. apud Decem Scriptores*, p. 1216.

It seems that the minstrels did not know, or did not regard the tradition, that St Patrick freed Ireland from poisonous animals. Not only the dragon in the text, but another, slain by Guy of Warwick, were natives of the Land of Saints. This last is described at length:—

" Never was best no so hie,
Gret heued it hath, and grislich to seie;
His nek is greter than a bole,
His bodi is swarter than ani cole;
It is michel, and long, and grieelich,
Fram the naval upward unschapeliche.

The smalest scale that on him is,
No wepen no may attaine y wis;
As a somer it is bresled before in the brede,
And swifter ernend than ani stede.
He hath clawes als a lyoun,
Men saith that it is a dragoun;
Gret winges he hath with to fle,
His shaft to tell alle ne mowe we."

The adventure of the dragon in the text is literally copied into the prose folio, but is placed during Tristrem's first residence in Ireland, and previous to the discovery of his real name. He succeeds in his embassy, by succouring the King of Ireland when hard beset in a tournament.

Treacle.—P. 215, st. 37.

Treacle, or theriaca, was long accounted a choice remedy against poison, and was held, accordingly, in high reputation. Chaucer mentions

———"medicine more fine than treacle."

In a MS. poem on the praise of women, it is used as an emblem of fidelity—

"Trowe as treacle er thai to fend."

Theriaca is derived from the Greek Θηρίον, *bestia venenata*. The use and composition of the medicine may be found in the 20th book of Pliny, cap. 24.

Ysonde, bright of hewe,
Thought it Tramtris ware.—P. 217, st. 41.

This seems to be an error of the transcriber. Ysonde did not suspect the stranger to be *Tramtris*, her old preceptor, but *Tristrem*, who had slain her uncle Moraunt; and her conjecture is confirmed by the broken sword. The prose work mentions this discovery, which it places during Tristrem's first abode in Ireland. With greater plausibility, it represents the Queen, not Ysonde, as the lady who threatened the hero with personal vengeance; while the King, moved by the laws of hospitality, and by the "bounty

of chivalry," which Tristrem had displayed, saves him from death, but banishes him from Ireland. But Mr. Douce's Fragment, as usual, concurs with Tomas of Ercildoune. *Vide* p. 328.

The steward forsoke his dede.—P. 220, st. 47.

This seems to be alluded to in Mr. Douce's Fragment, where Tristrem says, he deserved Ysonde's pardon for her uncle's death, by protecting her against the claim of a man whom she hated, p. 328. The name given to this false steward, in the prose folio, is Aguynguerren the Red.

———*A drink of might,*
That loue wald kithe.—P. 220, st. 48.

This philtre, or *boire amoureuse*, as the romancers called it, produced the fatal and unchangeable affection, by which Ysonde and Tristrem were so inseparably united. If we suppose that it was only a medical aphrodisiac, the tale will not appear incredible. The hero and heroine experienced Ovid's maxim,—

"Philtra nocent animis, vimque furoris habent."

When the effects of temporary delirium had taken place, the evil was irremediable; and the continuance of their guilty intercourse was the natural consequence of the original crime. But our ancestors held a more marvellous doctrine. Their ideas of the drink of might were not confined to its immediate stimulating effects; it was supposed, through magic, or occult sympathy, to continue its operation during the life of those who partook of the beverage. The rules for composing such philtres are to be found in every author that treats of physics, from the days of the ancients to the middle of the 17th century; from Pliny's Natural History, to the Solid Treasure of Albert the Less. The noted hippomane was the principal ingredient in these love-potions; but the bones of a green frog (provided the flesh had been eaten by ants), the head of a kite, the marrow of a wolf's left foot, mixed with ambergris, a pigeon's liver, stewed in the blood of the person to be beloved, and many other recipes, more or less nauseous, are confidently

averred to be of equal virtue. In Middleton's Witch,[1] a young gallant goes to the cave of an enchantress, to procure a love-spell:—

"*Hecate.* Thou shalt have choice of twentie, wett or drie.
Almachildes. Nay, let's have drie ones.
Hec. Yf thou wilt use't by way of cup and potion,
I'lgive thee a remora shall bewitch her straight.
Alm. A remora!—what's that?
Hec. A little suck-stone:
Some call it a stelamprey; a small fish.
Alm. And must't be buttered?
Hec. The bones of a dead frog, too, wondrous pretious,
The flesh consumed by pize-mires."

In another scene, Almachildes thus describes the bounties of the witch:—

"*Alm.* The whorson old hclent would have given me the
Brayne of a cat, once, in my handkercher. I bad
Her make sawce with't, with a vengeance! And a
Little bone in the hithermost part of a wolfe's taile.[2]
I bad her pick her teeth with't, with a pestilence!"

The virtues of the magic draught of Sir Tristrem are thus described by the Queen of Ireland, "Ce bruivage est appellé le boire amoureux; car si-tost comme le Roy Marc en aura ben, et ma fille apres, ilz se aymerent si merveilleusement, que nul ne pourroient mettre discord entre eulx." Folio xli.

Tristrem so rewe he.—P. 221, st. 49.

Dexterity in rowing, as it was a necessary, so it was deemed an honourable accomplishment, among the heroes of chivalry. The ancient Scandinavians, whose manners gave a strong tinge to the feudal ages, were, from their roving and piratical profession,

[1] This curious old play afforded the songs and choruses for Macbeth. It only existed in MS., till Mr. Reed printed a few copies for the use of his friends.

[2] This is a classical spell, mentioned by Pliny.

obliged to understand the use of the oar. Harold the Valiant boasts of skill in this exercise, as one of his most estimable qualifications. *Sen iosum ver svannæ*, &c.

" But four banks on my galley's side,
But fifteen mates were mine,
When, through the pathless ocean wide,
My oar dashed high the brine.
Dauntless, I viewed the billows' strength
Fly o'er my bark in vain;
And little thought to brook, at length,
A Russian maid's disdain.

" Eight arts are mine:—to wield the steel,
To curb the warlike horse,
To swim the lake, or, skate on heel,
To urge my rapid course;
To hurl, well-aimed, the martial spear,
To brush with oar the main:
All these are mine, though doomed to bear
A Russian maid's disdain."

The coupe was riche li wrought,
Of gold it was the pin.—P. 221, st. 50.

The practice of putting gold and silver pins into goblets and drinking vessels, was intended to regulate the draught of each individual guest, so that all might have an equal share of the beverage. It was of Anglo-Saxon origin, and is, by the facetious Grose, supposed to have given rise to our vulgar expression, of *drinking to a merry pin*. William of Malmesbury gives the honour of this invention to no less a personage than St Dunstan: "In tantum et in frivolis pacis sequax, ut quia compatriotæ in tabernis convenientes, jamque temulenti, pro more bibendi contenderent, ipse clavos argenteos vel aureos vasis affigi jusserit; ut, dum metam suam quisque cognosceret, non plus, subserviente verecundia, vel ipse appeteret, vel alium appetere cogeret." *De Gestis Reg. Ang.* lib. 2. Giving Dunstan all credit for his pacific motives, this measuring out bumpers to his drunken countrymen seems a singular occupation for a saint and an archbishop.

Her loue might no man twin,
Til her ending day.—P. 221, st. 50.

The love of Tristrem and Ysonde became proverbial during the middle ages, and the references to it are innumerable. A few may be noticed, out of a great number. In the *Temple of Glas*, printed by Wynkin de Worde, there occurs, among the faithful servants of Love,

"Ysonde, and many eke moo,
And all the torment and the cruell woo
That she had for Tristrem all her lyve."

The sententious Gower treats of their story in the following verses, of which it seems to be the moral, that gentlemen and ladies should beware of drinking a cup too much.

"Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum, qualiter Tristans, ob potum quem Brengwayn in vani (vino) ei porrexit, de amore belle Isolde inebriatus exstitit."

"And for to loke, in evidence,
Upon the sothe experience;
So that it hath befall er this,
In every man's mouth it is,
How Tristram was of love dronke
With bele Isolde, whan they dronke
The drinke, which Brangweine hem betok,
Er that King Mark his eme hir tok
To wyfe, as it was after knowe.
And eke, my son, if thou wylte knowe,
As it hath fallen over more
In love's cause, and, what is more,
Of dronkeshyp for to drede,
As it whylome befell in dede,
Whereof thou myght the better eschewe
Of dronken men, that thou na sewe
The company, in no manere,
A great ensample thou shalt here."
Lib. sext:

The moralist again introduces Tristrem among the true lovers in the train of Venus:—

"There was Tristrem, which was beloved
With bele Isolde, and Lancelot
Stode with Guenor, and Galahote
With his lady."[1]

It appears, from the following passage in Barbazan's *Fabliaux* that the love of Tristrem and Ysonde was proverbial among the French minstrels:—

"C'oncques Tristrans Yseult la Blonde,
Ne nule femme de cest monde,
N'ama oncques si fort nului,
Come ele fist tanto celui."
La Vieille Truande.

"Tristans tant com fu en c'est monde,
N'ama autant Ysoue la Blonde
Com si deux amans s'entre aimerent."
Conte de la Dame qui aveine demandoit.

A very ancient allusion to the story of our romancer is quoted by Fauchet, from the songs of the King of Navarre, and has been noticed in our Introduction.

After all, it will perhaps be the best instance of the universal and continued popularity of the tale of Sir Tristrem, that Boiardo and Ariosto have founded upon his history the idea of the two enchanted fountains, which produced the opposite effects of love and hatred, and occasioned the various and capricious events in the loves of Rinaldo and Angelica. Boiardo thus describes the Fountain of Hatred:—

"Ell' era tutta d'oro lavorata,
Et d'albastro candido, e pulito;
E cosi bel, che chi dentro vi guata,
Vi vedi il prato, e fior tutto scolpito:

[1] Gower is here incorrect. Galahaut, or Galahad, had no paramour, but piqued himself on his continence, through which, with Sir Percival, he accomplished the adventure of the Sangreal. Sir Percival was sorely tempted by the devil, in shape of a fair damsel; but he repented in time, and drove his sword through his own thigh, as a penance for his frailty. See *Lancelot du Lac.* Paris, 1533. *La tierce partie.*

Dicon che da Merlin fu fabbricata,
Per Tristan, che d'Isotta era invaghito,
Accioch 'ivi bevendo, si scordasse.
L'amor di quella donna, e la lasciasse.

" Ma non consenti mai la sua sciagura,
Di far lo a questa fonte capitare ;
Quantunque andasse in volta alla ventura,
Cercando il mondo per terra, O per mare."

— — — — — —

" Fair was that fountain, sculptured all with gold,
With alabaster sculptured, rich and rare,
And in its basin clear thou mightst behold
The flowery margo reflected fresh and fair.
Sage Merlin framed the font, so legends bear,
When on fair Ysonde donted Tristrem brave,
That the good erraunt knight, arriving there,
Might quaff oblivion in the enchanted wave,
And leave his luckless love, and 'scape his timeless grave.

" But ne'er the warrior's evil fate allowed
His steps that fountain's charmed verge to gain,
Though restless, roving on adventure proud,
He traversed oft the land, and oft the main."

— — — — — —

Among the enchanted palaces which profusely adorn the *Orlando Furioso*, is a lodge, called the Rocca di Tristano, on account of a certain adventure achieved there by our hero.—Canto XXXII.

Dante has also given Sir Tristrem a place among the lovers, described, in the *Inferno*, as flitting through the air like a flock of cranes :—

" Vedi Paris, Tristano ; e più de mille
Ombre mostrommi, e nominoll' a dito,
Ch' amor di nostra vita departille."

An hounde ther wes biside.

— — — —

The coupe he licked that tide.—P. 222, st. 51.

John Baptist van Helmont, in a treatise *De Magnetica Morborum Curatione*, containing, as may be supposed from the title,

much mystic jargon about sympathy, informs us, that, by the use of a particular talisman, he attached a dog to his person, in the same manner as Hodain is said to have become inseparable from Ysonde and Tristrem, by licking the cup which had contained the *boire amorueuse*. It is sufficiently strange, in the present day, to see the metaphysical nonsense of Albertus and Van Helmont reviving successfully, in the modern charlatanism of animal magnetism and metallic tractors!

Now thenketh Ysonde to slo
Brengwain and hir to spille.—P. 224, st. 56.

The barbarous ingratitude of the Queen of Cornwall, resembles that of the heroine in Middleton's *Changeling*, an old play which contains some passages horribly striking.

Smockes hadde sche and Y,
And hir was solwy to sen.—P. 226, st. 60.

The allegory of Brengwain is more delicately expressed in the folio: "Quant Madame Ysoult se partist de Yrland, elle avoit une fleur de liz, qu'elle devoit porter au Roy Marc; et une de ses damoyselles en avoit une aultre. Madame perdit la sienne, dont elle eust esté mal baillee: quant la damoyselle lny presentoit, par moy la sienne, que elle avoit bien gardée, dont elle fut saulvée; et cuide, que pour celle bonté, me fait elle mourir; car je ne scay aultre achoison."—Fueillet xlviii. The ruffians, however, tie Brengwain to a tree, and leave her to be devoured by wild beasts; but she is delivered by Palamedes, a gallant warrior, the rival of Tristrem.

Ysonde he loued in are,
He that the harp brought;
About his hals he it bare,
Richelich it was wrought.—P. 227, st. 64.

It afterwards appears that this harper was an Irish Earl, a former lover of Ysonde, thus disguised. The description resembles that of the Minstrel, in an ancient MS. Fabliau, in the British Museum, commencing thus:—

"Seynours escotes un petit,
Si orrez un tres bon deduit,
De un menestril, que passa la terre,
Par merveille e avantre guere;
Si vint de la Loundres en un prec,
Encountra le roy e sa meisnee;
Entour son col porta soun tabour,
Depoint de or et riche atour," &c.

Besides their harp, minstrels usually suspended about their necks a blazon of the arms of their patron. Sir David Lindsay directs that "na menstrall sall weir his lord or princis armes as ane herrald dois. But he sall bier them ewin on the middis of his breist, and with ane round circle about the schield, quhilk is callit ane besigel in armis."

Thine harp whi wiltow spare.—P. 228, st. 64.

In the folio, this remonstrance is addressed by King Mark to Heylot l'Envoysie, the minstrel of King Arthur, whose duty it was to sing lays composed in honour of the Round Table. It seems King Mark (who ought not to have thrown the first stone on such an occasion) had sent certain vituperative letters to Arthur and Guenever, reproaching them with the intercourse which that fair princess maintained with Lancelot du Lac. In revenge of this insult, Dinadam, the wit of the Round Table, composed a satirical lay against the Cornish monarch, and sent Heylot to sing it at his *cour pleniere*, held at Tintagel. The harper declined to play till much pressed by King Mark, and then sung this performance of Dinadam, which the *Morte Arthur* terms "the worst lay that ever harper sung with harp, or with any other instrument,"—a character which it deserves in more respects than one. *Tristan*, Second Partie, fueil. 61. *Morte Arthur*, chapters 114, 117.

Y proue the for fals man,
Or Y schal have thi Quen.—P. 228, st. 65.

Good faith was the very corner-stone of chivalry. Whenever a knight's word was pledged, it mattered not how rashly, it was to be redeemed at any price. Hence the sacred obligation of the *don octroyée*, or *boon granted*, by a knight to his suppliant. In-

stances without number occur in romance, in which a knight, by rashly granting an indefinite boon, was obliged to do, or suffer something extremely to his prejudice. King Lisvart, in *Amadis de Gaul*, was placed in such a predicament by a false old man, to whom he had promised a *gift*, and who demanded that the monarch's daughter, the lovely Oriana, should be delivered up to him:—

> "He nought amazed, or veiling well his grief,
> Resign'd the maid, and stern forbade relief;
> Deaf to the voice of his indignant peers,
> Regardless of the maid's or mother's tears;
> Then to his bower retired, to vent apart
> The secret grief that tore his manly heart."
>
> ROSE'S *Amadis*, Book iii.

In the same romance, a wily damsel claimed of Galaor, as a boon, that he should slay Amadis; and one or both brothers must have fallen in the contest, had not a courteous knight annulled the obligation, by cutting off the damsel's head. In the commencement of the prose Tristran, there is a long history of a certain Cholinde, who, always sorrowing and always submissive, passes through the alternate possession of a score of husbands and lovers. She is begged from Pellias, her husband *de facto*, in virtue of a boon which he had granted to Sadoc, her husband *de jure*, and Pellias delivers her up. "Puis entre en sa chambre, et faict tel deuil que semble qu'il se doyve mourir de la doleur qu'il a."—Fueillet iv. Not to multiply examples of the sacred right of a boon granted, the hardest sacrifice which could be demanded of a knight-errant was exacted from Sir Gawain, who was enjoined to behave like a coward and recreant during the whole of a celebrated tournament. See the *Sangreal*.

But it is not in romance alone that we find such singular instances of adherence to an indefinite promise. In 1342, when Charles of Blois, then claiming the dukedom of Bretagne, was lying before Hennebonne, a boon was requested of him by Don Louis of Spain. When granted and explained, it proved to be the heads of two English barons, then captives of Sir Charles, which the Spaniard demanded in revenge of a defeat he had sustained in fighting against their countrymen. Sir Charles, how-

ever, unwilling to comply with a request derogatory to his honour, and contrary to humanity, was obliged to keep his faith, at the risk of his shield being dishonoured by a *point campion*, the abatement due to him who slew his prisoner. The captives were on the fatal scaffold, when they were rescued by a sally from the garrison, headed by the renowned Sir Walter Mauny. FROISSART, vol. i. chap. lxxxvii. The Earl of Foix is the only person I have found recorded, who, on such an occasion, limited his generosity within the bounds of prudence. Being asked a boon by no less a personage than the wife of the Black Prince, "Madame," he replied, "I am but a meane man, therefore I can give no great gifts. But I will grant you, with glad cheer, a gift not exceeding threescore thousand franks." The princess essayed again to procure from him an unlimited boon; but the Earl was sage and prudent, for, suspecting she would ask him to forgive the immense debt which was due to him from the Earl of Armagnac, he answered, "Madame, from a poor knight, as I am, the gift I have offered should suffice." And when the princess explained her request, he could not be prevailed on to remit more than 60,000 out of 250,000 franks, to which the debt amounted.—FROISSART, vol. ii. cap. xxii. The abatement of heraldry assigned to the unworthy knight who revoked a boon, was, I believe, a *plain base*.

The romantic sanctity of the "*boon pledged*" seems to have been acknowledged by the celtic tribes. In the *Death of Cuchollin*, when the hero advances for the last time against the foe, he is met by Cuculeasg, the chief bard of the enemy, attended by his twenty-seven pupils. The hero alighted from his chariot, and bade them welcome. "I require a gift," said the chief bard. "It is thine," said Cuchollin. "It is thy spear I ask," said the insidious Cuculeasg. "And what is to become of me," said the warrior, "thus disarmed, and the champions of the four provinces ready to attack me? But it is thine; wilt thou have it given thee by the handle or the point?"—"Neither," said the chief bard; "deliver it to me athwart." Upon this, the warrior cast the spear at him in the manner he required, with such force, that it laid Cuculeasg and all his pupils dead upon the earth. "Alas!" cried Cuchollin, "the completion of my misfortunes is near at

hand, for I have slain a chief bard, and that by the very gift he required of me; hasten, therefore, the chariot towards the enemy, that I may at least have vengeance in my death."—"Not," said Laogh, "till I have taken up the spear."—"That thou shalt not," said Cuchollin, "for I never took back what I had bestowed." Similar instances occur in this curious poem, for the perusal of which I am indebted to a lady of distinguished rank and accomplishments.

His rote with outen wen,
He raught bi the ring.—P. 229, st. 67.

The rote was an ancient musical instrument, managed by a wheel, from which it derived its name. Tyrwhitt seems to think that it resembled the ancient psaltery, but altered in its shape, and with an additional number of strings. Ritson says, it is the modern mandolin, or *hurdy gurdy*, of the strolling Savoyards. A particular species of song was probably adapted to it; for, when Khedin (the Ganhardin of Thomas) became poetical in his passion, "Il fait noter, chansons, *rotuanches*, chantz, et deschantz, tout pour la Royne Yseult."—*Tristan*, fueil. 113. These are called *rotewanges* by William of Waddington, who wrote about the middle of the 13th century. See the Abbé de la Rue's *Dissertation on Anglo-Norman Poets*. They are also mentioned by Wace, in his translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth:—

"Mult poissez oir chancons,
Rotuenges, et roialx sons,
Villeors, lais et notez,
Laiz de vieles, laiz de *rotez*,
Laiz de harpez, laiz de ficteaux."
ELLIS'S *Specimens*, vol. i. p. 48

Swiche song he gan sing,
That hir was swithe wo,
Her com swiche loue longing,
Hir hert brast neighe a-to.—P. 229, st. 68.

Perhaps this is the very passage parodied in the rhyme of Sir Thomas:—

"Sir Thomas fell in love longing,
All when he heard the throstel sing."

I have found no passage in the English romance coming so near to the burlesque of the ancient bard of Woodstock.

With thine harp, thou woune hir that tide,
Thou tint hir with mi rote.—P. 231, st. 72.[1]

The story of the harper, together with this very expression, occurs in Mr. Douce's MS. See p. 334. But in the prose folio a different turn is given to the adventure: Ysonde, repentant of her cruelty to Brengwain, is in despair for her loss, when that faithful attendant is presented to her by Palamedes. This knight had rescued her when exposed in the forest (see note on stanza 60), and he demands a boon from Ysonde and King Mark, in return for this good service. The boon being granted, he requests that the Queen may be delivered up to him. Of the whole court of Cornwall, only one knight attempts her rescue, and he is mortally wounded. The rest, respecting the King's word, and perhaps the well-known valour of Palamedes, suffer him to carry off his prize in triumph. Tristrem returns from hunting, and, learning what had happened, goes in pursuit of the ravisher. Having overtaken him, a desperate combat ensues, which lasts with uncertain success, till Ysondé, anxious for her lover, throws herself betwixt their swords, and demands a boon of Palamedes. The infatuated knight having granted her request, "Go," said she, "to the court of King Arthur, and tell Queen Guenever, from me, that there exist on earth but two knights and two ladies, she and I, her friend and mine; and, moreover, do thou henceforward never appear before me in Britain." Palamedes, caught in his own snare, retires in mortal sorrow,[1] while Tristrem and Ysonde

[1] Palamedes, after this mortifying repulse, attached himself to the quest, or pursuit, of a certain animal, called, in the romance, *La Bete Glatyssante*. What particular reason he had for following this beast is uncertain; but the monster was in itself a strange monster. It had the feet and legs of a stag, the tail of a lion, and the head of a serpent, and made a noise as if a pack of twenty hounds had opened at once. It seems to have suggested to Spenser the idea of his *Blatant Beast*.

spend a few happy days in the Lodge of the Forest, before returning to the court of Cornwall

Meriadok.—P. 232, st. 74.

The spy, by whom the loves of Tristrem and Ysonde are so often discovered and betrayed, is in the folio, termed Andivet, a nephew of King Mark, and as felonious and cowardly as his uncle.

Bitven the bour and the halle,
The way was naru and lite.—P. 233, st. 75.

The state of the domestic arts, intimated by this passage, refers to a remote period of society. The bedchamber of the Queen was constructed of wooden boards or shingles, of which one could easily be removed. It was called a bower, probably from its resemblance to an arbour. The hall, in which the courtiers lay promiscuously, formed a separate building; for the art of partitions was probably unknown. If we suppose that these and other huts, necessary for the royal accommodation, were surrounded with a palisade and ditch, we shall have the picture of a British fortress, as described by Cæsar. The Saxons did not greatly improve on this model. On the contrary, the houses erected by the Romans were suffered to go to ruin, while the thanes delighted to spend their large revenues in rude hospitality, under shelter of the wooden halls, which were common to all the northern nations. In the *Sagan of Gunlangi*, there is a description and plan of such an apartment.

The croice to Ierusalem bring.—P. 234, st. 77.

In the French folio, this deceit is practised, not upon Ysonde, but Tristrem. Mark, having been ordered by the Pope to go to the Holy Land, offers to liberate Tristrem, then imprisoned, provided he will go in his stead. He even falsifies the superscription of the bulls, that Tristrem may suppose them addressed to himself. But it is all in vain. Whatever sins Tristrem had to repent of, he refused to expiate them by a crusade.—*Tristan*, sec partie, fueil. lvii.

Tristrem constable is heighe.—P. 242, st. 96.

In the prose work, Tristrem is placed in the still more confidential offices of Steward and Chamberlain. The preceding incidents are also different. There is no mention in the folio of the lovers conveying intelligence by the chips of wood floating down the stream. Neither does the story of the dwarf and the tree occur in the folio, although such an ambassador is employed during Tristrem and Mark's original rivalship for the good graces of the wife of Segurades. Both these incidents are alluded to in the French Metrical Fragments. See pages 330, 333, 334.

Blod leten was the King,
Tristrem, and the Quene.—P. 243, st. 98.

Instead of this surgical experiment, which occurs, with little difference in the Fragments, p. 334, Mark is, in the French folio, made to place by the bed of his spouse, a sort of mantrap composed of scythe-blades; by which (we grieve to tell it) not only the legs of Sir Tristrem, but those of the lovely Ysonde, are sorely wounded. By this "treason and felonie," as the romance terms it, and by hurts received from Mark's attendants, Tristrem is supposed to be mortally wounded. The uncle then relents, and makes a long lamentation over him; Sir Tristrem joins him, probably with more sincerity, until he suddenly reflects, that Absalom died, and also Samson and Solomon, Achilles too, so highly prized for chivalry, and the sage Merlin; wherefore, he argues, it will be to him great honour to join the society of so many departed worthies. In the romance of *Lancelot du Lac*, (Paris, 1583.) there is a similar adventure, turning upon a bloody couch. Sir Lancelot had passed a night with Queen Guenever, at the expense of wrenching out the iron bars of her window: his hands being much wounded, traces of blood were next morning discovered in the royal bed. Meleagant, a rejected lover of the Queen, misled by these appearances, impeached her of adultery with Kay the seneschal, who lay next her chamber, and who was at that time wounded. But Sir Lancelot offered to defend the Queen by single combat, and having manfully, and indeed truly, sworn that the

blood upon her couch was not *that of Kay*, he obtained victory in his appeal to the trial by duel.

Mark wald spourge the Quen.
— — — —
With hot yren to say,
Sche thought to make hir clene,
Of sake.— P. 245, st. 101.

The ordeal or urtheil, in which the cause of a criminal was supposed to be referred to the judgment of God, depended upon a miracle, expected to interrupt the course of nature, and to manifest the guilt or innocence of the accused. The same train of ideas, so congenial to the human mind, has established some similar mode of proof (being nearly the most absurd possible) in almost every country, however distinct in manners and religion. The Ceylonese and the Gentoos have their ordeals, as well as our ancient Celts and Goths: and all looked with equal approbation, and undoubting faith, upon the execution of a criminal, whose skin had been sensible to the impression of red-hot iron, or boiling oil. On the other hand, he who could hold out his arms, in the sign of the cross, for a certain space, or accomplish the more familiar task of swallowing a portion of consecrated bread and cheese, without liquor or mastication, was cleansed whiter than snow. One of the most whimsical experiments to which superstition has subjected its victims, is detailed in the account of Sierra Leone, lately published by Dr. Winterbottom. A dose of medicine is administered to the accused, and its effects are sedulously watched by the judges. If it acts as an emetic, the prisoner is acquitted, amidst the acclamations of his tribe; but if it takes a more natural direction, the same applauses attend the execution, by which he is doomed to expiate guilt so satisfactorily established.

Our Saxon ancestors had various modes of bringing forth the truth of an accusation. The walking over burning ploughshares, with eyes blindfolded, was one of the most noted. The story of Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, is remarkable among the legends of this nature; but modern incredulity has blemished the renown of her exploit. It is not, indeed, mentioned

by William of Malmesbury, or our earlier writers, Brompton and Knighton being the first by whom it is recorded, but it was very early matter of poetical tradition: for the songs of Colbrond, the Danish champion, slain by Gy of Warwick, and of Queen Emma's deliverance from the ordeal, were sung before Adam de Orleton, Bishop of Winchester, when he visited the convent of St Swithen's in that city.—WARTON. And the latter tale was chosen with great propriety; for the principal crime of which Emma stood accused, was adultery with the Bishop of Winchester, and St Swithen had stood her friend upon her fiery trial. This appears from the following extract from Trevisa's translation of the Polychronicon:—

The King had accused his mother of adultery with Alwin, Bishop of Winchester. Both were imprisoned. "But Emma was kept easily and somdele at her large, and wrotte to the byschops of England, in the which she had trust of friendshyp; and sayde, that it grieved her more the despyte that the byschop had, then her own shame; and sayde she was redye, by Godys owne dome, and by assaye of fyre-hot yron that the byschop was wrongfully defamed. Then the byschops cam togyder to the kynge, and should have had of the kynge all that they preyed, no had be Robert, Archbysshop of Canterbury, spake agaynst them. 'My brethren bysshops,' said Robert, 'how dare ye defend her that is a vile beeste, and not a woman? She hath defamed her own sone, the kynge, and nompned her lecherous leman, Goddis owne Cryst. But yf it be that the woman wolde purge the byschop, but who shal purge the woman that is accused, that she was assentynge to the deth of her sone Egelred, and procured venym to the poysonynge of Edwarde. But be it that she had auctoryte and power, upon the condicyon of properte of kinde, of male other female; yet yf she wolde go barefoote for herself four steps, and for the byschop fyve steps contynuelly, upon ix falowe shares, brennying and fyre-hote: then if she escape harmless over all those steppes, he sall be quite and assoylled of ther chalenge."—And the day of the assaye of this purgacyon was appointed. Tyll that day came, the kynge and all the lordes were there, outlake Robert alone. But the nyght before the day of this purgacyon, the woman was in her prayers, at Winchester, at St Swythune's tombe, and was comforted there. Then

on the morrowe her eyen were hydde, and she passed the fyre in hot falowe shares, and escaped harmless. Then the kynge began to grone, and axed mercie, and was dyscyplyned of ayther byschops, and of his mother also."—RANDAL HIGDEN's *Chronicle*, translated by TREVISA, lib. vi. c. 23. Emma is said to have given to the abbey of St Swithen nine manors, in memory of the nine ploughshares. It is difficult to suppose that this fact would have been so positively averred, without some foundation.

The trial undertaken by Ysonde was, in some respects, more difficult than that of Queen Emma, as it consisted not merely in walking among burning ploughshares, but in actually carrying a piece of red-hot iron, in the naked hand, from the choir to the altar, through the whole length of a Gothic cathedral. It was appointed by the canon law: "Si quis fidelis libertate nobilitatis, tanto talique crimine publicetur, ut criminosus a populo suspicetur, per ignem, candente ferro, cautè examinetur." According to the degree of crime imputed to the accused, he carried an iron, called, by the Saxons, the single or triple *laga* (load or burden). The latter, according to the laws of King Athelstan, weighed sixty shillings, *i.e.* three pounds. This mode of proof applied to all accusations, in which other testimony was defective, from petty larceny to high treason. Nay it was found effectual to establish the purity of descent; for Inga, mother to Haco, King of Norway, underwent the ordeal of hot iron, and successfully established the questionable nobility of her son: and a young man offered, by the same evidence, to prove himself the son of Riis ap Griffid, a Welsh prince, inclined to deny the relationship.—GIR. CAMB. *Camb. Descrip.* cap. xiii. Gibbon has recorded the ingenious evasion of Michael Palæologus, when pressed to undergo this ordeal by an insidious archbishop: "I am a soldier," said he, "and will boldly enter the lists with my accusers; but a layman, a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. *Your* piety, most holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of heaven, and from your hands I will receive the fiery globe, the pledge of my innocence." —*Roman Empire*, vol. xi. p. 317. The bishop dropped his plea, rather than himself become a party in so hazardous a trial. Yet the clergy, to whom the custody of the person accused was usually

intrusted, for a certain time before the trial, did probably possess some secret for indurating the skin against the immediate effects of the iron. We are left, at least to choose betwixt fraud or miracle; for there are well-attested instances of pious men and virtuous women, the righteousness of whose cause was manifested by their passing uninjured through the ordeal. In the year of God 1143, the Count of Hirschbergh was sinful or impolitic enough to dispute with the monastery of Gerode the property of three farms. One of the pious monks undertook to prove the convent's right to the disputed lands, by submitting to the fiery ordeal. The ceremony was performed at Erzfurt, in presence of Anselm, bishop of Stavelberg, with many abbots, and other servants of God, all of whom attest the miracle by their signature. The heated iron was solemnly blessed in the convent of St Peter and St Paul; and, when borne by the monk, was so far from injuring his hands, that it even rendered them more strong and vigorous than before.[1]

Swete Ysonde hath sworn,
Hir clene.—P. 247, st. 106.

It seems strange that our ancestors, believing the judgment by ordeal to be a solemn appeal to heaven, should suppose that Omniscience could be biassed or deceived by an equivocal oath of purgation. Nevertheless, repeated instances occur in romance, of such wretched attempts to escape the miraculous penalties supposed to attend actual perjury. We have already noticed one, which occurs in the history of Lancelot du Lac (see Note on stanza xcviii.); and the curious romance of *Amis and Amelion* turns on a similar stratagem. These two warriors were brethren in arms, remarkable for their astonishing similarity in person, and union in friendship. Amis being in the service of a certain duke, is impeached by the steward as having seduced the daughter of his liege lord. He boldly denies the charge, and undertakes to prove its falsehood by single combat. But in the interval, conscious that he cannot, without perjury, deny the truth of the accusation, he has recourse

[1] Quod ferrum manum portantis non solum non combussit, sed, ut videbatur, post modum saniorem reddidit.—GUDEN, *Codex Diplomaticus*, tom. I. p. 144.

to his friend Amelion. This generous knight offers himself to fight the steward, disguised in the armour of Sir Amis, while it is agreed that the latter, by means of their undistinguishable resemblance in person, shall maintain Amelion's character, with his wife and dependents, during his absence. Sir Amelion, accordingly, travels to the duke's court, and appears, upon the appointed day, in the armour of Sir Amis. On the way, he is warned by a voice from heaven, that, if he proceeds in his purpose, he shall be reduced to the lowest degree of misery. Sir Amelion hesitates, but at length forms his resolution :—

" He thought, gif I be known by name,
Than schal mi brother go to schame,
With sorwe they schulle him spille.
Certes, he seyd, for drede of care,
To hold mi trewthe schal Y nought spare:
Late Gode done all hes wille."

Having taken an oath, (true in his own, but false in his assumed character), that he had not been guilty of incontinence with the Lady Belisaunt, he enters the list, and slays the steward, himself being wounded with a poisoned weapon. When the combat is over, Amelion returns home, and Amis and he privately exchange arms, each resuming his own character. Sir Amis proceeds to the duke's court, marries his daughter, and succeeds in process of time, to the dukedom. Meanwhile, the wound of Sir Amelion occasions a malignant leprosy over his whole body. His wife, to whom in an evil hour he had communicated the secret of his metamorphosis, thought the exuberant trust reposed in Amis inconsistent with the respect due to her honour. Like the spouse of Job, she becomes her husband's worst plague, and at length expels him from his castle and domains. A leprous beggar, subsisting upon alms, and attended only by a faithful page, he reaches the castle of Sir Amis. With much difficulty he is recognised by his friend, and received with every expression of tenderness. All remedies fail to remove his loathsome disease. At length a divine revelation acquaints Sir Amis, that the life-blood of his two children can alone restore Sir Amelion to his health. The duke steals to the apartment of his

infants, and finds them, like those of Edward IV., asleep in each other's arms :—

"Alon himself withouten moe,
Into the chamber he gan to go,
Ther that his children were;
And biheld hem both to,
Hou fair thai lay togider tho,
And sleped both y-fere.

"Then seyd himself, 'By Seint John,
It were gret rewthe you to slon,
That God hath bought so dere.'
His knif he had drawn that tide,
For sorwe he slent away biside,
And wepe with wofal chere.

"Whan he had wopen where he stode,
Anon he turned again his mode,
And seyd withouten delay,
'Mi brother, that was so hende and gode,
With grimly wounde he schadde his blode
For my love upon a day;

"'Whi schuld I then mi childer spare
To bring my brother out of care?
O certes,' he seyd, 'nay!
To help my brother at this nede,
God graunt me therein well to spede,
And Mary that best may!'"

Sir Amis proceeds to execute his purpose with all the enthusiasm of savage friendship; and having applied the heartsblood of his children to the sores of his friend, has the satisfaction to find, that the dear-bought remedy proves effectual. There is a fine scene between the parents and Sir Amelion, when he is acquainted with the composition of the powerful balsam. All are unwilling to visit the chamber in which the bodies of the murdered babes are supposed to remain; but at length, when they enter it, what is their happiness to find the infants alive! The generous gratitude of Amis had only been put to the test by a fantastic deception, and the tale concludes happily.—It is hoped

the reader will pardon this rapid sketch of a poem so characteristic of times, in which the extremes of virtue and barbarity were often found to exist together. The author of *Amis and Amelion* was very probably indebted to the older tale of *Sir Tristrem* for the incidents of the poisoned wound, and of the equivocal appeal to the judgment of God.

The following example, which is strictly in point, is extracted from a very scarce volume. The absurdity is carried farther than in *Sir Tristrem*, where the uxorious interposition of King Mark is dexterously employed to prevent the ultimate absurdity and impiety of conducting Ysonde safely through the ordeal, in virtue of the ingenious device by which she, in fact, acknowledged her guilt, while, in appearance, she asserted her innocence. At the same time, the trial, notwithstanding the respect due to its classical inventor, was certainly of a less serious kind:—

"Than máde Vergilius at Rome, a metall serpent with his cunninge, that who so ever put his hande in the throte of the serpent to swere his cause right and trewe, and if his cause were false, he shulde nat plucke his hand out ageyne; and if it were trewe, he shuld pluck it out ageyne, without any harme doynge. So it fortuned that there was a knyght of Lumbardie that mystrusted his wife, with one of his men, that was moost set by in the conseyte of his wife. But she excused herselfe ryght nobelye and wysely. And she consented to goo with hym to Rome to that serpent, and there to take hyr othe that she was nat gylty of that that he put upon hyr; and thereto consented the knyght: and as they were bothe in the carte, and also hyr man with hyr, she sayd to the man, that when he came to Rome, that he shuld clothe hym with a foles cote, and dysgyse hym in such maner that they shuld not know him, and so dyde he; and when the daye was come that she shuld come to the serpent, he was there presente. And Virgilius knowinge the falseness of the woman by his cunnynge of negromancy: and then sayd Virgilius to the woman, 'Withdrawe your othe and swere not;' but she wold not do after hym, but put her hande into the serpentes mouth. And, when her hand was in, she sware, before her husband, that she had no more to do with hym than with that fole that stode hyr by. And by cause that she sayde

trowthe, she pulled hyr hand ageyne out of the throte of the serpent nat hurt; and then departed the knyght home, and trusted hyr well ever after. And Virgilius having thereat great spyte and anger that the woman had so escaped, destroyed the serpent: for thus escaped the ladye away fro that great danger. And then spake Virgilius, and sayde, that the woman be ryght wyse to emmagyn ungracyousenes, but in goodnes they be but innocentes," [1] (*i. e.* simpletons.)

[1] *Virgilius.* "This boke treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe time by whychcrafte and nygramancye, thorowgh the helpe of the devyls of hell." Printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. Supposed to be translated from the French. See *Goujet Biblioth. Franc.* ix. 225. *Catal. of Nat. Lib. Paris*, tom. ii. p 5. *De Bure*, No. 3357.

NOTES ON FYTTE THIRD,

AND THE

CONCLUDING STANZAS.

Wales.—P. 261, st. 1.

It has been observed in the Introduction, that Wales originally comprehended all the western parts of England, which long continued in the possession of the Gael or Aboriginal Celts. Triamour and Blaunche Floure are, however, names of Norman derivation.

Vrgan.—P. 261, st. 1.

I do not find this personage in the prose romance, but he seems to be alluded to in the Fragments. See p. 324.

He was rede, grene, and blewe;

— — — —

His name was Peticrewe.—P. 265, st. 10.

The colours of this marvellous hound are not more extraordinary than those which decorated the person of Jourdain de Blaves,[1] a champion of Romance. He was pied like a jay; one of his legs being whiter than snow, the other blacker than ebony; one arm rose-coloured, and the other of a yellow or citron hue; beside which he had a blood-red crosslet imprinted on each shoulder.

[1] *Les Faits et Prouesses de Jourdain de Blaves*, Paris, 1520

This childish taste for the marvellous marked the decay of romantic fiction. Peticrewe is the Cru of Mr. Douce's Fragment. Out of the slight mention of Blaunche Floure, the daughter of Triamour, and of his dog, the author of the prose folio seems to have weaved the tragical adventure of Belinde, Princess of France, who, desperately enamoured of Tristrem, slew herself upon his departure from the court of King Pharamond. On her deathbed she sent to the knight a fair "bratchet," and a letter, written with her own blood. "Comme celui meurt aisi, qui de amours meurt, et ne peust de son amour trouver merci."—*Tristan*, ff. xxv.

Marke was ferly fain,
And Tristrem kist he.—P. 266, st. 12

In the conduct of the story of Sir Tristrem, the most striking circumstance is the extreme ingratitude and profligacy of the hero. That a *preux chevalier*, who is held forth as the model of perfection, should, year after year, persist in an incestuous commerce with the wife of his uncle, and of an uncle to whom he owed his life and means of living, and by whose sword he was dubbed a knight, must appear monstrous to those who derive their notions of the romances of chivalry rather from theory than from perusing the originals. And certainly it forms an apology for those, by whom such romances, often containing matters of great interest and curiosity, were consigned to oblivion, that the morality which they taught was so vague and flexible in its nature, as to draw a veil over the most abominable crimes. In later times, indeed, the romance-writers, who treated of Sir Tristrem, have endeavoured in some degree to palliate the enormity of his guilt, by painting his uncle Mark as a base, felonious, and treacherous bastard, for whom no ignominy could be too vile; in short, "le plus vil roy, et le plus imbecille recreu qui fut." In the French folio, he is accused of repeated attempts to murder Tristrem, because a certain dwarf had foretold that he should be dishonoured by him. He is stated to have murdered, by felony, his own brother, and many other good knights; and, what was yet more unpardonable, although his subjects were cowardly to a proverb, the king was more cowardly than them all. The author, in short, has been so

successful in conjuring up all the circumstances which can apologize for his heroine's frailty, that Monsieur de Tressan thinks the reader must be very rigorous who can blame her. But, without examining how far, in a moral view, the vices of the uncle apologize for the incest and adultery of the nephew, it is certain that the dark shades in the character of Mark can neither be found in the legend of Tomas of Erceldoune, nor in the metrical French romance, which afforded, in all probability, materials for the massive prose volume. In these ancient poems, the King of Cornwall is merely represented as a good-natured uxorious wittol, the most prominent feature of whose disposition seems to have been a blind attachment to a wife and nephew, by whom he was deceived and betrayed. Neither is the profligacy of Sir Tristrem peculiar to that champion, being an attribute of many of the Knights of the Round Table, against whom the learned Ascham thus enveighs: "In our forefathers' time, when papistrie, as a standing poole, covered and overflowed all England, few bookes were red in our toong, savyng certayne bookes of chivalrie, as they sayd, for passtime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monkes or wanton chanons. As one, for example, *Morte Arthure*, the whole pleasure of whiche booke standeth in two specyall poyntes; in open mans slaughtre, and bolde bawdrie: in which bookes those be counted the noblest knightes thate do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest aduoultries by sutlest shifts; as Sir Lancelot with the wife of King Arthure, his maister: Sir Tristrem with the wife of King Mark, his uncle: Syr Lamerocke with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and *Morte Arthure* receaved into the prince's chamber. What toys the daily reading of such a booke may work in the will of a yong gentleman, or a yong maide, that liveth welthely and idlely, wise men can judge, and hone t men doe pittie."—ASCHAM'S *Schoole Master*.

The best apology, in Sir Tristrem's case, may be the powerful effects of the *boire amoureuse*; but many curious inferences might be drawn from such loose morality being a distinguishing feature of books of chivalry.

He cleped Tristrem with this,
And bi toke him the Quene,
And flemed hem bothe Y wis.—P. 267, st. 14.

The prose folio is far from making the retreat of Tristrem and Ysonde the effect of banishment by King Mark. Andret, according to that authority, had beset Tristrem with a body of men, as he returned unarmed, and, to say truth, almost naked, out of the Queen's apartment. The champion escaped into a chapel which overhung the sea, and was at length compelled to throw himself among the waves. With great difficulty he gained a small rock, or island. Meanwhile Mark commanded that Ysonde should be delivered up to the lepers, as a worse punishment than that of burning, to which he had originally destined her. From these miserable and diseased outcasts the Queen is rescued by Gouvernail, with a body of Tristrem's friends; for his valour and liberality had attached to him a strong party in Cornwall. The same assistance rescues the knight from perishing on the island. When Tristrem and Ysonde are thus reunited, they dismiss their followers, and plunge into the depths of the forest of Moroys, where they reside in the manner mentioned in the text, and in the Fragment, p. 336.

In that forest fede,
Tristrem Hodain gan chast.—P. 268, st. 16.

To chastise the dog, is here metaphorically used for breaking him to the chase, which, as every sportsman knows, requires chastisement with no gentle hand. The prose folio, which mentions the retreat of the lovers into the forest, in consequence of their flight from the jealousy of King Mark, adds, "Illecques apprint Tristran a Huden [the Hodain of Tomas] a chasser sans glattir, pource qu'il ne fut guitté en aucun maniere." Poachers, I believe, fully understand the importance of training dogs to chase, without giving tongue. Hodain's fidelity and attachment figure in every edition of the romance of *Tristrem*. He alone could recognise him, when disguised as a fool (see p. 337); he alone knew him in his state of unaffected frenzy (*Tristan*, fueil. cxix.); and when the bodies of Ysonde and Tristrem were brought to Cornwall to be

buried, Hodain left the wood, without turning aside to chase any of the stags with which it abounded, and ran straight to the chapel, into which he was admitted by Pernus, the squire of Tristrem, who watched his corpse: "Illec demourent Pernus et Heudene sans boire et sans manger; et quant ilz avoyent fait leur dueil sur Tristan, ilz alloyent sur la Royne Yseult."—*Tristan*, feuillet derniere.

In on erthe house thai layn,
— — — . —
Etenes, bi old dayn,
Had wrought it with-outen wough.—P. 268, st. 17.

Eten, Sax., signifies a giant, perhaps from their supposed voracity. "They say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but giants and etins will come and snatch it from him."—*Knyght of the Burning Pestle.* The author has already said of Morant, that he was an *eten* in every fight. Fytte I., st. 87. In the *Complaynt of Scotland*, the tale of the *Red Eten with three Heads* is mentioned among other popular stories narrated by the shepherds. Britain was supposed of old to have been peopled with giants in the following manner: A certain King of Greece had twenty daughters, married to princes and men of rank. It so fell out, that all the sisters took a fancy to murder their husbands, and were only prevented by the youngest giving information of the plot. The worthy king, much scandalized, banished all his daughters to Britain, a desert isle, which then first received the name of Albion, from Albin, the eldest of the fair convicts. Here the female colonists found themselves so much at ease, that they only longed for a little flirtation. The devil, the earliest gallant of antiquity, was ready to indulge them:—

"The fende of helle, that foule wight,
Amonges hem al ther alight;
And engenderd ther on them,
Geauntes that were strong men;
And of hem come the geauntes stronge,
That were begeten in this lond."
Chronicle of the Kings of England.

These giants were extirpated by Brutus and his followers. But

the caverns, which this mighty tribe of Anak had hewn "without wough" (*i. e.* fatigue), are still shewn in various parts of the island, particularly in Cornwall and Devonshire, the scene of our story. See BORLASE'S *Cornwall*, p. 292. The large cave at Badinawr is called the Giant's Holt. *Ibid.*

Yif thai weren in sinne,
Nought so thai no lay,
Lo, hou thai liue atvinne;
Thai no hede nought of swiche play.—P. 271, st. 23.

It may appear surprising to some of my readers, that Mark should adopt a firm belief of the innocence of his wife and nephew, merely from finding them asleep with the naked sword laid betwixt them; but, in the middle ages, the circumstance was an acknowledged and formal emblem of the strictest continence betwixt persons, who, from whatever cause, were placed in circumstances otherwise suspicious. In Germany, when the marriage of the great was solemnized by proxy, it was deemed necessary, to prevent any cavil or chance of future repudiation, that a sort of emblematical consummation should also take place. The representative, therefore, of the royal bridegroom, was fairly bedded with the lady, whom he had married as his master's proxy. This ceremony of *bett-sprung* as it was termed, took place when Louis, county palatine of Weldenz, as proxy for the Duke of Austria, was wedded to the fair Princess of Burgundy. The bride was laid in a stately bed, upon which the count, in presence of the ladies of the court, reclined himself, placing his right leg, lightly booted, under the cover. A naked sword, the emblem of continence, was placed betwixt the parties, and this particular circumstance announced to all the world the typical nature of the ceremony.[1]

The same custom is sometimes referred to in romances. In that

[1] This extraordinary custom is ridiculed in the following passage of an old play: "*Meriel.* Yes; and then Springlove, to make him madder, told him that he would be his proxy, and marry her for him, and lie with her the first night, with a naked cudgel betwixt them, and make him a king of beggars."—*Jovial Crew*, Act. V. Sc. II. First acted in 1641.

of *Amis and Amelion*, already quoted (see note on stanza 106, Fytte II.), we are informed, that while Amis occupied the place of his friend at his court, and was received by Amelion's lady as her husband,

"Whan it was comen to the night,
Schir Amis and that louedi bright,
To bed thai can go;
When thai were togither y-layd,
Schir Amis his swerd out braid,
And layd betuix hem tuo."

Upon Sir Amelion's return, he adopts, but with better reason, the conclusion, inferred by King Mark from a similar circumstance:

"The louedi as tite asked him tho,
Wbi that he hadde forn so,
Al that fourten night,
Laid his swerd betuen hem to,
That ache no durst nought for wele ne wo,
Touche his bodi aright?
Sir Amelion bethought him than
His brother was a true man,
That had so done aplight."

A similar circumstance occurs in the *Arabian Tales*, where Aladdin having, by virtue of the magic lamp, introduced himself into the bed of a princess, lays his naked sabre betwixt them, to signify that he did not intend to abuse that opportunity. In the folio *Tristan* this circumstance is omitted, perhaps because the evidence of innocence was thought too slight to carry conviction even to King Mark. That monarch finds the Queen alone during Tristrem's absence, and carries her away before his return.

Nas neuer so sori man,
Tristrem than was he.—P. 278, st. 27.

In the French folio, Tristrem, in his absence from his mistress, exhausts his grief in long lamentable poems. One of these, called the *Lay of Death*, contains some pretty and pathetic passages. Mons. de Tressan has given an imitation of the *Lai Mortel*, or *Lay of Death*, in the *Corps d'Extraits*, vol. i. p. 84.

For thi the knightes gan say,
That wrong Markes had sen.—P. 274, st. 29.

The barons of Cornwall were very indulgent to the frailties of the fair sex. The folio informs us, that Morgain, the false enchantress, had constructed a drinking horn, out of which no married woman could drink without spilling, unless she had been uniformly faithful to her husband. This touchstone of matrimonial fidelity she despatched, by a knight, to the court of King Arthur, hoping to dishonour the lovely Queen Guenever. But Sir Lamoracke de Galis met the messenger, and compelled him to go to the court of King Mark, whom he hated, and there to exhibit the enchanted horn. That fair Ysonde failed in the proof is not surprising; but of all the ladies present at the *cour pleniere* four only could drink without spilling the wine. Mark hereupon moved, in his parliament, that a large bonfire should be made for the reception of the ladies of his court in general, and Ysonde among others. But his liege-men withstood him manfully. "If he would, or could," they said, "he might burn his own wife; but as for theirs, they would not slay them for such a trifle." The King became yet more astonished and incensed at their opposition; but the barons were intractable, and voted unanimously, that the horn had been made by false witchery, and only to cause debate and strife among true lovers; and many knights made their vow, that if ever they caught Morgain the contriver, they would show her short courtesy. Mark at length succumbed, after the following gracious speech from the throne: "Fair sirs, if ye will not burn your wives, I will also acquit mine, and hold the trial of the horn as false witchcraft." This horn occurs in the tale of the *Boy and the Mantle*, in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii.

Spaine he hath thurch sayn,
Geauntes he slough thre.—P. 275, st. 80.

Spain, whose most fertile provinces were so long possessed by the Saracens, was, to the romancers, a sort of fairy-land. Giants, enchanters, and monstrous paynims of every sort, were to be found among—

—— "the dark tribes of late reviving Spain."
Oxford Prize Poem on Palestine.

In to Bretein he ches,
Bicome the Doukes knight.—P. 275, st. 32.

There is propriety and probability in Tristrem choosing Brittany for his place of refuge, as it was peopled by a colony from Cornwall and Wales, during the distractions of the Roman empire. It is at least certain that the language, laws, and customs of the Britons or Armoricans, coincided with those of the Cornish and Welsh, with whom they carried on a constant intercourse. The duke, with whom Sir Tristrem takes refuge, and whose daughter he afterwards married, is called Florentin, in stanza 52. In the prose romance he is named Hoel, probably to identify him with the Earl Oell of Bretagne, mentioned by the Pseudo-Turpin, as being, even in his day, the subject of popular poetry. "Oellus, Comes urbis quæ vulgo dicitur Nantes ..... de hoc canitur in cantilena usque in hodiernum diem, quia innumera fecit mirabilia. —Cap. xi.

Of Ysonde he made a song,
That song Ysonde bidene.—P. 276, st. 33.

The poet here takes an advantage of the two Ysondes bearing the same name, which is entirely lost in the folio. Ysonde of Brittany, hearing Tristrem sing a lay in praise of the Queen of Cornwall, is induced to believe him her lover, and to beg her father to authorise their union. Thus, their marriage is brought about with more apology for Tristrem's infidelity than could otherwise have been furnished. This is one of the circumstances omitted in the prose romance, which mark the antiquity and originality of Thomas's poem. In the former work, the resemblance of names occasions unnecessary embarrassment to the reader, without in any way contributing to advance the plot.

——— *The dern dede,*
Do it Y no dare.—P. 277, st. 37.

"Tristan se coucha avecques Yseult. Le luminaire ardoit si cler, que Tristan pouvoit bien veoir la beaulté de Yseult. Elle avoit la bouche blanche et tendre, yeux vers rians, les sourcilz bruns et bien assis, la face clere et vermeille. Tristan la baise et accolle; et quant il luy souvient de la Reyne Yseult de Cornouaille,

si a toute perdu la voullenté ce surplus faire.' Ceste Yseult est devant luy, et l'autre est en Cornouailles, qui luy deffend, si cher comme il ayme son corps, que a ceste Yseult ne face chose, qui a villennie luy tourne. Ainsi demoure Tristan avecques Yseult sa femme; et elle, qui d'autre soulas que d'accoller et de baiser ne savoit rien, s'endort entre le bras de Tristan."—*Tristan*, ff. lix.

Thou slough his brether thre,
— —
Vrgan and Morgan vnfre,
And Morannt.—P. 279, st. 39.

It is difficult to say for what purpose the minstrel has established this relationship among all the persons who fell under the sword of Tristrem. Perhaps it is only meant, that they were brethren in arms, a sacred bond of union, which chivalry borrowed from the Fostbrædalag of Scandinavia. In Pagan times, it was formed by mingling the blood of the future brothers, of which they mutually tasted. In the *Loka-Lenna*, or *Strife of Loc*, that malevolent demon, being excluded from the banquet of the gods, thus addresses Odin:—

"*Mantu that Odinn, &c.*
"Father of slaughter, Odin, say,
Remember'st not the former day,
When ruddy in the goblet stood,
For mutual drink, our blended blood?
Remember'st not, thou then didst swear
The festive banquet ne'er to share,
Unless thy brother Lok were there?"

This custom prevailed in Scythia. See the *Toxaris* of Lucian, and Joinville, Louvre edition, p. 104.

He blewe priis as he can,
Thre not other mare.—P. 280, st. 41.

The *prise* was the note blown at the death of the stag. Among the many causes of contention between knights-errant and those persons who exceeded six feet in height, the rigour of the latter, in preservation of their game, was a frequent subject of dispute.

In the romance of *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, we find a giant as jealous of this important privilege, as the Beliagog of *Sir Tristrem*, or as a modern justice of peace. Sir Eglamour had entered a forest belonging to this gigantic son of Nimrod:—

"He blewe his horne in that tyde,
Hartis rase on evir ilk side;
A nobill dere he chaste.
His houndis two the dere can ta,
That herde the gyand quhare he lay,
That rasyt him of his rest.

"Methynk wonder that I heire,
Thar is a thieffe walde stele my dere;
Hym war weill better ses.
Be him that ware the crowne of thorne,
Hym had better been onborne,
He boght never derrair mes."

Sir Eglamour. Printed by CHEPMAN *and* MYLLAR, *Edinburgh*, 1508.

It will readily be anticipated that the giant is slain by Sir Eglamour.

Another instance of the risk at which the lords of a manor interfered with the deer-stealing chivalry of the time, occurs in the Romance of *Gy of Warwick*. Gy, hunting in a forest belonging to the Earl Florentin, had slain a boar, and blown the priis:—

"Tho Gy had opened that swine snelle,
He gan to blowe as Y you telle;
'Bi God,' quath Erl Florentin,
'Who may that be, for Seynt Martin,
That ich here in mi forest blowe?
Hert, other bore, he hath downe throwe.'
He cleped to him a knight ying,
His sone he was, a feir yongling;
'Sone,' he seyd, 'to hors thou go,
And who so it be bring him me to.'"

The young knight finds Gy, and demands his horse, as a forfeit for hunting in his lord's forest. Gy offers to attend him to the lord of the domain, but refuses to surrender the steed, saying, it

was no knight's fashion to go on foot. This did not satisfy the young earl :—

"Gy by the reyn he hath y-nome,
With strengthe he wende to the hors come;
Thei he war wroth, it was no ferly,
With that staff he smote Sir Gy.
'Wicked man, thou hast me smite,
Thou shalt it abigge God it wite.'
With his horn he him smot,
His breyn he schadde fot-hot."

After this adventure, Gy, bewildered in the forest, is hospitably received in the castle of Earl Florentin. During the repast, the dead body of the earl's son is brought home. In the first transport of rage, Florentin assaults Sir Gy with an andiron. His attendants crowd to assist his revenge. But when Gy claims the right of hospitality, the spirit of chivalrous honour tempers the earl's paternal feelings: He commands his followers to hold; suffers Gy to arm himself, and pass out of the castle, then follows and defies him to mortal combat. The Earl Florentin had not borne arms for fifteen years, and was overthrown at the first shock. But the victor pitied him, both for his age, and the irreparable injury he had done him; he leaped off his good steed, and left it with the earl, in acknowledgment of his having given him "meat at need;" with the assurance, however, that he would never again burden his hospitality. In those days, when "might was right," to "beat the men, kill the deer, break open the lodge," or even to "kiss the keeper's daughter," was only matter of dishonour and punishment, if the adventurer wanted resolution or strength to make good his aggression.

Vnkinde were ous to kis,
As kenne.—P. 280, st. 42.

That is, "it were unnatural that thou (who hast slain my brothers) and I should salute like kinsfolk." There occurs often, in the old romances, a rude gibing betwixt combatants, similar to some passages in the Iliad. Thus, in the duel betwixt Otuwel and Clarel the Saracen,

"Otuwel for wrath tho anon,
Areighte him on the elicke-bon,
Al fel of that was thare,
And made his teth al bare;
Tho Otuwel saw his cheke-bon,
He gaf Clarel a skorn anon;
And seide, 'Clarel, se mote thou the,
Whi schewestou thi teth to me?
I nam no toth-drawere,
Thou no scist mi no cheine bere.'"

A similar brutal joke is uttered by Doolin, when he has laid bare the scalp of his antagonist with a back-stroke. "Herchambaut, vous estes courronné comme un prestre nouveau."—*La Fleur des Battailes.*

Beliagog in that nede,
Fond him riche wald,
To fine.—P. 282, st. 47.

This is a passage of difficult interpretation. I am inclined to explain it thus: Beliagog in that necessity *wald fond him rich*, i. e. would prove his wealth—*to fine*, finally, an expletive. Beliagog, and the castle which he built, are not mentioned in the prose romance, nor even in the French fragments; though, in the last, there is an obvious allusion to the statues with which the hall was enriched.—See p. 345. There is, in the prose book, a tale of Uther Pendragon, who carried on an intrigue with the wife of Ægrian, one of his vassals. But Ægrian was no Mark; he encountered the King, discomfited him, and only granted him mercy on condition he should build him an impregnable castle, to be called *La vergongne Uterpendragon*, fueil. cxvii.

Stanza 48, p. 282.

It would appear from this stanza, that, in the castle built by Beliagog, there was a private entrance by which Sir Tristrem might enter at pleasure. Such contrivances were frequent in ancient castles; and from the following passage in Froissart, it seems that they were often referred to in the days of romance. When the forces of Charles of France were actively engaged in expelling

•the *adventurers*, as they were called,—a sort of mercenary troops partaking much of the character of banditti, who, during the wars betwixt England and France, had possessed themselves of many fortresses in Aquitane,—Sir Walter of Paschac was the principal leader of the French, and closely blockaded the castle of Pulpuron, whereof Angerot, a chief of the adventurous companions, called the Little Meschine, was castellan. Sir Walter had sworn by his father's soul, that he would take none of the besieged to ransom, but would put them all to the sword. But Angerot had a cave within the castle, the other entrance of which was in a wood about half a league distant. Through this passage he made his escape, with his followers, loaded with the booty which they had pillaged from the neighbouring country. The third day after their departure, the French commenced a furious discharge of arrows upon the castle, which, to their great surprise, was not answered from within. "Then there were ordayned ladders to set up agaynst the walles, and they that mounted on them passed over the walls and entered into the castell, and founde no creature therein. And than they went to the gate, and there they found a great bundell of kayes, and among other they found the kays of the gate, and opynet it, and than all the barryers one after another; whereof the lordes had great marveyl, and specially Sir Gualtyer of Paschac; he weind they had been departed out of the castell by enchauntment, and then demanded of them that were about hym how it might be. The seneschal of Tholous sayd to hym,—'Sir, surely they cannot be thus gone, without they have some secret way under the erthe, which I think there be. Than all the castle was sought, in every corner where any such way should be. Than they founde in a cellar the mouth of the alley open, and there all the lordes did behold it, and Sir Gualtyer had great marveyle thereof, and demaunded of the seneschal of Tholous, if he knew before of any such cave. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I have herd er this thereof; but I thought nothing that they would thus have departed by that way.'—'By my faythe,' quoth Sir Gualtyer, 'they be gone that same way. Have the castells of this countrye such ordynaunce?'—'Sir,' quod Sir Hugh, 'there be divers such castells, as of old tyme perteyned to Reynalt of Montabon, that

hath such conveyaunce; for, when he and his brethren kept war agaynst Kynge Charlemayne of France, they were made all after this manner by the council and advice of Maugis their cousin; for when the king besieged them by puyssance, and that they saw they could not resyst him, then wolde they departe, without any leve takyng, by meanes of those passages under the erthe.'—'Surely,' said Sir Brews, 'I laud gretly the ordynaunce. I cannot saye if ever I shall have any warre agaynst me or not, other by kynge, duke, or by any other neighbour, but, as soon as I am returned into my country, I shall cause such a mine to be made in my castle of Passac.' So these lords and their company came to the garrison of Convale in Robestan, and layde syege therto, and then Sir Gualtyer demaunded of the seneschal of Tholous, if Convale antiently perteyned to Raynalte of Mountalbon, and he said, 'Yes.'—'Then there is a cave under the grounde,' said Sir Gualtyer.—'Sir, that is true,' said Sir Brews, 'for by reason thereof Espaygnolet wan it the second tyme, and the owner within it.' Then Sir Gualtyer sent for the knyght that was owner thereof, and sayd to hym, 'Sir, it were good ye enformed us of the myne that is out of this castell.' Then Sir Raymond of Convayle sayde, 'Sir, surely there is a way under the grounde, for thereby I was taken, and lost this my castel: it was before of long time decayed and destroyed, but these robbers new repayred it, and by that way they came on me; and, sir, the issue thereof is in a wood not farre hence.'—'Wel,' sayde Sir Gualtyer, 'all is wel.' And so IIII dayes after he wente to the same wood, and had with him CC men well armed; and when he saw the hole where the issue was, he caused the erthe and bushes to be avoyded, and then he lyghted up many fagottes, and sayd to them that were ordeyned to go into the cave, 'Sirs, follow this cave, and it shall bring you into the hall of Convale, and there ye shall find a dore; breke it up, ye are strong enough so to do, and to fighte with them within.' So they entered and came to the grece (steps), nere to the hall dore in the castell, then with gret axes they strake at the dore; and by the time it was nere night, they within the castell made good wache, and perceyved how by the myne they wolde have entered into the castell, and Espaygnollet was going to his rest. Then came he

thyder, and there they cast stones, benches, and timber, before the cave door, to the intente that none should enter there, thoogh the dore were broken up. This was done, for other shift had they none of defence; but for all that, they within the myne anone brake the dore all to peces, and yet were never the nere, for then they had more to do than they had before; and when they saw it was impossible for them to enter there, they returned again to the host." In conclusion, however, all egress by the subterranean passage being prevented, the castle was taken, and the defenders put to the sword.—FROISSART, vol. ii. fo. xlviii.

So liifliche weren thai alle,
Ymages semed it nought.—P. 284, st. 50.

It is difficult exactly to determine whether painting or statuary is the subject of this curious description. I incline to the former opinion; for, in stanza 62, Ganhardin rushes to salute Ysonde and Brengwain, and, in his precipitation, breaks his head against the wall. This mistake might more easily occur where colours aided the deception, than if the figures had been cut in stone, as the word "images" seems to imply. The hall of a Gothic Castle was usually painted on the sides and roof; at least upon the latter, the former being often hung with tapestry. Some vestiges of this decoration may be traced in the banqueting room of the ancient castle of Borthwick, about twelve miles from Edinburgh. The painting is executed on a vaulted roof of hewn stone, with suitable inscriptions; such as "the Palais of Honor." In this hall Bothwell was feasting with the unfortunate Mary, when the first insurrection took place against her authority. They were nearly surprised, the Queen escaping with difficulty, in the disguise, it is said, of a page.

I find no mention of the images in the folio, but they are alluded to in the Metrical Fragment, p. 345. In *Lancelot du Lac*, there occurs a circumstance somewhat similar. That knight was long confined by the envious Morgaine la Faye, sister to King Arthur, but resembling him in none of his good qualities, and widely differing from him in his unsuspicious confidence in Queen

Guenever.[1] The good knight, finding his time hang heavy, chose to charm it away, by painting on the walls of his prison the whole history of his amours with the wife of the great Arthur, who, in these tender concerns, shared the fate of the cowardly and petty King of Cornwall. Sir Lancelot, distrusting, probably, his own powers of producing the desired resemblance, was at the farther pains to guide the spectator to the meaning of the painting, by certain mottos and distiches, pointing out the nature of the adventures, and the quality of the *dramatis personæ*. He could not possibly have made worse use of his leisure; for some time afterwards, King Arthur, while visiting his sister, was lodged, by the insidious Morgain, in this painted chamber. Though probably no great amateur of painting, these decorations were enough to interest him for the whole night. The result was a confirmation of the suspicions often infused into his mind by Sir Gawain and his brethren. A breach with Sir Lancelot became unavoidable, which finally occasioned the destruction of the whole chivalry of the Round Table.

Mine hert hye hath y-steke,
Brengwain bright and fre.—P. 290, st. 64.

The love of Ganhardin for the trusty confidante of Ysonde is mentioned in the Fragments, p. 340, but not in the folio. According to later authority, the hand of Brengwain is bestowed upon Gouvernail, the squire of Tristrem, and this faithful couple succeed to the Kingdom of Lionnesse. Ganhardin, called Kahedin in the folio, and Pheredan by Tressan, is supposed to express the same ardent longing to see Ysonde, which is mentioned in the text; but, his desire being satisfied, he falls desperately in love with her, and continues to write, in her praise, one long lay after another, till he exhausts both his strength and poetical powers, and fairly dies while concluding a madrigal. This is not the worst effect of his passion; for Ysonde, naturally gentle, had been induced, by the

[1] Queen Guenever surprised Morgain in the embraces of a favourite knight, and very imprudently published her disgrace. Of course, Sir Lancelot and she experienced all the mortification and danger which could be produced by the rage of an affronted woman, and an incensed enchantress.

lamentable condition of this despairing bard, to write him a letter of consolation. It unfortunately fell into the hands of Tristrem, who became thereupon, first, poetically mad, like the enamoured Breton, and afterwards, outrageously frantic in good earnest.[1] Our hero roves through the forest in this melancholy condition; but still instinctively, exerts his prodigious strength in the conquest of monsters and giants, oppressors to the herdsmen, with whom he associated, and by whom he was fed. Like Orlando, in his encounter with Rodomont upon the perilous bridge, Sir Tristrem quells the arrogance of such errant knights as saw in him only a wandering lunatic. At length Mark, when hunting in the forest, finds Tristrem asleep among the shepherds. Paying little attention to so miserable an object, he winds his horn to recal his followers. The madman starts up at the well-known sound of the chase, and utters all his hunting-cries, cheering his favourite Hodain, and calling him by name. Nevertheless, Mark does not recognise the nephew, whom he had so much cause both to love and to hate, but only rejoices in finding a fool, who could be so very amusing. He carries him to Tintagel, where he is acknowledged, first by his dog Hodain, and then by the lovely Ysonde. The skill of the latter completes a cure, already begun by the influence of her presence, and Sir Tristrem, pardoned by his uncle, incurs, by fresh offences, a new banishment. *Tristan*, ff. cxviii.

Sir Canados was than,
Constable the Quen ful neighe.—P. 291, st 66.

This enterprising constable, who hoped to succeed the peerless Tristrem in the love of the Queen of Cornwall, is the Cariados of Mr. Douce's Fragment. See p. 341. He is not mentioned in the folio; for the treacherous Canados must be carefully distinguished from Karados *Brief-bras* (partie prem. ff. cxliii. part. sec. ff. liii.) a knight of the Round Table, distinguished for his valour, but yet more as the husband of a chaste and constant lady; a happiness which King Arthur himself might well have envied him.

[1] It is probable that the madness of Orlando was copied by Ariosto either from the romance of *Tristrem*, or from that of *Lancelot*.

She was the only dame in Queen Guenever's train, who could wear the mantle, designed, like the horn of Morgain, to prove matrimonial fidelity.[1]

Y-hated al so thou be,
Of all that drink wine.—P. 293, st. 70.

This was a proverbial phrase. In an old French metrical romance, we find,—

"La meilleur gent, vai oneques beurent vin."

The phrase also occurs in *Sir Gy*, and other tales of chivalry, as well as when Robert de Brunne tells us,

"Soudan sa curteys never drank no weyn."

This was but a limited compliment, as few Saracen Soldans were in the habit of drinking wine.

Oway rode Tristrem that night,
And Ganhardine biside.—P. 296, st. 78.

This hasty retreat of Tristrem and his friend greatly blemished the reputation of both, especially in the eyes of Brengwain. That trusty confidant of Queen Ysonde could connive at the arts of love, but not at the evasions of cowardice. Accordingly, scorning alike Tristrem and her own newly espoused husband, she quarrels even with her mistress, for still retaining a favourable opinion of them. At this part of the tale commences that Fragment in Mr. Douce's MS. analysed in p. 340, et sequen. The events which it contains, and details at great length, are briefly mentioned in the text, yet so as sufficiently to shew that the story is precisely the same, although the circumstances, so concisely

[1] See the tale of the "*Mantle made Amiss*," in WAY's *Fabliaux*, with ELLIS's *Notes*, and the ballad of the "*Boy and Mantle*," in *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. In the last, Karados is called Craddoc, a name which he also bears in the metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin*:—

"The thirti-fift was Craddoc,
An hardie knight in ich floc."

The Welsh poems abound in encomiums on his valour. He was called *Fvcich-Fras*, or Strong-Arm: which the Norman minstrels corrupted into *Brief-Bras* and *Brisc-Bras*.

related by Thomas of Erceldoune, or by the reciter of his poem, are dilated and enlarged by the Norman minstrel; just as, in the preceding Fragment, events are only hinted at, which are narrated at length in the present text.

Coppe and claper he bare,
— — — —
As he a mesel ware.—P. 297, st. 80.

The adventures of Sir Tristrem, while in this unpleasant disguise, are told at length, p. 341. Want of cleanliness, of linen, of vegetables, of fresh meat in winter, but, above all, sloth and hardship, concurred to render the leprosy as common in Europe, during the middle ages, as it is in some eastern countries at this day. Nor were its ravages confined to the poor and destitute. Robert de Bruce died of this disorder, as did Constance, Duchess of Bretagne, and Henry IV. of England. Various hospitals were founded by the pious for the reception of those miserable objects, whose disease being infectious, required their exclusion from society. For the same reason, while they begged through the streets, they usually carried the cup and clapper mentioned in the text. The former served to receive alms, and the noise of the latter warned the passenger to keep aloof, even while bestowing his charity. In HENRYSON's *Testament of Creseide*, that fair, but fickle, paramour of Troilus, is afflicted with leprosy, as a punishment for her inconstancy. Saturn denounces to her the sentence:—

"Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous,
With cuppe and clapper, like a lazarous."

Her father conveys her to the receptacle for such miserable objects:—

"Whan in a mantel, and a bevir hat,
With coppe and clappir, wonder privily,
He opened a secret gate, and out thereat
Conveyed her, that no man should espie;
There to a village, half a mile therebie,
Delivered her in at the spittell hous,
And daily sent her part of his almous."

A leper-woman cuts short Creseide's long lamentation at this

dismal change, and exhorts her to practise the trade, which was now to support her:—

> "Go lerne to clappe thy clappir to and fro,
> And learn aftir the lawe of leper's lede."

Again, while she is begging with her miserable associates, Troilus, the lover whom she had betrayed, returns victorious from a skirmish against the Greeks. The lepers,—

> "Seeing that companie come, with o steven,
> Thei gave a crie, and shoke cuppis, God spede
> Worthie Lords! for Goddis love in heaven,
> To us lepirs part of your almon dede!"

The beautiful passage, which follows, is too long for insertion. Creseide looked on Troilus. He met her glance, and could not recognise the beauty he had adored, in the leprous wretch before him; but her look instinctively revived in his bosom "the spark of love," which had long lain dormant. His arm grew weary of bearing his shield, his heart glowed, and his colour changed; he knew not himself the cause of his disorder; but throwing his purse into the skirt of Creseide, rode heavily onwards to the city. She recognised her lover, and died in despair.

I am informed, that there are in Italy a sort of beggars, remarkable for their impudence and pertinacity, who still make use of the cup and clapper.

Brengwain went oway,
To Marke the King sche yede.—P. 298, st. 81.

For the communications of Brengwain to King Mark, by which she procured the banishment of Canados; for the manner in which Ysonde coaxed her attendant back into her usual accommodating temper, and for Tristrem's exculpation from the charge of alleged cowardice, see the Analysis of the Metrical French Fragment, pp. 341-344.

A turnament thai lete crie.—P. 300, st. 86.

This tournament was undertaken by Tristrem and Ganhardin, for the vindication of their character. They had an opportunity

of avenging themselves of their enemies, and Meriadok and Canados fell under the lance of Tristrem. This corresponds with the Fragment, p. 345. In the folio, Andret (the Meriadok of Thomas) has not the honour of dying in the profession of chivalry, or by the arm of Tristrem. He attends the Queen when she enters a Breton vessel, from the motive, as she pretends, of curiosity, but, in reality, to go to the assistance of Tristrem, then mortally wounded (pp. 197—238.) Genes, a faithful friend of Tristrem, commanded the vessel, and seeing Andret, the invidious persecutor of his master, in the act of passing the slippery plank, he cannot resist the temptation offered by so fair an opportunity, and pushes him into the sea, where he perishes. There are many tournaments mentioned in the folio, but no one corresponding to that in the text.

A knight that werd no schon.—P. 302, st. 91.

The knights often made whimsical vows, to forbear a certain part of their dress, armour, or habits of life, until they had executed a particular adventure; witness the oath of Mandricard, never to wear sword until he had acquired that of Hector: and the vow of the Marquis of Mantua, never to eat bread from a table-cloth, or sleep with his wife, until he had avenged the death of his cousin Baldwin—a vow so truly chivalrous, that it was adopted by the knight of La Mancha himself, after his casque had been demolished by the sword of the Biscayner.—*Don Quixote*, Book ii. c. 2.

The combat which follows, between the two Tristrems and the ravisher of the younger knight's bride, assisted by his seven brethren, is detailed in the Fragments (p. 347,) where the injurious baron is called Estuit l'Orgueilleux, of Castle-fer. But the death of Tristrem is differently narrated in the prose romance. According to that authority, he was previously engaged in two desperate adventures. Urnoy, Count of Nantes, a vassal of the Duke of Bretagne, rebelled against his liege lord. This news was communicated to Tristrem, whose father-in-law was now dead, and who, in right of his wife, and yet more from his great prowess, seems to have become protector of Rumalem, the young duke. The count's messenger came before him while he was playing at

cness with his wife: "Tristrem," said he, "Urnoy, Count of Nantes, renounces thy homage, and thy protection, and will hold of thee, in future, neither land nor living."—"Since the Count has defied me by thee," answered Tristrem, "by thee I defy him; and in eight days will be before Nantes with two thousand knights, to punish him as a traitor." Tristrem kept his word, defeated, wounded, and made prisoner the count, before his city. The town was also taken; but a tower, garrisoned by Urnoy's men-at-arms, and commanded by Corbel *with the short chin*, master of his sergeants, held out against a storm. Tristrem was foremost in scaling the walls, but Corbel threw down on him a huge stone, which wounded his face desperately, and precipitated him from the ladder. His followers, incensed by his danger, stormed the tower, and slaughtered the garrison. Tristrem was borne home to the care of his wife, who, in skill in surgery, yielded only to her namesake and rival, Ysonde of Cornwall. In the intimacy, occasioned by her constant attendance, Tristrem forgot his situation, and his fealty to Queen Ysonde, and the Breton princess became his wife, in the tenderest sense of the word. Her happiness was, however, attended with fatal consequences to Tristrem's health; and Tressan, with more regard to dramatic effect than fidelity, chooses to represent it as the immediate cause of his death.[1] But there is no authority for this trait of sentiment. Tristrem not only recovered, but again forgot the white-handed Ysonde (now doubly his own), in the arms of his uncle's wife.[2]

The great quest of the Sangreal was now the object of ambition among all the knights of the Round Table. This Sangreal, or blessed tureen, was the vessel from which our Saviour and his disciples eat the last supper; which, according to tradition, was brought to England, along with the spear which pierced his side at the crucifixion, by Joseph of Arimathea, "the gentle knight," as he is called, "that tooke downe Jesus from the cross."—*Morte Arthur*, part iii. chap. 33. For some time the Sangreal was visible to all pilgrims, and its presence conferred blessings upon the land in which it was preserved. One of the descendants of Joseph was

1 *Corps d'Extraits des Romans*, tom. i. p. 176.

2 *Tristan*, ff. cxviii. et sequen.

always its guardian; who, to qualify himself for so pure a trust was bound to observe the most rigid chastity, in deed, word, and thought. One of these holy men so far forgot himself, as to look, with unhallowed ardour, upon a young female pilgrim, whose vest was accidently loosened, as she kneeled to receive his blessing. The sacred lance instantly punished his frailty, spontaneously piercing both his thighs. The blood continued to flow from the marvellous wound, and the guardian of the Sangreal was ever after called *Le Roi pescheur*. About the same period, certain wood-nymphs inhabited the caverns of Britain. When a traveller passed the haunts of the beautiful and benevolent beings, one issued forth with a napkin, on which she spread store of the most delicious viands, and another with a cup of exquisite wine. But mankind are always ungrateful. An unlucky King Magins, with some unworthy knights, not satisfied with sharing the hospitality of these lovely nymphs, forcibly violated their chastity. They have never since appeared, as formerly; and it must be owned, that our modern barmaids are but indifferent substitutes. Heaven was offended at these delinquencies. The Sangreal withdrew its visible presence from the crowds who came to worship, and an iron age succeeded the happiness which its arrival had diffused among the tribes of England. Merlin foretold to King Arthur, that from his Round Table should come a champion, who, not by dint of sword and lance, but by a purity, void even of the shadow of frailty, should achieve the adventure of the Sangreal, and restore the *Roi pescheur* to his pristine health. While Arthur and his knights held a high feast on Pentecost eve, they were surprised and enraptured by the marvellous appearance of the Sangreal. "Anon, they heard craking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to rive. In the midst of the blaste, entered a sunne beame, more clear by seaven times than ever they saw day: and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other by their seeming fairer than ever they saw other, not for then there was no knight that might speake any word a great while. And so they looked every man on other, as they had been dombe. Then there entered into the hall the holy grale, covered

with white samite; but there was none that might see it, nor who bare it, and there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours. And every knight had such meat and drinke as he best loved in this world; and when the holy grale had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not when it became." After this wondrous vision, most of the companions of the Round Table vowed to depart in quest of the Sangreal; and, indeed, they were never afterwards assembled. Cleanness of life being the principal requisite towards success, Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristrem, though the most redoubted knights of the Round Table, might have dispensed with undertaking this adventure.[1] Both, however, attempted the quest of the Sangreal; and Lancelot, long persevering in it, underwent manifold insults and mortifications, for his presumption in taking upon him such an enterprise, while defiled with deadly sin, whereof he never had been confessed. As for Sir Tristrem, he soon gave up the adventure, as not reserved for him, and returned to Brittany, where he died in the following manner:—

Runalem, the young Duke of Brittany, was desperately enamoured of the fair Gorgeolain, wife of Bedalis, one of his barons, who, from jealousy, confined her in a moated castle. Tristrem, accustomed to find expedients on such occasions, and as complaisant to the loves of his brother-in-law, as ardent in his own, contrived to forge a set of false keys, by which the Duke visited Gorgeolain at pleasure, while her husband hunted in the neighbouring forest. Tristrem accompanied Runalem in these private excursions. Upon one fatal day, his cap unfortunately fell off as they entered the castle. This was not all. The considerate Tristrem, leaving the lovers alone, walked in an adjacent chamber, covered with fresh rushes, and hung with beautiful tapestry, representing the conquest of Bretagne by King Arthur. His present situation naturally led him to reflect on his past happiness;

[1] The Sangreal was finally achieved by Galahad, assisted by Sir Bors and Sir Percival. At this part of the ancient romance, the reader is surprised to perceive with what astonishing assurance the wildest superstitions are engrafted upon the licentious adventures of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristrem.

and while he was thus pensively musing, he indulged himself in a habit acquired in such fits of absence, of thrusting the rushes, one after another, through the figures in the tapestry. At length, the baron's horn being heard at a distance, Tristrem and Runalem quitted the castle. Bedalis entered soon after, when, finding the cap of Tristrem, and observing the rushes stuck into the tapestry, according to his well-known practice, he suspected his misfortune, though he mistook the author. The threat of immediate death extorted a confession from his wife, that Runalem and Tristrem had but just departed. He followed their traces with thirty attendants, and assailed them, without respect to the inequality of numbers, or of arms. Runalem was slain after a desperate resistance, and Tristrem once more wounded with a poisoned sword. Assistance, however, arrived, and the traitorous baron was compelled to fly from Brittany. With seven hundred followers, he exercised the profession of "*Ullague*," that is, pirate, until he was surprised and slain by a force sent out against him by the merchants of Constantinople. As for Tristrem, he was carried home; and the history of his death is told nearly as in the metrical copy.

CONCLUSION.

The companyons fiftene,
To death did thai thringe.—P. 309, st. 1.

These concluding stanzas are intended to bear the same proportion to the French metrical fragment, which has been remarked to exist between that and the genuine effusions of Thomas of Erceldoune. The facts, therefore, which the French minstrel gives at great length, are here shortly and concisely told, in imitation of the abrupt style of the poem, to which these verses are offered as a conclusion.

Fele salven thai bringe.—P. 309, st. 1.

According to the French folio, one poor physician, from the school of Salerno, discovered the cause of Tristrem's malady, and was in a fair way to effect a cure; but the ignorant faculty of Bretagne mutinied upon his prophecy of a supervening inflammation, and upbraided him with presumption and poverty. "Seigneurs," fait il, "je suis poure [pauvre]. Dieu me donnera assez quant il luy plaira. Non pourtant le sens n'est pas en draps ne en vestemens, mais au cueur ou Dieu l'a mis."—Fueil. cxxi. Upon this retort the court physician became outrageous, and not only refused to consult with the sage of Salerno, but even threatened to leave Tristrem to his sole charge, if he were not instantly dismissed. In truth, they could not have done the patient a greater favour. His wife, however, judged and acted as most women would have done in her situation—dismissed the tattered scholar, and retained his ignorant but well-habited rivals, who soon reduced Tristrem to the desperate state described in the text.

His kind hert it brake.—P. 314, st. 11.

The affecting scene of Tristrem's death is thus narrated in the metrical Fragment:

——— "turne sei vers la parcie;
Dune dit, 'Deus salt Ysolt et mei!
Quant a mei ne voler venir,
Pur votre amur m'estuet murrir.
Je ne puis plus tenir ma vie:
Pur vus muers Ysolt, bele amie!
N'aver pité de ma langur,
Mais de ma mort aurez dolur!
Co mést m'amie, grant confert,
Que pité aurir de ma ment!
Amie Ysolt!' trei fez dit,
A la quarte rend l'esprit."

The prose romance describes it thus:—"Tristan se tourna de l'autre part, et dist, 'Ha, ha! doulce amye, a Dieu vous recommande! jamais ne me verrez, ni moy vous! Dieu soit garde de vous, adieu, je m'envoys, je vous salut!' Lors bat sa coulpe, et se recommande a nostre seigneur Jhe Crist, et le cueur luy creve, et l'ame s'en va."—Fueil. cxxiii.

Murneth olde and yinge.—P. 314, st. 12.

"Lors y acourent grans et petis, orians et bruyans, et font tel deuil, que l'on ny'ouyst pas dieu tonnant."—*Tristan.* Sec. part. ff. cxxii.

Gone is he than,
Of Ingloud the flore.—P. 315, st. 13.

The eulogium pronounced over the body of Sir Lancelot, by Bors de Ganes, is equally applicable to Sir Tristrem, his brother in arms. "And now, I dare say," said Sir Bors, "that Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that were never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou wert the curtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that

ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear into the rest."—*Morte Arthur*, last chapter

Swiche lovers als thei
Never'schal be moe.—P. 316, st. 15

The bodies of the unfortunate lovers were conveyed to Cornwall. Mark, still glowing with recollection of his injuries, refused to permit them to be buried in his dominions; but he relented upon perusing a letter written during Tristrom's last illness, which he had attached to the hilt of his sword, and addressed to his uncle. On seeing the blade, which had relieved Cornwall from bondage, and learning from the letter the fatal tale of the *boire amoureuse*, Mark wept piteously over a passion, more the effect of enchantment, or destiny, than of volition. "Helas dolent! pourquoy ne scavoys je ceste avanture! Je les eusse aincoys cellez; et consenty qui'lz ne feussent ja partis de moy. Las! or ay je perdu mon nepveu et ma femme."—Fueil. cxxv. Mark caused to be erected over the bodies a splendid chapel, in which was first displayed that miracle since narrated in so many ballads. Out of the tomb of Tristrem sprung a fair eglantine, and twisted itself around the monument of Ysonde. It was three times cut, by order of King Mark, but was ever found, on the next morning, to have revived in all its beauty. *Ce miracle estoit sur Monseigneur Tristan, et sur le Royne Yseulte.*

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

A

Abade. *Abode.*

Abide. *Abuy it.*

Acas. A cas. *By chance.*

Adred, verb. To dread.

Aither. *Either.*

Adoun. *Down.*

Al. *All.*

Alede. Ich alede. *Every lede* or *rule.* See LEDE.

Amorwe. *To-morrow,* or *on the morrow.*

An. *To owe.* "That me Gode an," p. 264. *What God owes me,* i. e. *Means to send me.*

An. *Owen.* "Held his hert in an." *Kept his mind to himself.*

An. *If.* "An than." *As then when.*

Anay. *One no.* "This lond nis worth anay." *This land does not merit even to be refused, if offered in a gift.*

A night. *One night.*

Anker. *Anchor.*

Anough. *Enough, sufficiently.*

Anour. *Honour.* Query, in p. 146, ought we not rather to read *Amour?*

Aplight. *At once,* literally *one ply. Reply* is in common use, and *duplies* and *triplies* are still law-terms in Scotland.

Are. *Erst, formerly.*

Are. *Oar.*

Arere. *Or ere, before.*

A res. RES. Sax. *Assault.*
Aresound, p. 162. *Criticised.*
Aros. *Arose.*
Aroume. *Around, at a distance.*
Arst. *Erst.*
Aruwe. *Arrow.*
Aside. "Ich Aside," p. 146. *Every one side, every side.*
Aski. *Ask.*
Assaut. *Assault.*
Assise. *The long assise.* Apparently a term of chess, now disused.
Atire. *Arrange*, p. 158.
Atvinne. *Between*, or perhaps *at win*, p. 152.
Atwinne. *At winne.*
Auentours. *Adventures.*
Aught, v. *To pertain to.*
Aughtest. *Oughtest.*
Auter. *Altar.*
Auwine. *Accomplish their purpose.* The Scottish phrase exists, "to win to a place," instead of to get thither.
Awede. *Swoon.* An acute disorder in the bowels is, in Scottish, termed a *weed.*
Awrake. *Did wreak*, or *avenged.*
Awreken. *Awroken*, *revenged.*

B

Bade nought. *Abode not*, p. 148, *did not remain.*
Bailiff, p. 157, for bailiffry. *The office of Bailiff.*
Bak. *Back.*
Bake. *Back.*
Bale. *Sorrow, calamity.*
Band. *Bound.*
Bane, ban. *Bone.*
Bar. *Bare, carried*
Bare. *Wild boar.*
Barnes. *Children.*
Batayl. *Battle.*
Bayn. See BOUNE.
Bede. *Gave.* It is elliptically used for *To bid to have.* See p. 273.
Bed, bede. *Proffered*, or *pledged.*
Bede. *Prohibition*, from BE-

DEN, Sax. "Of gate nas ther no bede." *There was no prohibition of passage*, p. 153.

Beize, beighe, BET, BEAT, *Corna*, Sax. *coronet.* "Who gaf broche and beize?" *Who distributed princely rewards?*

Belami. BELAMI, Fr. *Fair Friend.*

Beld. *Build.*

Beld. *Bold.* "Of bot sche was him beld." *She courageously, or generously, gave him aid.*

Bem *Beam.* Sonne-bem. *Sunbeam.*

Bende. *Bandage.* Blodbende. *Bandage to restrain the blood.*

Bene, ben. *Been.*

Benisoun. *Blessing.*

Bere. *To bear.*

Bes. *Beest, be.*

Bet, v. p. 303. *To abate.*

Bethe. *Be.*

Better speed. *With greater speed.*

Biden. *Did abide.*

Bidene. *Immediately, off hand.*

Biforn. *Before.*

Behight. *Promised.* Hight *is more commonly used.*

Beseketh. *Beseecheth.*

Besieged. *Besieged.*

Be sight. *By sight, apparently.*

Bileighe. *Bely.*

Bist, p. 262. *Abyest.*

Bistode, bystaid. *Withstood.*

Bitake, v. *To commit.*

Bitaught. *Committed to.* "Bitaught him God and gode day." *Wished them God's guidance and good day.*

Bithen. *Between.*

Bithen. *Then.*

Biyande. *Beyond.*

Bituene, bitvene, bitwene. *Between.*

Blake, blalc. *Black.*

Blede. *Blood.*

Blethely. *Blithely.*

Bleynte. *Drew aside.*

Blehand. *Blue*, from *bleah.* Sax. *Cæruleus.* Blehand brown. *A bluish brown.*

Blinne. *To stop*, or *cause to stop*. Sax. BLINNAN. *Cessare.*

Blo. *Dark*, properly *blue.*

Blod. *Blood.*

Boathe. *Both.*

Bode. *Order, appointment.*

Bok. *Book.*

Bonair. *De bon air.* Fr. *Courteous.*

Bond. *Bound.*

Bone. *Boon.*

Bore. *A small round hole.*

Bot. *But, unless.*

Bote. *Boot.*

Bothen. *Both.*

Bother. "Her bother blede." *The blood of both.*

Botoun. *Button.*

Borwes. *Boroughs.* Thus, in the romance of *Sir Gy*, in the Auchinleck MS.

Therefore I asken you now right,
Yif ye knowe our ani knizt,
That is so stout and bold,
That the batayl dar take on hond.
To fight ogain Colbrond,
Half my land have he schold,
With alle the *borwes* that lith thereto,
To him and to his aires ever mo
To have, give he wold.

Borwes. *Pledges.*

Boun. *To make ready to go, to be ready*, also *to be fitted out for a port*, in which sense we still say, *whither bound?*

Bour. *Bower, chamber.*

Brac. *Broke. To break a hert*, is the appropriate phrase for carving, quartering, or cutting it up.

Brade. *Broad.* "Of folk the feld was brade," p. 146. *The field was covered with people.*

Brak. *Broke.*

Brast. *Burst.*

It brast thurch blod and ban,
Yif hope no ware to rise.
p. 150.

It (Rohand's hert) *had burst through blood and bone, if hope had not arisen.*

Brede. *Breadth.*

Bregge, brigge. *Bridge.*

Brende. *Burned.*
Brimes. *Brims, coast,* or *seashore.*
Brinies. *Helmets,* from *Brynn.*
Sax. or *corslets,* from the French, *Brugne.*
Broche. *A fibula, clasp.*
Brond. *Brand, sword.*
Busk, or boske. *To array.*

C

Can, v. *To be able.* Michel can. *To be powerful.*
Chaci. *Chase.*
Chast, p. 268. *To chastise.*
Chavel. *Jaw.*
Cheker. *Chessboard.*
Cheire. *Chair.*
Cherl. *Churl.*
Ches. *Chess.*
Ches, chesen. *To choose,* or *select,* used, in the oblique sense, *to appoint.* "A turnament thai ches." *They appointed a tournay.*
Chirch. *Church.*
Cladde. Al cladde, p. 145. *Clothed in armour.*
Claper. *Clapper,* usually carried by lepers or beggars. See Note, p. 453.
Cledde. *Clothed.*
Clen. *Clean.*
Cleped. *Called.*
Clobbe. *Club.*
Coppe, coupes. *Cup, cups.*
Clough. *A ravine.*
Cold, p. 155, v. *To become cold.*
Conseil. *Council.*
Constori. *Consistory.*
Coupe. See COPPE.
Couth. *Knew.* "Best couth of medicine." *Knew most of medicine.*
Craftes. *Arts,* or *accomplishments.*
Crake. *Crack.*
Cri. *Cry, proclaim.*
Criestow. *Criest thou.*
Crist. *Christ.*
Croice. *Cross.*
Croude. *An instrument of music, resembling a rebeck or fiddle.*

Cuntek. *Contest.*

Cuntre. *Country.*

D

"Dathet him ay." *Ill luck have him.* Dehait occurs in the same sense in the *Fabliau,* entitled *Constant Duhamel:* Barbazan, vol. ii. In the prose Romance, Tristrem, when he arrives in Ireland, wounded, terms himself "*Un chevalier deshatie et malade.*"

Ded. *Caused to do.*
To childbed ded he go
His owhen wife all so tite.
To childbed did he cause his own wife to go immediately.

Dede. *Deed.* Dede away. *Put away.*

Dede. *Deed.* "The steward forsoke his dede," p. 220. We would say, *renounced his action.*

Ded. *Dead.*

Dedely. *Deadly.*

Delit. *Delight.*

Delten. *Dealed, did deal.*

Dent. *Dint, stroke.*

Departed, p. 236. *Parted, separated.*

Deray. *Deroute, confusion.*

Dere. *Dear.*

Dere. *Deer.*

Dern. *Dark, secret.* "To serve dern and dear," p. 205, *seems a proverbial expression, and by no means intimates any scandal.* P. 277. "the dern dede," *the wicked deed.*

Dernly. *Darkly, mysteriously.*

Deste. *Dashed.*

Deth. *Death.*

Devel. *Devil.*

Des. *A raised space in an ancient hall, on which the more dignified persons sat.*

Desiri. *Desire.*

Dight. *Prepared, dressed,* or *made ready.* "To dight to death," p. 147, means *to*

put to death, a common expression.

Dome. *Doom.*

"Don was on the tre." *Done to death upon a tree.*

Dote, p. 231. *Dotard.*

Dought. *To be able to do.* "Never no dought him day." *He was able to do nothing by day.* This construction is singular.

Douhter. *Daughter.*

Douhti. *Doughty.*

Douk. *Duke.*

Dragoun. *Dragon.*

Drain. *Drawn.*

Draught, p. 281. *A Drawing stroke.*

Drede. *Dread.*

Drough. *Drewe.*

Duelled. *Dwelt.*

Duerwe, dwerg. *Dwarf.*

Dwl. *Dole, sorrow.*

Dwlful. *Doleful.*

Dyd. *Dyed.*

E

Eighe. *Eye.* Eighe-sene. *Eyesight.*

Eld. *Old.*

Eldren. *Elders*, in the genitive case, "His eldren hald." *The hold of his ancestors.*

Eme, em, eam. Sax. *Uncle;* properly, *uncle by the father's side*, but used indifferently.

Endred. *Entered.*

Erand. *Errand.*

Erly. *Early.*

Ers. *Erst.*

Erth. *Earth.* Erth hous. *Subterranean dwelling*, or *cave.*

Eten, etenes. *Giant, giants.*

Everich. *Every*

F

Fade, fede. *Faithful.* Forest-fede, p. 268, seems equivalent to *good green-wood.*

Fader. *Father.*

Fair folk and fre. *Fair and free,* a common expletive.

Fals. *False.*

Fand. *To find.*

Fand. *Found.*

Fare. *Fare.*

Faught. *Fought.*

Faye. *Faith.*

Fay. *Faith.*

Fayt. *To betray;* hence, fatour, *Traitor.*

Febli. *Feebly.*

Febli thou canst hayte,
There man schuld menske do, p. 292.

Thou hatest feebly, i. e., *meanly, when a man should act as a man.*

Fechen. *Fetch.*

Fedde, oftener spelt fode. *A frequent epithet in romance.* "Fairly-fedde" seems equivalent *to well-educated,* or *nurtured.*

Fel, v. *To fell,* or *quell.*

Feld. *Field.*

Feld. *Felled.*

Feloun. *Felon, fell.*

Fele. *Many.*

Fende. *Fiend.*

Ferd. *Feared, scared,* or *frightened.*

Ferden. *Did fare.*

Fere. *Companion.* Trew fere. *Trusty companion.*

Ferly. *Wonder.*

Ferly, adject. *Marvellous.* Ferly play. *Wondrous sport.*

Ferth. *Fourth.*

Ferther. *Farther.*

Fest. *Feast.*

Fet. *Feet.*

Fetten. *Fetch.*

Figer-tree. *Fig-tree.*

Flain. *To fly.*

Fle. *Flee, fly.*

Fleighe. *To fly. flew.*

Flemed. *Banished.*

Fles. *Flies, shuns.*

Flete. *To float.* Flet, *did float.*

Flore. *Flower.*
Fo. *Foe.*
Fode. *Food.*
Fold, in folde. *In number,* an expletive.
Fole. Foolish.
Folely. *Foolishly.*
Fold. Y fold. *In fold together.*
Fon, foen. *Foes.*
Fond. *Found,* obliquely, *procured.*
For bede. *Previously proffered,* p. 278.
Forbede. *Forbid.*
Foren. *To fare.*
Forgaf. *Forgave.*
Forlain. *Lain by.*

As woman is tviis forlain,
Y may sby bi me.
I may say of myself, that I am in the situation of a dishonoured woman, p. 173.

For-hole. *For-heled, concealed.*
Forlorn, used actively. *To lose,* p. 161. "My fader mi hath forlorn." *My father hath lost me.*
Formost. *Foremost.*
Forward. *A paction,* or *engagement.*
Forthi. *Therefore.*
Foryat. *Forgot.*
Fot. *Foot.*
Founde, *or* fonde, Sax. fundan. *To go.*
Founden. *Found.*
Frain. *To ask questions.*
Frained. *Asked.* Also *to demand,* as in p. 248.
Fram. *From.*
Fre. *Free. That free,* a common expletive.
Freined. *Frained, asked.*

G

Ga. *Go.*
Gabbest. *Inventest falsehoods.* Fr. *Gaber.*
Gadering. *Gathering.*
Gaf. *Gave.*
Gamme. *Games.*

Gare. *Gear, dress.*

Gat. *Gate, passages.*

Gate. *The road.* "To take the gate," Scottish, *to depart*, p. 239.

Gayn, p. 217, ful gayn. *Gainful, useful.*

Geaunte. *Giant.*

Gert. *Gerred, caused be.*

Gile. *Guile.*

Giltles. *Guiltless.*

Ginne. *Engine, deceit.*

Bot yiue it be thurch ginne,
A selly man is he, p. 142.
The meaning seems to be, *He is a fortunate man, unless he has acquired my affections by artifice or witchcraft.* See SELLY.

Give. *Gif.* The original of *if.*

Gle. *Music.*

Glewe. *Glee;* properly *the joyous science of the minstrels.*

Glewemen. *Minstrels.*

Gode. *Good.*

Goinfainoun. *Gonfalone,* Ital. *A pennon,* or *standard.*

Graithed. *Arrayed.*

Grene. *Green.*

Gret. *Greeted, did greet.*

Grete. *To weep,* still used in Scotland.

Grete, from græade, Sax. *Corn.* "All white it was the grete," p. 269. *The corn was now ripe.*

Greteth. *Greet ye.*

Grewe. *Grew.* "That al games of grewe." *Of whom grew* (*i. e.* were invented) *all games*, p. 48.

Greves. *Meadows.*

Grimli. *Grimly.*

Grisly. *Ghastly.*

Guede. "No guede." *No whit.* The words are more nearly allied than might be conjectured from their appearance, *gu* frequently being converted into *w*, and *d* into the similar sound of *t*. It is the *nequid* of the Latin.

Gun. *Gan, began*

H

Haggards. *Wild hawks*, metaphorically, *loose women.*

Hald. *Hold.* The sense is obscure in p. 180.

By al Markes hald
The truwage was tan.
It seems to mean, that *the tribute was submitted to by all Mark's hold or castle*, i. e. *by all his counsellors, Tristrem excepted.*

Han. *Have.* "He dede him han on heye." *He caused him instantly to have.*

Hals. *Neck.*

Halt. *Halten, to hold.* What halt it? *What avails it?*

Hard. *Heard.*

Harde. *Hardy.*

Harpi. *To harp*, or *play on the harp.*

Hast. An haste. *On haste.*

Hat. *Hight, commanded.*

Hate. *Hot, warm.*

Hattou, what hattou? what hightest thou? *What art thou called?*

Hayre, p. 279.

Heighe. *High.*

Heighe. *To hye, to go in haste.* All in heighe. *All in haste.* "To heighe and holden priis," p. 141. *To go to wage single combat.*

Heigheing. *Command*, or *proclamation.*

Heildom. *Health.*

Held. *To hold.* "Held mine honde." *Pledge my hand.*

Helden. *To hold.*

Hele, heildom. *Health.*

Hele. *Conceal.* "In hird nas nought to hele," p. 146. *It must not be concealed in heart.* A frequent expletive in the metrical romances. Sometimes it is thus modernized, "In herte is not to hide."

Heled. *Healed.*

Hem, Sax. *Them.*

Hende. *Courteous.*

Hende; p. 287, under hend. *Under hand.*

Hennes. *Hence.*

Her. *Hear.* Sax. *their.*
Herd. *Heard.*
Here. *Her.*
Hert. *Heart.*
Hert. *Hart.*
Hert-breke. *Heartbreaking, useless labour.*
Hete. *Hight, commanded.*
Hetheliche. *Haughtily.*
Heued. *Head.*
Hewe. *Hue, lustre, complexion.*
Heye. *High, dignified.*
Hight. *Promised.*
Hight. *To be named.*
Hird. *Heart.*
Hirritage. *Heritage.*
Hobbled. *Tossed.*
Hole. *Whole, sound.*
Hole. See FORHOLE.
Holtes, *Heights*, from *hault*, Fr. or *woods*, from Sax. holt, "Holtes hare or hore," a common phrase of romance, may either mean *grey woods*, or *bleak uplands.*
Hom. *Home.*
Honde. *Hand.*
Hong. *Hanged.*
Horedom. *Whoredom.*
Hot. *Hight, ordered.*
Hoten, heighten. *Named.*
Hou. *How.*
Huscher. *Usher.*
Hye. *She.*

I

Iammeren. *Lament.*
Ich. *I.* This pronoun is often prefixed to the verb as a compound, as *I chave, I cham, &c.*
Ich. *Each*, also *eke.* "Allas, that ich while," p. 147. *Alas, that very time.*
Ich on. *Each one.*
Ilk. *Same;* that ilk, *that same.*
Ioen. *Enjoy.*
Ivel. *Evil.*

K

Kene. *Keen, bold,* used often metaphorically, as, p. 202, "a plaster kene." *A powerful plaster.* "Ysonde that was kene." *Who was powerfully lovely.*

Kertel. *Kirtle, tunic.*

Kest. *To cast down.*

Kidde. *Kithed, did prove.*

Kinde. *Kindred.* "O lond ther is thi kinde p. 145. *The land where is thy kindred, thy native land.*

Kinde. *Nature.* Bi kinde. *Naturally.*

Kingeriche. *Kingdom.*

Kithe. *To prove. To make an attempt,* p. 151, *to practise,* p. 220, *to provoke,* in which sense it is still used in Scotland.

Knave child. *A man child. Knave Bairn* is still used in Scotland. Knabe. *Puer.* Ger.

L

Laik, love-laik. *Their love-tokens,* from *laek,* Sax. *munus.*

Lain. *Lie.* Nought to lain. *Not to lie,* a common expletive.

Lain. *To bely,* or *conceal.*

Lan. *Let off,* from lin, *to leave off.*

Las, lasse. *Less.*

Lat. *Leave.*

Lat. *Let, obstacle.*

Lat, lait. *Fashion,* or *manner.*

Latoun. *Mixed metal, probably brass.* Isl. Laatun.

Lay. *Properly a poem, generally any narrative.*

Lay. *Law.*

Layne. *Did lie.*

Layt. *Listen.*

Lede, in lede. *In language,*

an expletive; synonymous to *I tell you.*

Lede. *Rule.*

Lede. *Lead.*

Leeches. *Physicians.*

Lefe. *Dear*, obliquely *pleased*, as "Lefe to lithe," pleased to hearken.

Lef. *Leve, dear.*

Lefted. *Lifted.*

Leighen. *To lye.*

Lepe. *To leap.*

Lepe. *Leaped.*

Lele. Fr. *leal. Loyal*, or *faithful.*

Leman. *Mistress*, or *love.*

Lende. *Land.*

Leng. *Long.*

Lerled, lered. *Taught.*

Lere. *To learn.*

Lerst, lerest. *Teachest*, obliquely for *sayest*, if indeed there is no error of the pen, for *leyst*, p. 180.

Les of houndes. *Leash of hounds.*

Les. *Lost.*

Les, withouten les. *Without less*, an expletive for *undoubtedly.*

Less. *Lies.*

Lesen. *To lose.*

Lesing. *Lying.* Without lesing. *In truth*, a frequent expletive.

Lete. *Hinderance.* "No let ye for no pay." *Be not prevented for doubt of reward*, p. 225.

Lete crie. *Caused to be cried.*

Leue. *Leve, dear.*

Leyst. *Liest.*

Lete. *Let.*

Lete. *To leave, left.*

Leten. *Did let.*

Leved. *Left off.*

Lever. *Dearer*, but used for *rather.*

Leve. *Leave.*

Leue. *Leve.*

Lexst, lext. *Lyest.*

Lide. See LEDE.

Lighte, al light, obliquely for *all ready.*

Lighe, pp. 242, 299. *Lie.*

Liif. *Life.*

Liifliche. *Lively.*

Lin. *Lain*, or *laid.*

Linden, Sax. *The linden tre* but generally any tree.

Line. Properly the *lime tree*, but generally for a tree of

any kind. "Lovesome under line." *Lovely under the greenwood tree.*

Lite. *Little.*

Lith. *To allay.* Sax. Drinks that are lith, *drinks of an assuaging quality.*

Lith. *Lieth.*

Lithe. *To give attention.* "Lithe to his lore." *Obey his instructions* or *commands.*

Lithe, p. 220. Oblique for *satisfaction.* "No asked he lond, no lithe."

Lod. *Load, cargo,* p. 153.

Lof. *Loaf.*

Loghe. *A lodge.*

Loke. *Look.*

Loker. *Looker,* p. 235. *Guardian,* or *protector.*

Londe. *Land.*

Londes. *Lands.*

Longeth me. *I long.*

Lores. *Instructions.* Lores lythe, p. 149. *Attend to his orders.*

Lorn. *Lost.*

Lothely. *Dreadful.*

Loued. *Loved.*

Lough. *Laughed.*

Lovesome. *Lovely.*

Luffsom. *Lovesome, lovely.*

Lye, p. 295. Probably *place of lying,* or *pitching camp.*

Lyoun. *Lion.*

M

Ma. *To make.*

Main. *Might, power.*

Maistrie. *Mastery, victory.*

Marchaund. *Merchant.*

Mare. *More.*

Martirs. *Cattle killed at Martlemas for winter provision, still called Marts in Scotland.*

Masouns. *Masons.*

Maugré, *Malgré, despite, displeasure.*

Maught. *Might.*

May. *Maiden.*

Mede. *Meed.*

Mekeliche. *Mickle,* Sc. *Much.*

Mekeliche. *Mightily.*

Mele. *To meddle.* "Mekeliche he gan mele." *Much he began to bestir himself.*

Meld. *Melled, meddled, engaged.*

Menske, *or* mense. *Humane,* or *manly,* from *Mennisclic,* Sax.

Mene. *Moan, make complaint.*

Mendi. *Amend.*

Merken. *Marked.*

Merkes. *Marks.*

Mes. *Meat.*

Mesel. *A leper.*

Mest. *Most.* Mest may. *Could do most.*

Mi. *My.*

Michel. *Much,* or *great.*

Min. *Mine.*

Minne. Apparently from *Mint, to offer.* "Markes gan they minne." *They began to offer marks,* or *money.*

Miri. *Merry.*

Mirour. *Mirror.*

Mirthes, p. 204, used for *glees* or *tunes.*

Mis. *Miss.*

Mister. *Need.*

Mo, ma, moe. *More.*

Mode. *Courage,* obliquely *anger.*

Mold. *Mould, appearance.* "Poor man of mold," *The man poor in his outward appearance,* p. 178. "Money of a molde." *Coin of one sort.*

Mone. *Money.*

Monestow. *Must thou.* In Scottish, *maunst thou.*

Most. *Must.*

Mought. *Might.* "He no wist what he mought." *He knew not what he might or ought to do.*

Mot. *A note upon the bugle.*

Moten. *Musten, must.*

N

Nan. *None.*

Nam. *Name.*

Nas, ne was. *Was not.*

Naru. *Narrow.*

Naught les. *Nought less.* An expletive.
Neighe. *Nigh.*
Nek. *Neck.*
Nende. *An end.*
Ner, ne were. *Were not.*
Ner. *Near.*
Nevon. *Nephew.*
Nexst. *Next.*
Nighen. *Nine.*
Nil, ne wil. *Will not.*
Nisten, ne wisten. *Did not know.*
Noither. *Neither.*
Nold, ne wold. *Would not.*
Nou. *Now.* Nou are. *Now erst*, or *first.*

O

O, an. *One.*
Obade. *To abide.*
Ofeld. *Off field.*
Of londe. *On land*, or, as we say, *ashore.*
Of-take. *Overtake.*
Ogain. *Against.*
Olive. *Off life.* To bring olive. *To take from life, to slay.*
Olive. *Alive, lively.*
Olond. *On shore.*
On. *One.*
Onan. *Anon.*
Onblithe. *Unblithe, not glad*, or *displeased.*
Onride. See UNRIDE.
Ore. A word of uncertain derivation, and various application. Tyrwhitt explains it as meaning *grace, favour, protection.* See a note upon this phrase, RITSON'S *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. p. 263.
Our, p. 286. Abridged from *Outher, either.*
Oway. *Away.*
Owhen. *Own.*
Ouer. *Over.*
Oule. *Owl.*
Ous. *Us.*
Oyain, oyaines. *Against.*

P

Panes, pans, penis. *Pennies.* Obliquely for *wealth.* "As prince proud in pan;" *as wealthy as a prince.*

Paviliouns. *Pavilions.*

Pes. *Peace, repose.* The King's peace is alluded to, p. 244.

Pece. *Piece.*

Piche. *Pitch.*

Pelte. *To put in.*

Pended. *Belonged to.*

Pine, pin. *Pain, constraint.*

Pizt, pight. *Thrust.*

Plawe, in plawe. *Flatly,* from PLAT, Fr.

Points, p. 205. *Points of play.*

Pouer. *Poor.*

Polk. *A pool.* In Scotland, tadpoles are called *powheads,* from their round shape, and their being found in pools.

Pray. *Prey.*

Presant. *Present.*

Prest, PRESTO, *quickly.*

Preyed. *Prayed.*

Priis, p. 280. *The note blown at the death of the stag.*

Priis, prize. *Price, value,* or *merit.*

Prise, pres. *Encounter.* "Proud in pres." *Bold in battle.*

Prout. *Proud.*

Pride, p. 216. Obliquely used for *splendid appointments.*

Privé. *Privy.*

Privie. *Privily.*

Q

Quath. *Quoth.*

Quik. *Quick, alive.* "As quick they wald him sle." *They would kill him alive.* We retain this awkward confirmation in some phrases, as *burning alive,* for *burning to death.*

Quite. *Requite.*

Quite, p. 287. *Quit.*

R

Raches. *Properly a greyhound bitch*, from RACHA, Sax. but signifying often a *greyhound in general.*

Rade. *Rode.*

Rade, on rade. *On rode.* Of rade. *Of rode, from journey.*

Radde. *Did rede, advised.*

Raf, in raf, p. 152, equivalent to Rathely, *Speedily*, from RATHINGA, Sax. *subito.*

Raft. *Bereft, robbed.*

Rake. *Reach.* "This wil the torn tow rake." *Matters will take this turn*, p. 292.

Rathe. *Ready.*

Rathé, rathely. *Quickly.*

Raught, reuzt. *Reached, gave.*

Raundoun. *Impetus.*

Raunsoun. *Ransom, tribute.*

Rawe. *Row.*

Recure. *Cure.*

Redyli. *Readily.*

Rede. *Advice.* Rede means *resolution*, in p. 145.

Rede. *Read.*

Reles. *Release.*

Renoun. *Renown.*

Reped. *Did excite*, from REPEAN, Sax. *Agitare.* "Reped him many a res." *Excited many an attack against him.*

Repaire. *A hunting phrase.*

Res. *Assault.*

How Gamelin and Adam had ydon a sori *res*,
Boundin and woundin many men
Against the Kingis pece.
Tale of Gamelyn, line 1080.

Resoun. *Reason.*

Rewe. *Rowed*, or *did row.*

Rewed. *Was sorry, repented.*

Rewthe. *Pity.* "Rewthe mow ye here." *A pitiful case ye may hear.*

Reve. *To rob.*

Reved. *Robbed.*

Richelich. *Richly.*

Riis. *Rise.*

Rike. *Rich.*

Riven. *Cleft.*

Rive. *The sea-shore*, from RIPA, Lat.

Rive, p. 177. *To arrive.*

Rode. *Rood, an appropriate expression for the cross.*

Romaunce *means, properly, a narration in the ancient French language, called* ROMANZ, *from its affinity to the Latin.*

Rote. *Root.*

Rote. *An instrument of music.* See note, p. 422.

Roune. Properly *to whisper*, but signifies, in an enlarged sense, *speech in general.* "Rade in roune." *Tell in tale.* "Rade the rizt roune." *Used the appropriate phrase.* P. 146, Roun means to *summon privately.*

Rought, or raught. *Cared for.* "No rought of his fare." *Recked not his situation.*

Rowe. *Rough.*

Rowe, on rowe. *In rank.*

S

Sa. *So.*

Sadel. *Saddle.*

Sain. *Sun.*

Sain. *To say*, an expletive.

Sake. *Guilt.* "Of sake he make me free," p. 241. *That he declare me free of guilt*, or, rather, *accusation*, from Sax, *lis vel objurgium*, a very ancient word in the northern languages. Sackless, or sakeless, is Scottish for *innocent.* See also p. 245.

San Schewe. An expletive, signifying *not apparently, in reality.*

Sand. *Sound.* A licentious spelling for the rhyme's sake.

Sare. *Sore.*

Sat, from SÆTINGA, *insidæ.* "Ysain we nou3t no sat." *We have not discovered an ambush.*

Saughten. *To make an agreement.* Saughte. *Reconciled*, or *agreed.*

Saun fayle. *Without fail.*

Say. *To say*, expletive, *that is to say.*

Say. *To essay*, or *try*. The cutting up a stag to see how fat he is, is called making the *say*.

Sayn, p. 275. Seen.

Schadowe. *Shadow.*

Schemliche. *Shamefully.*

Schamly. *Shamefully.*

Schare. *Cut.* "As Morgan his brede schare." *As he was at dinner.*

Scheld, schelde. *Shield.*

Schene. *Bright.*

Schende. *Schent, disgraced.*

Schent. *Disgraced*, or *spoiled.*

Scheres. *Doth cut, carve.*

Schewe. *Show.*

Schille. *Shrill.*

Schip fare. *Voyage.*

Scholders. *Shoulders.*

Schone. *Shoes.*

Schope. *Shaped, disguised.*

Schorn. *Shorn, cut out.*

Schorteliche. *Shortly.*

Schour, schowr. *Shower.*

Schul. *Shall.*

Sclander. *Slander.*

Scrite, in scrite, IN SCRIPTO, *in writing.*

Seighe. *Saw.*

Seistow. *Sayest thou.*

Seilli, *Silly.*

Selly, *Sellike*, Teut. SELIG. *Fortunate, divine.*

Semblaunt, p. 237. *Their semblance*, or *mode of behaviour.*

Semed to. *Beseemed.*

Semly. *Seemly.*

Sen, *See.* "Sen on him." *Look on him.*

Sene, y-sene. *Well-seen, conspicuous.*

Sett. *Ruled*, as in p. 176. "Tvo yere he sett that land." It is perhaps derived from SAUGHTEN, *to put to accord*, or from SÆHT, Swed. *Modus.* The constitution of a Scottish borough is still called its *sett.*

Seuen. *Seven.*

Seyling. *Sailing.*

Serjant. *Servant of the crown.*

Serjaunce. *Service.*

Se. *Sea.*

Se. *To see.*

Ses. *Sees.*

Sete. *Sit.*

Seth then, sith then. *Since then.*

Seylden. *Sailed.*

Seyls. *Sails.*

Seyt, man seyt. *People say.*

Sibbe. *Relation.*

Sickerly. *Surely.*

Sigge, segge. *Say.*

Siker. *Sure.*

Siketh. *Sigheth.*

Sindred. *Sundered.*

Site. *Sighed.*

Sith. *Time.* Fele sith. *Often.*

Sive, p. 233. *A sieve; not what is now so called, but an implement of the same shape, used in winnowing corn. The bottom is covered with skin. In Scotland it is called a* weight, *and sometimes a* sieve, *the proper sieve being termed a* riddle. *Such a light and broad substance might prevent the feet from sinking in snow.*

Sket, skete. *In haste.* Sax. SCYTAN, *irruere.*

Sla. *Slay.*

Slaw. *Slew,* or *slain.*

Sle. *Slay.*

Sleighe, sleiye. *Prudent, wise;* hence the modern *sly.*

Slo. *Slay.*

Slough. *Slew.*

Smare. *Smartly.*

Snewe. *Snow.*

Socour. *Succour.*

Solwy. SOUILLEE, Fr. *sullied.*

Som, fiftend som. *Fifteen in sum,* or *number.*

Somers. *Summers.*

Somoun. *Summons.*

Son. *To send.*

Son. *Soon.*

Sond. *Message, embassy.*

Sone. *Son.*

Soune. *Sound,* viz. *of music.*

Sorwe. *Sorrow.* Sorwen, pl. *sorrows.*

Soster. *Sister.*

Soth. *Sooth.*

Spac. *Spake.*

Spede. *Speed.* "Better speed." *In great haste.*

Spelle. *Speech.*

Spille. *To consume*, or *be consumed.* Teut. SPILLEN. It is now applied only to liquids, corn, or whatever is destroyed by dispersion.

Spilden. *Destroyed.*

Spon. *A shaving of wood.* "Linden spon." *Shavings of the linden tree.*

Spoc. *Spoke.*

Spourge. *To purge, cleanse by ordeal.*

Sprong. *Sprung.*

Stalked. *To go cautiously, as to surprise some kinds of game.*

Stalworth. *Strong and brave.* Sax. STAL-FERHTH. *Fortis.*

Stan. *Stone.*

Stat. *State.*

Stede. *A port*, or generally *a place.*

Stede. *A steed.*

Stef. *Stiff, firm.*

Stut. *Staggered;* hence *stutter*, though now limited to the voice. *Steiter*, in Scottish, still signifies to *stagger.*

Steke. Y-steke. *Stabbed.*

Stere. *Steer, manage.*

Sterveth. *Dieth.*

Steven. *Hour*, or *time.*

Stird. *Bestirred.*

Stirt. *Started.*

Stithe. *Stiff, stout*, applied, p. 150, *to diligent attention.*

Stive. *To stave*, or *push with poles.*

Stodieth. *Studieth.*

Ston. *Stone.*

Stond. *Stand.*

Stouer. *Store, provisions.*

Stound. *Time*, properly, *an hour.* On stounde, or that stounde. *At that time*, an expletive.

Strade. *Strode.*

Strand, p. 222, seems to signify *channel.* In Scotland, a kennel is called a *strand*, as is the runner from a well.

Styes. STYD, Sax. *The places*, or *stations.*

Swalu. *Swallow.*

Sware. *To swear.*

Swayn. *Peasant.*
Swelted. *Swooned.*
Swerd. *Sword.*
Swete. *Sweat.* "To tina swete," p. 286. *To lose labour.*
Swiche. *Such.*
Swine, or swinke. *Toil, labour.*
Swithe. *Soon.*
Swopen. *Swept.*

T

Ta. *Take.*
Tan. *Ta'en, taken.*
Tare. *To tear.*
Telde. *Did tell.*
Temed, *perhaps from* Sax TEMED, *or* GETEMED. *Mansuefactus Domitus. Tamed.*
Ten, teen. *Anger, mixed with sorrow,* obliquely *trouble,* or *turmoil.*
Than for *when,* used *passim*
Than. *Then.* All than, expletive, *as then.*
Thai. *They.*
Tharf. *To dare.* "Tharf him no farther go." *He will not dare* (be able) *to go far.*
The. *Thee.*
The. *To thrive.*
Thei. *Though.*
Thede, apparently a contraction for *they gede.*
Thenke. *Think.*
Thenketh. *Thinketh.*
There, used for *where,* passim.
Therefor. *For that.*
Thertil. *Thereto.*
Thi. *The.*
Tho. *They,* or *those.*
Tho. *Then,* and sometimes *then when.*
Thole. *Endure, suffer.*
Thore, p. 150. *There.* A licentious spelling adopted *rythmi gratia.*
Threste. *Thrust.*
Thrift. *Industry, labour.*
Thritti. *Thirty.*

Thring. *Thrust.* Sax. THRINGEN.

Thro, equivalent to *thra*, signifying *courageous*, from THRACA, Sax. *brave.* It is spelled *thra*, p. 164.

Thurch. *Through.*

Thye. *Thrive.*

Tidde. *Betided*, or *happened.*

Til. *Until.*

Tight. *Tied.*

Tine. *Lose.* Islandic. TYNE, *Perdo.*

Tint. *Lost.*

Tite. Titly. *Speedily.* TOT. *Fr.*

To. *Two.*

To. *To take*, p. 277. *To take off.*

Tok. *Took.*

Token. *Took.*

Ton. *Taken.*

Tong. *Tongue.*

Too. *Two.*

Torn. *Turn.*

Toun. *Town.* "In toun" is often used as an expletive.

Tour. *Tour*, p. 142. "Best was he in tour." *Best in the castle*, or *palace.*

Tow. *Thou.*

Trad. *Trod, did tread.*

Travail. *Labour.*

Tre. *Tree.*

Treasoun. *Treason.*

Tresow. *Treasure.*

Trewes. *Truce.*

Truage. *Homage*, or *tribute.*

Truwe. *True.*

Tua. *Two.*

Tuenti. *Twenty.*

Tuight *Twitched.* "Of tvight," p. 233. *Torn off.*

Tviis. *Twice.*

U

Vair *A fur, supposed the skin of the Hungarian squirrel.*

Unblithe. *Void of joy. sorrowful.*

Uncouthe. *Unknown.*

Under hand. We now say, *On hand.*

Understand. "To don him to understand." *To serve as his support.*

Unfain. *Displeased, not joyous, sorrowful.*

Unflain. *Unflayed.*

Unfre. *Discourteous.*

Ungiltless. *Guiltless.*

Unlight. *Not light, heavy.*

Unhold. *Inimical*, p. 178. *Unwillingly.*

Unrede, unride. *Unrighteous.*

Unselde. *Not seldom.* Oft and unselde: a pleonasm.

Unsete. *Unsoft.* From Teut. SACHT, *mollis.*

Unsounde. *Not sound, wounded.*

Untroweand. *Faithless, troth-breaking.*

Ure. In ure; an expletive. *At that time.*

Vene. *Vein.*

Venemed. *Envenomed, poisoned.*

Venery. *The mystery of hunting.*

W

Waite. *Wight.*

Walde. *Would.*

Wand. *Went.*

Waraunt. *Warrant, security.*

Ware. *Were.*

Warld. *World.*

Wat. *Wet.* "Wines wat," p. 269. *Liquid wines;* a pleonasm.

Wat. What.

Wate. As they wate. *As they thought.*

Wate. *To wot of.*

Wayle way. An exclamation of sorrow often used by Chaucer, and sometimes spelled *walawa.* It seems to have been the burden of some melancholy song.

Wede. *Weed, garment.*

Wede, wode. *Mad.* "Wolf that wald wede." *Wolf becoming mad.* "Wode to wede," p. 241. *Mad to frenzy.*

Weder. *Weather.* Weder to fare. *Weather fit for a voyage* or *journey.*

Wedde. *Pledge.*

Welay. Contraction for *Well-away.*

Weld. Teut. WELTAN. *Dirigere.* The sense, in p. 145, may be conjectured from the following account given by Merlin's mother of the supernatural person by whom he was begotten:—

"As a man I him felt,
As a man he me *welte*,
As a man he laye bi me;
But what he was I might not sé."

Wele. *Well.*

Welp. *Whelp.*

Wen. *Ween.* Withouten wene. *Without guess, certainly;* an expletive.

Wende. *To go.*

Wende, wend, weind. *Thought.*

Wande, substant. for wein. *A guess.*

Wendest. *Ween'dest, didst ween.*

Wenten. *Went.*

Wepen. *Weep.*

Wepens. *Weapons.*

Wer. *War.*

Were. To were away. *To keep off.*

Wering. *Warring.*

Werkemen. *Workmen*, p. 225, *Men fit for such a work, bravoes.*

Wern. *Warn.* Wern to wive. *Warn against marriage.*

Wers. *Worse.*

Wes. *Was.*

Wesche. *Washed.*

Wex. *Grew.*

Wexen. *Do wax*, or *become.*

Whasche, p. 168. *When as.*

Whare. *Where.* Wide whare. *Every where.*

Wick. *Wight, fit for war.* Sax. WIG-LIC, *bellicosus.*

Wight. *Strong.*

Wiles, p. 286, should be *wites. Blamest.*
Wikes. *Wekes.*
Win. *Wine.*
Wining. *Winning.*
Wirche. *Work.*
Wis. "Y wis and nought at wene." *I know certainly, and do not speak at guess.* "Y wis withouten wene," is more common.
Wisse, from Germ. WEISAN. *To guide.* "In world thou wisse me." *In the world do thou me guide. To weise,* is still used in popular Scottish.
Wiis. *Wise.*
Wite, witan. *To know.*
Wite. *To blame.* "He wist it whom to wite." *He knew where to lay the blame.*
Witeth, wateth. *Know thou.*
Witt. *Blamed,* or *imputed to.*
Wived. *Married.*
Wode. *Mad,* or *furious.*
Wok, p. 274. *Watched.*
Won. *Dwelling,* or *abode.*
Wondred. *Wondered.*
Woning. *Winning.*
Wore, p. 150. A licentious spelling of *were.*
Worth I. *Will I become.*
Worthli. *Worthy;* applying to rank as well as merit. See p. 222.
Wost. Contracted for *willest, wilt.*
Wot. *To know.*
Wonges. *Cheeks.* WANGEN. Sax. *Maxillæ.*
Wough. *Evil.* Sax. WOGH. *malum.* Obliquely, *trouble.*
Woukes. *Wekes.*
Wraie, wrie. *To betray* or *accuse.*
Wrake, p. 207. *Wreck.*
Wrayeth. *Betrayeth, accuses.*
Wreken. See WROKEN.
Wrie. See WRAIE.
Wring. *To pain sharply.*
Writhe. *Wrath.*
Wroken, wreken. *Avenged.*
Wrong. *Wrung, thrust.*

Y

Ya. *Yes.*
Yaf. *Gave.*

Yald, yalt. *Did yield*, or *give.*

Yare, v. 1. *Readily.*

Yare. *Early.* To foster yair. *To educate in youth.* P. 139. Winning yare. *His former winnings.* It also means *ready.*

Yat. *Gat.*

Ycorn. *Prepared;* literally, *carried out.*

Yede. See YODE.

Yelde. *Yielded;* oblique for *repaid.*

Yeme. *To keep.*

Yemen. *Keepers*, or *protectors.*

Yere or Yer. *Year.* V. 1. *Bi yere* is here used adverbially, to signify, *In times past.* Hence, probably, the modern phrase, *Of yore.*

Yern. *Nimbly.*

Yete. *Yet.*

Yfold. *Manifold.*

Yif. *If.*

Yift. *Gift.*

Yinge. *Young.*

Yland. *Island.*

Ymages. *Images*, perhaps *portraits.*

Ynough. *Enough.*

Yode. *Went;* from yoden, *to go.*

Yolde. *Yielded*, or *gave.*

Ysprad. *Bespread.*

Ystonde, Ystonden. *Stood*, or *remained.*

Yvere. *Ivory.*

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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